

EAST & WEST

VOL. XI.

MAY, 1912.

No. 127.

JUDICIAL TRAINING OF INDIAN CIVILIANS

II

IN the October number of this magazine, I endeavoured to indicate the difficulties which stand in the way of the selection and training of members of the Indian Civil Service for judicial duties. By a curious coincidence an article on the same subject appeared at about the same time in the *Law Quarterly Review*. It was written by Sir E. T. Candy, C.S.I., well known as formerly a Judge of the High Court of Bombay and now the Lecturer in Indian Law at the University of Cambridge. His recognised ability and great and varied experience give special weight to his utterances on the subject. Sir E. Candy's article has been republished in the form of a pamphlet with a prefatory note containing references to my article in *East & West*, and also generous and kindly references to myself, while expressing dissent from some conclusions which my article, in his view of it, involved. I have had the advantage of reading Sir E. Candy's pamphlet, and further of discussing the subject with him in correspondence which, without breach of confidence, I may add, resulted in the discovery that our aims and views were not irreconcilable. I have also had the advantage of reading certain other criticisms of my contribution to *East & West*, including among others in the Indian Press, that which appeared on January, 8th in the *Times of India*, and the article signed J. D. Anderson in the February issue of *East & West*, both of which struck me, if I may say so, as signally able as well as courteous and moderate. In most of these criticisms, the objection has been taken that my

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article points out defects that "are familiar to all of us" but suggests no definite remedy—and that so far as any remedy is adumbrated therein, it points to the abolition of selection by open competition, and to the surrender of judicial appointments to members of the Indian Bar. Most of my critics, however, considerably suspended final judgment in view of my expressed intention to discuss the matter further in these pages. The fulfilment of that intention has been delayed by various circumstances, including the severity of our English winter. But I cannot regret the delay, since, during the interval, the comments and criticisms of able writers have furnished much valuable and helpful matter for consideration, and have attracted more attention to the question than I could have expected to be given to my discussion of it. Indeed, my previous article attempted little more than a diagnosis of the conditions to be remedied. My main points were that under the present system, (1) candidates are selected for the service without giving the least consideration to the question whether any of them have any liking or any fitness for judicial work, (2) that although they enter the service without the special training needed for such work, they are afforded no time or facilities for such training; but that (3) they are deterred by various considerations affecting their interests and inclinations from exerting themselves to remedy their deficiencies in this respect. The *Times of India* critic, who observes that these "shortcomings are familiar to all of us" and "need no description," adds that "they have been too long tolerated" and "are not consistent with the public interest." The "long tolerance" of these defects shows, I think, that it is not superfluous to invite attention to them—and a full statement of the morbid conditions seems to me a necessary preliminary to the consideration of an appropriate remedy. My critics do not suggest that I have exaggerated the symptoms. The critic in the *Times of India* admits the "discouragement" and the "diminished prestige" under which the judicial department labours, and frankly remarks that it is bad administration to allow such a state of things. The loss of prestige is not merely symptomatic. It reacts very seriously not only upon the department directly affected but upon the whole of the administration. No one who has lived in a country such as Italy, or

come into contact with the judicial system of the Portuguese, can fail to be aware of the disastrous effects of allowing the judiciary to fall into contempt or to lose the confidence of the general public. But no competent and thoroughly efficient department is despised, and no department that is thoroughly trained, tested and supervised by experts can long continue incompetent or inefficient. Our Engineers, our Doctors, our Educational, Forest or Telegraph officers, are not amateurs. But if the failures in the Judicial Department do not deserve to be called amateurs, it is only because they never had any love for the work when they joined—or have been made by persistent “discouragement” to hate it. I would not for a moment suggest that a majority, or even a large proportion, of the judicial department can be counted as failures. But I would suggest that a very large proportion of the failures must necessarily be due to something systematically wrong in the selection and treatment of candidates for that department, if indeed it can be said that there is any system at all in the mode of selection and treatment. For, as I noted in my former article, the general level of ability in the Civil Service is so high as to command the unanimous admiration of intelligent foreigners who have had an opportunity of studying the administration in India. And the great progress and awakened activity noticeable throughout the Peninsula would justify all the services, if called on to produce evidence of their efficiency, in replying, “Circumspice si monumentum requiris.” None of my critics suggest that the Indian Civil Service is incapable of supplying as promising a class of recruits as can be found in India. And as the service is recruited by open competition, it is at least presumable that it secures the best of those who are willing to enter it. But the value of recruits, untrained to their special duties, diminishes in proportion to the difficulties of the duties they are called on to perform. And to place in the hands of raw recruits, dangerous weapons of complicated mechanism which they do not understand—weapons giving power over life, liberty and property—is to make them a terror to themselves and others. It is fully admitted—it is indeed insisted on—that seven or eight years of training in district work are necessary to fit an executive officer for his administrative duties. During those years of training,

the executive officer has far greater facilities for learning his duties than are accorded to the judicial novice, who, after a few months of bewilderment as an Assistant Judge, not infrequently has to assume the powers and responsibilities of the judicial head of a district. The budding Collector, as Sir E. Candy, Mr. Anderson and the *Times of India* critic all admit, has, for his main qualification, to acquire a knowledge of "Indian human nature, the environment, social and economical," of the Indian peasant, a "knowledge of the country, its peoples, their customs, the land tenures and the revenue administration." All the materials for his study lie around him. Every walk and every ride he takes, teaches him something of his *métier*. Moreover, the young Revenue officer, before he is placed in charge of a single taluka even, generally has the opportunity of accompanying the Collector or some Senior Assistant on tour in the districts—and as there are ordinarily more Assistants than one in each district, can frequently have recourse, in case of difficulty, to the knowledge and experience of some elder brother Revenue officer. I can personally speak with grateful memory of the help which a young civilian in the Revenue branch can thus get from his seniors in that branch. And there are few of my contemporaries who do not remember the trouble that was taken in the training of young civilians in their Revenue work by the Collectors of those days—especially by Sir T. C. Hope—to whom Gujarat is indebted for a series of able and sympathetic administrators. I have no doubt that the present generation of Collectors live up to the traditions of the Service in handing on "the torch" to their future successors. In administrative work a Collector can generally delegate many details to his assistants and supervise the results.

And then, too, there is a highly trained and intelligent staff of subordinates always able and willing to aid the young executive officer by supplying information, by showing him the machine of revenue administration in its minor workings—and by discussing the economic condition and requirements of the district. The young revenue officer need never be ashamed or hesitate to ask for information on the matter which he has to study—in order to qualify for his future work—for he is not supposed to start with full "knowledge of the country, its peoples, their customs, their economic conditions, the

land tenures and the revenue administration". The position of the judicial novice is very different. He is plunged at once *in medias res*. Assuming that he has all the practical knowledge that can be acquired by seven or eight years of executive work, he will find himself at sea the moment he begins to tackle the intricacies of mofussil litigation. He is at once confronted with complicated cases of conflicting equitable and legal claims, on which his past experience as a revenue officer can throw no light. As evidence of this, I would refer the reader to the multitudinous "printed judgments" of our own High Court, the voluminous *Calcutta Weekly Reporter* in which are preserved only a portion of the problems which have puzzled successive generations of mofussil judges, and of which they have failed to discover by the light of nature satisfactory solutions. I can also assure the reader that I have repeatedly received from officers who subsequently rose to the highest pre-eminence as administrators, jeremiads complaining of their utter bewilderment when for short periods compelled to face the unfamiliar difficulties of Civil Appeals. It must be remembered that the Civilian, on entering the judicial, is by the exigencies of work in that department, almost invariably under the necessity of deciding Civil Appeals before he has ever tried an original suit. It must also be remembered that he has to make his start in almost complete isolation from his brother officers in the Department. There are no other assistant judges in the district to give him, from their longer experience, so much as an occasional wrinkle. The District Judge, to whom he is nominally an assistant, has his own cases to try, and with the best intentions, can hardly impart, in the course of his own work, any substantial and relevant knowledge as to the principles to be applied in any particular case that is troubling his assistant, without going through the whole case and practically trying it himself. I can aver from my own experience, that with the best will to learn and to help learn, I cannot recall any instances of valuable advice or guidance given or received as to the treatment of any case of complexity. Nor, indeed, is it desirable that such advice should be given, for every judge must decide each case before him by himself. Thus, a District Judge can do little more for his Assistant than recommend him the best text books to read—or give him suggestions of the most general nature. The work which a District Judge can delegate

to his Assistant and thereafter supervise, is insignificant, being limited to enquiries in certificate cases and administrative matters. Appeals do not ordinarily come from the Assistant to the District Judge, and the two, therefore, see almost as little of each other's work as if they were in different districts. It is hardly necessary to add that it is quite out of the question for a beginner in the Judicial Department to derive any aid in mastering his *métier* from discussions with his subordinates. There is practically no one with whom he can talk over his cases ; no one to whom he can confess his ignorance or appeal for information. He is supposed to start fully equipped with all the special knowledge necessary for the practice of his new profession, the very terminology of which is unfamiliar to him. The judicial novice has, moreover, as compared with his brother-officers in the Revenue, but a short period as an Assistant. Unless the "judicial postulant" enters the department early in his service, and is kept down in the ranks of Assistants owing to the introduction of his seniors from the Revenue branch, the "exigencies of the service" will seldom allow him as a judicial recruit to enjoy the three years of preparatory training which are nominally recognised as desirable before he has to act as a District and Sessions Judge. Indeed, an Assistant of a few months' service may suddenly find himself, by no fault of his own, elevated temporarily to officiate as District Judge, and as breathlessly removed down again into the lower position, just as he is beginning to feel his legs. I remember having to act for some months as a District Judge after only eight months of "judicial experience" and undergoing a sea-saw sensation of alternate promotion and degradation at intervals for the next four or five years, till some seventeen seniors crowded into the department and excluded me from all prospect of a substantive appointment as a District Judge—a giddy height in which, during 37 years of service mostly in the judicial, I never reached even in the third grade. During the many years in which I officiated as a judge, however, I can only remember having an assistant for about two or three years all told, from which I gather that as a general rule, the supply of assistant judges is not as continuous or as regular as the demand ; and indeed any one who studies the History of Services will find, that whereas the department was at one time so congested in the Bombay Presidency, that officers of my year could not reach

third grade judgeship "pucka," after 22 years' service, in later years a considerable number became first grade judges after twelve years' service, having undergone preparatory training as assistant judges for a year or eighteen months only. I mention these facts in order to point out that while the management of the department provides many little surprises for the members thereof, there is nothing in the present system to secure for "judicial postulants" any fixed period of preliminary training, as Assistant Judges, for their special duties. According to Mr. Anderson, "the seven or eight years of executive training which our District Judges now receive," are deemed necessary and "the best possible education for them in the local law" which it is assumed that they administer. I do not for one moment wish to underrate the advantages—or the necessity—of studying the local customs, tenures and systems of revenue administration, nor have I consciously suggested that such study should be dispensed with or even curtailed. I would, however, note that for many years of my judicial service, I had no case that entailed so much as a reference to the Land Revenue Code. As to special tenures and customs, a previous personal knowledge of them is not indispensable in a judge: for when they are not admitted by the parties or authoritatively recorded, so that the Court can take judicial cognisance of them, they must be proved by evidence in the same way as other disputed facts. The Judge cannot import his own impressions or pre-conceptions into the case—or rely upon his experience, memory or conclusions for guidance as to the extent, nature, incidents or binding effects of any custom or tenure in dispute. And even eminent administrative experts are not always in accord as to the respective origins, incidents and legal consequences of these so-called, "local laws." Diametrically opposite views have, for instance, been taken from time to time by different executive exponents of the Zemindari claims in Upper Sind and of the Khoti tenure in Ratnagiri. It may be that executive officers have better opportunities for studying such matters than judicial work affords. But if executive officers are moved as frequently as judicial officers (I can reckon about 24 moves in the first 22 years of my service and my case was not exceptional), even executive officers can have but inadequate opportunities for studying *au fond*, all the multifarious customs of any locality, and no very prolonged period in any one locality, for utilising

the special knowledge when acquired. Personally I am content, in such matters, to accept with all humility the principle established by the immemorial practice of many generations of eminent Judges—the principle, namely, that a judge should not go beyond the record for his facts, but should decide *secundum allegata et probata* (i.e., according to admissions and the evidence adduced), and should distrust all tendency in himself to a sciolism that professes to know beforehand all—and more than all—that the parties interested can put before him as to their respective views in a contested custom or tenure. It seems to me obviously unfair that a judge should have as a basis for his decision a secret storage of pre-conceived impressions and memories as to which neither party has a chance of cross-examining, or of tendering explanation or counter-evidence.

At the same time I admit that as a judge must approach each case with an open mind, he must be prepared to meet with many indigenous institutions that have no apparent affinity with the “juristic principles” of the West. Some familiarity with the local tenures and customs of different districts is, no doubt, of value, if not essential, to the judicial as well as to the executive officer. For though tenures and customs vary greatly in different localities and even in neighbouring towns, they have an affinity *inter se*, and each throws an interesting and instructive light on the genesis of the others. But the officer who has studied the tenures and customs, say, of Kanara or the Southern Konkan, can hardly apply his knowledge of them, except for theoretic enlightenment, on his transfer to Gujarat or Sind. And until the exigencies of the service permit the prolonged retention of each officer in a locality with which he has familiarised himself, the “little knowledge” acquired of “these local laws” may prove “a dangerous thing,” unless it is supplemented by a judicial habit in judicial proceedings of relying on judicial investigation rather than on extra-judicial preconceptions. With all the respect that is due to the able critics who have discussed my previous article, I must therefore submit, that it is quite as possible—if not quite as dangerous—to over-estimate as it is to under-estimate the value and importance to judicial officers of that knowledge of local tenures and customs which an executive officer may, under existing conditions, acquire in his “closer contact” with the

people. But I must also repeat that I have not contemplated or proposed that Civilians desiring to enter the judicial department should be deprived of the benefit of such executive experience as a large number of our present judges have enjoyed. It has not, however, been demonstrated—so far as I know—that the success and pre-eminence of judges varies with the length of their training in the executive branch. Some of the greatest ornaments of our Bombay High Court attained the Bench after no more than 12 years' service. They must by statutory requirements have acted as District Judges for three years at least—and probably as Assistants for a year or so more, so that in those cases the executive training could not have been very lengthy. But it is certain that, whatever their executive experience may have been, they had, each of them, quite unquestionable legal attainments. And my point is, not that executive training is useless to a judge, but that legal training is indispensable, and that under the present system, he is left no breathing time or facilities for such training and is practically "discouraged" from getting it for himself. The *Times of India* critic admits the discouragement and adds that "a remedy can be found only in fundamental change." This—if taken literally—is going much further than I ventured to go. It is true that I have been credited—it seems to me gratuitously—with desiring the abolition of selection by open competition, and the surrender of all judicial appointments to the native bar. There is nothing, I think, in my article that justifies the imputation. It is true that I invited attention to the large number of law-students at our Inns of Court, who do not ultimately practise in the United Kingdom. But I did so only to indicate that legal studies—even without the prospect of practice in England—did not fail to attract a large number of the youth of England whose social and presumably intellectual status enabled them to prepare for a learned profession. As to the surrender of judicial appointments to the native bar, I made no suggestion. Should the native bar ultimately prove to be the very best recruiting ground for our mofussil judges, I think it must be assumed that every well-wisher of India would hesitate to oppose a judicious selection from their ranks for the purpose. I am unwilling to be forced into any invidious comparisons on that subject. Having known many most excellent, trustworthy

and able members of that bar, it would be preposterous in me to suggest that valuable acquisitions for any Bench in India could not be found among their number ; and nobody who knows anything of our High Courts would venture to deny that among the most successful selections of High Court Judges, the Hindu, Mahomedan and Parsi occupants of the Bench have always taken high place. But it would seem to me a desertion of the great trust and the lofty duties which Englishmen have taken upon themselves in attempting to aid India in governing herself, if we were to cry off from the task of fitting ourselves—and the rising generations of Civilians—for the work we have undertaken of administering justice and supervising its administration in India on the lines recognised by the most advanced civilisations of the world. Are we so afraid of adopting some reform in selection, recruitment and training, that at the first word suggested in that direction, we should cry out—"this involves the abandonment of all attempts to recruit our judiciary among English gentlemen"? Are our Civilians incapable of receiving or unwilling to receive more careful and prolonged education in law and equity than they get at present? And if not, why should it be supposed that a suggestion for improved training points to a craven surrender by the Civil Service of the task? I take it that a nation that has filled the world with its railways, its telegraphs, its navies, its science, its literature, and I trust I may add its peace and spirit of progress, has no *right* to say "we really cannot take the trouble to show you the best we can do in helping you to set up a system for administering justice." We have put our hands to the work, and must go through with it, and see that we give the best we can, instead of picking out at haphazard, to act as judges, men who do not want to do it, or who cannot be conveniently employed otherwise, and whom we have never attempted to give, or permitted to acquire, the fitting qualifications for their high calling. We pride ourselves (and I hope it is no self-complacent illusion) on having done some service to India in introducing her among the foremost nations of the world, to share in all the benefits of civilisation, commerce and scientific research. And we try to give her the pick of our public-school and university men—specialised with the most advanced thought of Europe in

every department, save the one which aims at preserving and protecting the fruits of human effort from violence and fraud. And it is from the West that we have imported the fundamental principles and conceptions, on which we have founded the system of Indian jurisprudence. It is in the West that those principles and conceptions have their habitat, their domicile of origin, and it is there that they can best be imbibed and studied—in order that they may be transplanted and nurtured in the East by the fostering care of experts, not of amateurs or bunglers, however conscientious and industrious. Our Civil Service is full of men accustomed from youth to master difficult subjects, and the only difficulty in the way of their doing their duty is that they are not given the encouragement, the time and the opportunities for legal studies of which the native bar and the native bench can and do avail themselves. Sir E. T. Candy in his prefatory note suggests that proposals for raising the standard of legal education among Civilians is commonly coupled with a desire to abolish the Indian Civil Service. I confess my inability to follow any sequence of thought there may be in this suspicion—for I cannot call it a theory. To improve and perfect a service seems to me to aim at its preservation, not its destruction. And I must state frankly that in my conception of reform, one of the first principles to keep carefully in view, is to cause as little dislocation and disruption as is possible and compatible with the public interest. The Indian Civil Service has a long and honourable record—and its very name is, to all members of it, inspiring and stimulating—and preserves the sense of beneficent co-operation which is essential in the personnel of a great organisation. The traditions of the service cement its solidarity for the highest purposes that can actuate a Government—the peace and progress of the peoples committed to its charge. Open competition, as a means of selection, is theoretically free from all the objections that in many public services discourage the most competent among those ready to serve the State. It has been found in practice satisfactory. But neither open competition nor the preservation of the service is incompatible with the proposal to give time, opportunities and encouragement for study in any direction that is urgently required for the purposes of good government. Indeed, Sir E. Candy recognises both the

necessity and the practicability of some such course. In his prefatory note, he says, "*First and foremost I would plead for the subject of English Law being made compulsory in the open competition, at least for all those who have professed themselves ready to join the Indian Civil Service.*"

Now this again goes much further than anything I have ventured to propose, and much further than in my view is necessary for the purpose to be attained. To make a subject compulsory implies, I presume, the fixing of a standard to which all competitors must attain. If the standard fixed is low and elementary, candidates would naturally exert themselves to do no more than is obviously necessary to pass it, unless their own predilections led them to exceptional effort. If the standard is made a high one, then it would probably follow that a considerable proportion of otherwise highly cultured candidates would either be excluded altogether from the service, or would have to sacrifice some subject of study more in accordance with their natural bent. There is no necessity, so far as I am competent to offer an opinion, for *all* candidates for the Indian Civil Service to take up the study of Law before they are admitted to a service in which the great majority will have executive duties as their main objective. The bulk of the service is not required to man the judiciary. It is true that almost all of them may have magisterial duties in the future. But this entails only a study of the Criminal Law and Sir E. Candy has pointed out that our Indian Penal Code, our Evidence Act and most of the other Indian Enactments required in magisterial work, are so admirably drafted that "a young Civilian during his year of probation in England can gain an adequate knowledge of the Law which he will have to administer *soon after his arrival in India.*" I do not take any very serious demur to this statement. But I must emphasise, before accepting it, the words italicised in the passage cited. Good hard work at the Indian Penal Code and a comparatively small number of the Acts and of good text-books may no doubt fit the student to take up the work of a magistrate of the lowest class to which a Civilian is ordinarily appointed "*soon after his arrival in India.*" After experience and training in the lower magisterial grades, under much close supervision and appellate connection, he will no doubt emerge with some approximately satisfactory

acquaintance with the comparatively simple precepts of Criminal Law. But for the higher duties of the judicial head of a District, such preliminary and comparatively elementary training is, I submit, wholly inadequate. As for an Assistant Judge—his path is not smoothed for him by a gradual ascent from minor powers to full jurisdiction. He has to start, then, with a full equipment, for he has, as Assistant, just as difficult matters to deal with as his more experienced senior, the District Judge. And the question is, when is he to acquire the additional knowledge for this purpose? On arrival in India, he has to gain acquaintance “with the country, its people, its languages, its tenures, its customs, its land-revenue administration”—a goodly array of difficult problems in addition to his current work. *These* are subjects which he *can* only study with advantage *after* his arrival in India. Legal principles, I submit, he can only study with advantage and with the requisite care and reflection and guidance, *before* he comes out to practical work in India, and though it is unnecessary for *every* Indian Civil Servant to go deeply, if at all, into such studies, it is certainly essential that a judge who has highly trained subordinate judges under him, should not have to *begin* such studies when he takes command. There is, however, another point on which I venture to take exception, in the passage cited from Sir E. Candy’s pamphlet. He proposes that *English Law* should be made a compulsory subject. I have every reverence for our English system of jurisprudence, which has grown up through centuries under the most careful and toilsome labours of some of the ablest and clearest thinkers of our nation. But it must always be remembered that it *has grown up*—and that it has necessarily adapted itself, therefore, to its particular environment—to the special and local customs and thoughts of the people for whom it was designed. And having its roots in the Middle Ages, it still retains much in its terminology and its mode of arriving at its results, which can only be made fully intelligible to the student by a laborious research into the history of its origin and development and much that it is unnecessary and unsuitable to transplant into an alien soil with institutions that have but little “affinity” with those of the West. Thus, for instance, the cleavage which for centuries continued between Law and Equity, involves the law student in a struggle, on the threshold of his subject, to grapple with a nomenclature which

is used glibly in the English Courts and in legal text-books, but which can only be fully understood after some attention given to the evolution of the dual system which has only been given its legislative *coup de grace* within the memory of most of us. Such phrases as the "legal estate," or "*tabula in naufragis*," are calculated to puzzle the tyro who begins his legal studies in the mofussil of India, though they might perhaps be explained in ten minutes talk with an English barrister. Many expressions and many distinctions which once served to suggest or demarcate the province of the Court of Chancery as opposed to that of the Courts of Common Law, have served their time and hardly merit the effort that has to be made to understand them. Much of the beginner's time is lost in learning little more than the meaning of archaisms that weary without substantially helping him. The technicalities of English adjective law might also safely be disregarded by the Indian Civil Servant. What he needs to take with him to India is not so much an assortment of cut-and-dried formulae and maxims ready for immediate application to such cases as arise in England, but rather a reasoned and convincing exposition, which he can assimilate, of the wisdom and grave importance of doctrines which the experience of many ages and diverse countries has tested and accepted as the foundation, not of any one particular system, but of all the systems of Western Jurisprudence. A clear conviction of the soundness of those fundamental principles will, I submit, stand him in better stead than any attempt he will have the time to make at mastering "English Law" in all its ramifications. It is not the letter, which necessarily varies in the diverse systems according to the special circumstances of each, but the *spirit* common to all civilised systems, that the Civil Servant must take with him to India, to animate him in his application to Eastern conditions of Codes which, however excellent in their drafting, may, if administered mechanically, be worked with much harshness and injustice. Unless he has come to see for himself the justice of these fundamental principles and the reasons for accepting them, and unless he keeps them habitually in view, the beginner is liable in practice to misconstrue "the intention of the Legislature" in enactments, to miss the scope and implied limitation of legal maxims, and to misapply precedents. For he is not otherwise in a position to distinguish the essential and universal from

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the technical and particular. To take a very simple and elementary legal conception : " Possession," which is proverbially said to be " nine-tenths of the Law," is a phrase so familiar that the uninitiated layman may think it stands in no need of commentary. And till the recent publication by Sir E. Pollock on the subject, no English authority, so far as I can recall, had devoted much attention to an exhaustive analysis of its legal significance. The English student, in order to realise the conceptions in its full development, has had to puzzle it out for himself—by piecing together, as in a mosaic, passages scattered through voluminous tomes of obsolete jargon in which the words " seisin " and " livery of seisin " are the most intelligible. From modern cases, little of the enlightenment needed is to be obtained, for English judges and counsel are too familiar with first principles to discuss their origin and foundation.

I suggest—for consideration—that accurate views might more easily be obtained by a thoughtful study of Savigny, as to the real nature of Possession, its consequences, the mode and conditions of its acquisition, its loss and the effects of dealings by agents, mortgages, tenants and trustees in relation to it. Savigny's work is readily accessible in the translation of it which Sir Erskine Perry commended as a special legacy to the Indian Civil Service. My own reminiscences convince me that I am not fanciful in thinking this work is both needed by Civilian judges and neglected by them. For I remember an erroneous decision of my own, at the beginning of my judicial service, corrected on appeal by a quotation from Savigny, which first drew my notice to his work. And in much later years, I remember that an officer of high standing, with some length of service in the judicial, seriously maintained that as Government have a right to all land in which nobody else has any title or interest, the persons in possession of certain lands claimed by Government, must either prove their own title or be evicted. And when it was suggested that the burden of proof ought not to be put in the first instance on persons in possession, the same officer protested that it was preposterous to introduce into India, such "*a technical rule of English Law.*"

It is, I hope, needless to dilate on the disastrous effects that would follow from a general application of such a misconception—a misconception which, carried into practice, would undermine

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the sense of security that law and civilisation are supposed to give.

It is a misconception which a little study of Savigny on the "Interdicts" or of any cognate treatise, would have prevented, even if common sense and a careful consideration of first principles did not suffice. But the Civilian is not encouraged to *think* about the spirit of the law. He has at once to set about administering the letter of it. And the law, so administered, is likely to become a terror to others than evil-doers. The *beati possidentes* may have greater cause than Socialism would give them, to tremble for their possession, if the law refused all protection against its disturbance till they had proved their title to each item against all comers. Unhappily, the instance mentioned above of this misconception is not an isolated one, for there is at least one case that went up as far as the Privy Council—where the same error was corrected—and I have a general recollection of many cases dealt with by the High Court in appeal where District Judges had decided against persons who had judicial possession, merely because of the weakness of the evidence they adduced as to title. I must also refer to cases in the administration of the Penal Law, where failure to grasp the conception of juridical possession, as explained by Savigny, led to injustice. In his work much stress is laid on the *animus sibi habendi*, as an essential constituent element of possession as conceived by the law. A bare physical connection between an individual and a material object would not suffice to establish the fact of possession, where consciousness of the fact and an intention on his part to avail himself of it was not an inevitable inference from the circumstances. Roman lawyers designated such a correction, when knowledge and intention are absent, as "*assina possessio, ut asellus sellam*" ("a donkey's possession of his pack-saddle.") Various enactments raise presumption of a guilty complicity against a man, when any objects are found in his possession, connected with which recent criminal dealings are proved to have taken place. But it occasionally happens (often enough, at least, to call for caution in such cases), that such incriminating proceeds or implements of a crime, are concealed in or among the property of some person who cannot be shown to have had any knowledge, or opportunity of knowing, of such concealment,

or any intention to make use of it, or to have had any advantage from, or connection with, the crime. And in such cases, whether there is or is not evidence that the place of concealment had been chosen by the real criminal to divert suspicion from himself, or by an enemy to direct suspicion against the person accused, as in possession of the "mudyamal," the Courts are not justified in calling on the person so accused to account for such alleged possession—or in applying the enactment which raises a presumption of guilt from possession. For no such possession as is contemplated by the law has in such cases been established, one essential element—the *animus sibi habendi*—being absent. But I have known the presumption so misapplied in more than a few instances. I have even known a judge, sitting in appeal in such a case, scouting as "an absurd technicality" the distinction emphasised by Savigny. To reduce that technicality to an absurdity, the judge deemed it pertinent to recall a tale told by an eminent English judge (I think Hawkins J.), about a man found at night with stolen birds dead in his pocket, who excused himself by saying the poor birds must have got into his pocket during the night for shelter from the cold—on which plea the jury acquitted. The judge who relied on this "chestnut" as a *reductio ad absurdum* of Savigny's "hair-splitting theory," failed to see that in his story, the circumstances evidenced the *Animus sibi habendi* which is essential to complete the conception of possession. I need hardly lay stress on the grave importance of bearing in mind this "technical distinction" in murder cases. For it is a common-place in Sherlock-Holmes fiction to attach suspicion to an immaculate hero, by the discovery of some deadly weapon or other incriminating article introduced, unknown to him, among his belongings. If the instances I have cited are insufficient to indicate the danger of neglecting the study of general first principles as to "possession," I would refer to the conflict of judicial opinion on the subject long maintained between the High Court of Bombay and the High Court of another Presidency. It was, I think, laid down by Sir Maxwell Melville, that even apart from the provision in the Specific Relief Act, the Criminal Procedure Code and our old Mamlutdars' Courts' Act, for the restoration of possession within a specified period of unauthorised disturbance, bare proof of prior possession carried with it a right to its restitution

against any invasion not supported by a better title, even though the dispossession may not have been so recent as to come within the purview of the Specific Relief Act and kindred enactments. And as a corollary from this position, our Bombay High Court has, I understand, been recently at some pains to make it clear that the presumption of title which under the Evidence Act arises from proved juridical possession, not only avails to support present or recent possession, but must, unless rebutted, be regarded as having similarly attached to and accompanied all such possession, for so long as it continued, in the past. So that prior possession is *prima facie* evidence in itself of sufficient title to justify (subject of course to the provisions of the Limitation Act) a claim to restoration, unless it is opposed by proof of a better title. This position seems almost obvious. It flows from the principles of which Savigny was a recognised exponent. It is in accord with several decisions of the Judicial Committee, and of the English Courts generally. But though recognised in Bombay, it was not accepted by the High Court of another Presidency, which, however, in one case intimated that were the matter *res integra*, the view taken by the Bombay High Court might have been preferred to that which, in that other Presidency, had been followed in a long series of decision. It will, I trust, be understood that these instances have been cited entirely without any *arrière pensée* of instituting invidious comparisons. I take them solely to support and illustrate my suggestion, which is that it is quite possible that the study of the details in any one or more than one system of law, even when that study is coupled with incontestable ability, may fail to give reasoned convictions as to matters of fundamental and general first principles—just as a man may acquire a considerable vocabulary and even colloquial facility in one or more than one language, but may fail to speak any with accuracy, if he has entirely neglected to study any logical system of grammar. I have taken, as I hope is obvious, the subject of “Possession” to illustrate my meaning merely because it is so obviously a subject of fundamental importance in all systems. I should not venture to undertake an exhaustive enumeration, either in respect of that or of other legal conceptions, of the principles which, I submit, demand preliminary study, before a novice can approach with ease or safety the

administration or even the consideration of the law in particular cases or under particular enactments. Nor do I pin my faith exclusively or specially to Savigny. There are many other authorities that might prove more helpful to the student. Among them I may mention Pothier, from whom our Lord Mansfield borrowed, without acknowledgment (fearing current English anti-Jacobin prejudices against French importations), many of his equitable innovations. Much from Pothier's lucid pages has been embodied in the Code Civil, from which again much has been borrowed in our Indian enactments, *e.g.*, the Easements Act. Or, if French and German authorities are to be taboo, I might suggest "Common Law," by an American Judge, who has combined his own thoughtfulness and erudition with the ease, lucidity and charm of his distinguished father's literary style. But I do not for a moment deem myself qualified to recommend books for the study of present or future generations of Indian Judges. I can only persist with an iteration as wearisome as it is, I fear, ineffectual, in testifying from my own humiliating reminiscences of personal incompetence, that Indian Civil Servants in the judicial department stand in dire need of the time, facilities and initiatory guidance and advice which the many competent authorities, both in England and in India, could, in consultation, afford them.

The methods of training outlined in Sir E. Candy's pamphlet appear to me to have so much that is good in them, that I can only cry out, with famished *Oliver Twist*, for more of similar nutrition. But I feel that at the root of the objections put forward as reasons for refusing such aid, the real feeling is that which runs as an under-current through Mr. Anderson's article in *East & West*, a suspicion and a dread that a deeper training in law would make our Indian Judges unreasonably subtle in technical distinctions at the expense of substantial justice. Now, I venture to think that the reverse of this is the case. It is the tyro, and not the expert, who, in ignorance of sound principles, applies the wrong treatment, in uncertainty and timidity, avoids the questions really at issue, by grasping at some irrelevant technicality as a pretext for shirking them, or in anxiety to display his little learning, drags in ill-assorted precedents, formulæ and maxims, whether applicable or not, and

seeks by novel and super-subtle distinctions, to evince an astuteness, of which he knows he would not ordinarily be suspected. A similar set of phenomena are observable at the Bar. In the remote mofussil, the almost illiterate muktyar and petition-writer revel in refinements in the most simple cases and quote maxims that would "make Quintillian stare and gasp," and the untrained pleader will spend hours in cross-examining witnesses as to whether they faced north or south during any incident in question, in hopes to elicit fatal discrepancies as to such and other trifles. In the District Courts, where the practitioners are a more highly trained class, mountains are no longer made out of molehills. And in the High Court, both facts and law are treated with such a breadth, simplicity and terseness by the Bar, as to admit of nine or ten appeals being decided in the course of a morning. The acknowledged expert never has to go out of his way to show his learning. It is the novice who stands confessed by his strenuous efforts to air legal phraseology—like the Magistrate in the murder case who spoke of the *corpus delicti* being found under the bed. The better a man understands his work, the more simple and direct will be his methods in arriving at the merits of a case, and the more time will he be able to give to the study of facts. I am perfectly ready to admit that a judge, in addition to his legal training, must gain insight into "human nature" and acquire information about the ways of the people, and that in order to attain this end, before he is irrevocably chained to the Bench, he must have such opportunities of getting into contact with the people as are afforded by the duties of an executive officer. But a judge has to study the aspects of human nature as presented to him *in Court*, and must learn to elicit and sift information by the methods and subject to the tests and precautions prescribed by law. He has to practise himself in the use of the tools allowed him. It may be that the information thus gained is not so wide in range as that acquired in executive work. But it is more of the kind required for his work. And the results, when duly sifted, will differ from those obtained by ordinary contact and converse with the people, as much as the glib and plausible tale of an interested party in his examination-in-chief differs from the variant version as it finally shapes itself under cross-examination. It is indeed kind of executive officers such as Mr. Anderson to prescribe a seven or eight years'

course of the training they and he have undergone, as a panacea for the Indian Judge's weakness in law. But if that somewhat lengthy course of "practical training" in matters in general is to be at the expense of specialised instruction in legal principles, and to curtail the time that might be utilised for such instruction, it might prove a boon of doubtful value. Such proposals seem based on the assumption that a Court is a cloister to which the light of the outer world never penetrates. And indeed, the *Times of India* speaks of the lawyer, as one "whose horizon is limited by the walls of his chambers." The lives of eminent lawyers, however, suggest that there is no class of men that is brought into more intimate or more varied contact with the business of every-day life, or that is more constantly employed in vivisectioning the secret motives that actuate "human nature." And to speak of the narrowed outlook of the lawyer seems either an anachronism in the present day, when the affairs of the widest empire the world has ever known, are entrusted to a ministry in which three of the most eminent members are lawyers by profession. So long, however, as these ideas as to the narrowing influences of legal knowledge and practice prevail in the executive branch, which has control over the fortunes of the judicial, so long is it in vain for judicial officers to cry for "more light" in their gropings for legal instruction. To combat those ideas seems, therefore, the prime necessity, for they form both the vanguard and the main body of the forces arrayed against me by Mr. Anderson and other critics. And I have, consequently, been constrained in this article to return to the charge against the veteran phalanx of determined hostility to the advance of legal knowledge. I do not like to use the phrase "prejudice" or "*idée fixe*" in connection with the sincere convictions of able and conscientious opponents—for I believe and have tried to show that their dread of the noxious influence of legal learning is, in reality, based on what they have observed of dangers that are traceable to the "little learning" of an untaught department. To that source, I am convinced, is traceable much of that delay in the decision of cases which is one of the serious grounds of complaint made against our judiciary. No one can get on very fast when he does not quite know which way he ought to go—or if he does go fast, he only rushes the further into error. I cannot doubt that Mr. Anderson

and my other critics are at one with me as to the final aim in view, and desire judicial efficiency with *single-eyed sincerity*. I do not ask them, with Sir E. Candy, to put "first and foremost," a plea for the compulsory study of English Law, by all Civil Servants indiscriminately. But I would ask them and all who have a voice in the matter, to consider seriously, whether they might not, in reason, admit that a knowledge of general first principles, as preparatory to judicial duties, like the theology candidate's "good works," could not do any harm. If even this point be conceded, tentative experiments to provide a supply of such knowledge might be made. But as long as the knowledge is regarded with distrust and suspicion by those who undertake to form public opinion, and by the executive authorities who cannot well disregard it, it is hopeless to advocate facilities for the acquisition of such knowledge. To remove that distrust and suspicion has, therefore, been in this article my main aim, to which I have subordinated and postponed the intention which I had expressed of offering suggestions in greater detail than was attempted in my first article, as to "the legal training of the Indian Civilian." For what is the good of elaborating a syllabus or programme for legal training for the Indian Civilian, when such training is held, by those who have the casting vote, to be bad for him? Or what good in suggesting more training—when it is so held that he has already as much as is good for him? Notwithstanding these discouraging questions and the inordinate length of this paper, I must add a few words on the possibilities of specialised training for the Indian judiciary. Mr. Anderson suggests that "the sole advantage" such specialised judges "would have, would consist in a knowledge of English law and jurisprudence." In my previous article I proposed that "judicial postulants" should also be required to satisfy a certain standard of *general culture*. That standard might well be fixed by experts at the level generally attained by well-educated men who have not *specialised* for any specific profession. Any study pursued beyond such a point necessarily becomes *specialisation*. And the candidates for the Civil Service—not being boys, but of the age at which most men have begun to prepare for a specific profession—are forced by competition, to *specialise*, i.e., go beyond the highwater-mark of average culture in some one or more than one subject. That subject may be

classics, mathematics, physical science, metaphysics or what not. Their attainments in their respective special subjects would presumably qualify them for honours, if not a first class, at a University. I take it that *all* successful C.S. candidates have begun to specialise in some subject. Why, then, should the selection of the special subject be inappropriate for a due proportion of the Civil Service, when that special subject is law instead of, say, mathematics? Is a man whose "sole advantage" over other competitors consists in a knowledge of "higher applied mathematics," more generally useful as a judicial officer, than one whose *special* advantage consists in a knowledge of law and jurisprudence? I recall an instance of a brilliant mathematician in the service, who, when called on to report as to the utility of a proposed bridge, could not refrain from going into all the calculations among the papers as to strain &c.—to the detriment of his official duties. Is such specialisation more valuable for the general work of the Service, than specialisation in law, for judicial work? But as I noted in my first paper, it would be unjust to make the specialist in law compete with the specialist in subjects, such as mathematics or classics, in which students have been training from boyhood. Such competition would either shut out the legal specialist altogether, or admit only those specialists in law who had studied nothing else. Law is a subject which is not part of a public-school curriculum, and cannot safely be taken up till the general education is fairly advanced. But if the *average* marks of successful candidates in other subjects were taken, it is quite conceivable that the law specialist might be able, in a sufficient number of such subjects, to make as good a show. He would not rank with the highest of the successful mathematicians, classics, &c., but he might well rank considerably above the lowest of them. But I doubt not that experts in examining would have little difficulty in fixing the number of marks that would represent a fair all-round general culture not extending to the exceptional which constitutes specialisation. But the first point to settle would be one for the statistician, viz., the proportion of recruits annually required to supply the demand for judicial officers, in order that the service might neither be undermanned nor overloaded with men "whose sole advantage would consist in a knowledge of law and jurisprudence."

Next, as to the nature of the legal studies to be required

from "judicial postulants"—it would be presumption in me to attempt a syllabus. It would be easy to fill every page of this magazine with a list of useful text books, not to speak of reports, that students *might* consult with advantage. But here again would be a matter, I think, for a consultation among experts. Indian Judges could give a very fair general idea of the ordinary character of cases that come for decision in the various districts. Mortgages, I think, would perhaps prevail among the subjects of litigation in Bombay: in some districts matters connected with alluvion, diluvian and gradual increment; in others mercantile law—and so on. And for all Provinces a thoroughly well grounded conviction and habit of mind as to general first principles would be indispensable. The course of study to be recommended for these general and special requirements, could, I think, without much effort, be indicated by some of the great authorities in England and in India, who have given up their work but not their interest in such matters, or who, in the midst of their work, make leisure to help on their younger brethren on the bench. I trust the present Chief Justice of Calcutta will forgive my venturing to include him as the most typical example of this last class, for while he was Chief Justice in Bombay, he was ever most ready as well as most able to give such help. The greater part of all such training could most conveniently be conducted in England—not only because books, guidance and assistance would there be more accessible, but also—and mainly—because on arrival in India, if not the practical work, certainly the study of languages, customs, people, revenue administration and other matters teachable only in that country, would absorb all the time available. Mr. Anderson says that I "would sweep away this practical education." *Je ne vois pas la nécessité*. On the contrary, I submit that the preliminary grounding I have suggested, would throw a fuller light on each detail of that practical education, and would even enable the young Civilian to be more helpful in his advice to the ignorant masses who are at the mercy of shallow chicanery, and injustice and oppression. I do not myself conceive seven or eight years of revenue work to be the minimum necessary for the mastery of our revenue system—certainly, at least, as far as Bombay is concerned. And as to local customs, I have already noted that they must be studied afresh in

each different scene of a Civilian's labours, and our excellent *Gazetteer* preserves a valuable and accessible record of most of them. But the question how far the period of practical education should be prolonged, must, I submit, depend in each case on the proficiency of the individual student. And under the present "system," that question is generally decided by the "exigencies of the service," by casualties such as unforeseen, or at least unprovided for, congestion or depletion of its different branches, and other considerations which contribute to the general muddle. If a Civilian shows exceptional capacity for financial duties, he generally finds his way into the office of an Accountant-General without incurring general opprobrium or exciting the disdain or losing the sympathy of his brother-officers. And I see no reason why, because a set of men have specialised in law rather than in mathematics, any schism in the service should result—or any abolition or disintegration of that service be apprehended. The interchange between judicial and revenue at present is mainly limited to intrushes from the latter to the former whenever the former appears temporarily the more attractive from a pecuniary point of view. Judicial men, once in, like Sterne's Starling, cannot ordinarily get out. There are no *vestigia retrorsum*; and there is therefore no practical good in insisting on their being trained with a view to "interchangeability." Mr. Anderson has touched on one subject which, I agree with him, it is better to avoid, "the necessity of improving the emoluments of Indian District Judges." I think most judges will agree with me that it is beneath their dignity to haggle about questions of pay. It is not desirable for such officers to give much thought to such matters. But the thought is occasionally forced on them, when they find that the average promotion on which they might reasonably have counted, is snatched from them at the moment when it seemed ripe, by intruders from another department, who discovered no attractiveness in judicial work, till the pecuniary prospects attaching to it had brightened. I submit, also, that it is not to the advantage of any service that promotion should be almost entirely dependent, as at present, upon casualties, upon the congestion or depletion of one or other or both of the branches, and other causes for which the members of the service are in no way responsible. The remedy here, again, seems one for the statistical expert, who could have no difficulty in ascer-

taining the average rate of promotion and apportioning it accordingly by a system of periodical increments in ordinary cases. I know some officers prefer the excitement of unexpected contingencies. But such dependence on aleatory gains cannot be good for the *morale* of a service, or minister to its *esprit de corps* and feeling of good-fellowship, or favourable to certainty in financial possibilities for budget purposes. In concluding this inordinately long article, I have to thank most cordially my critics for the courtesy they have shown in their comments on my suggestions. Should there be others who are unable to approach the subject with the like courtesy and self-restraint, I trust they will remember that invective and vituperation suggest that the more effective weapons of calm argument and reason are beyond reach. And to those who without judicial experience would dogmatise on the needs of judicial officers, I would commend the following dialogue from *Chantecler*:—

(Chantecler) : *Qui est ce coq, qui chante avec autorité ?*

(Poulet) : *C'est un coq merveilleux qui n'a jamais chanté.*

H. BATTY.

Montreux.

JHANSI AND ITS HEROIC RANI.

(Concluded from our last number.)

THE leaders of the mutineers and of the other insurgents came to the gate, and hearing what Skene had to say, made oath, with the most solemn and sacred adjurations, not to hurt a hair of the heads of the British garrison, if they would lay down their arms and surrender the Fort. The terms were accepted, and the helpless Christian people prepared to depart. As soon as they crossed the threshold of the Fort gate, the enemy fell upon them, and binding their arms, made captives of them all. There could be no resistance: they were helpless as sheep. Through the town passed the melancholy procession, when just beyond the City walls some Sowars came up and said it was the order of the Rissaldar that the whole should be put to death. No time was lost in commencing the murderous deed. It was begun by the gaol Daroga, who cut down his old master. Then a general massacre ensued. The women and children were separated from the men, but they shared the same sad fate. Not one of those who left the town Fort—man, woman or child—was spared. The great crime accomplished, the bodies of some three-score people were left for three days on the road to rot. Then the men were cast into one gravel-pit, the women into another, and both were lightly covered over.

Thus, the curtain fell upon the dismal tragedy which was the ante-type of the massacre of Cawnpur. Whether the Rani of Jhansi instigated this atrocity, or to what extent she was implicated in it, can never be clearly known. But this is certain, that none of her servants were present on the occasion of the massacre. It seems to have been mainly the work of the old followers of the English.

The bloody beginning having been thus made, the rebels wanted to make some important personage their head and chief. The Moslems would have preferred Nawab Hossein Kuli Khan to anybody else; but the

Hindus, who possessed the advantage of numbers, would have a Hindu for their leader. At last their voice prevailed, and it was proposed to make the offer to Rani Lakshmi Bai, the widow of the late Raja Gangadhar Rao. They, accordingly, repaired to the royal palace, where the Rani had been residing since the annexation of the Raj, and on being granted an interview, made their wishes known to her. As yet the Rani had, it would seem, been in the dark about the matter of the rebellion ; at any rate she did not know that the sepoy's would attack the City Fort on the 7th June, a day of disgrace to India—disgrace only less black than that which has made infamous the 27th day of June, on which day Nana and his cowardly soldiers committed such heartrending havoc on unarmed helpless humanity as has made their names a byword for ever. The Rani expressed deep regret at what had happened and wished from the bottom of her heart that such an infernal deed had not been done. But what was done could not be undone and the turn which the affairs at Jhansi had taken was such that it was absolutely necessary for her to make up her mind one way or the other, on the subject which had been laid before her. She thought, and very reasonably thought, that if she declined the offer, Sadashiv Rao, a distant kinsman of the late Raja, whom the mutineers had invited to Jhansi in case she did not accept their offer, would be made Raja, and in that case she would run a very serious risk of being turned out of her dear home, if not secretly assassinated. Under such circumstances her usual prudence led her to accept the offer as the lesser of the two evils ; but she did not assume sovereign authority until she got a promise from the soldiers that they would meet the English in open combat and behave like true sons of Mars. This investiture of Lakshmi Bai with the insignia of Royalty, accompanied as it was by a Proclamation, declaring that "The people are God's ; the country is the Padshah's : and the Raj is Rani Luckshmee Bai's," took place on the 10th of June.

On ascending the throne, the Rani, as was just and proper for her to do, threw all her energy and activity into the work of firmly establishing the Raj. She raised fresh troops ; she strengthened her fortified places ; she established a mint ; and she sent delegates to Dhondu Puntha, Nana Sahib, with whom she had previously been in communication. Apprehending attack by the English from the north-west, she placed a body of sepoy's at Calpee, but as more than a month elapsed without their sending any army towards Jhansi, the sepoy's located at that place were ordered back, and they accordingly returned to Jhansi.

This was certainly not a very wise course to follow, as it prevented Tantia Topee, as we shall see later on, from joining the forces under his command with those of the Rani. The English were very earnest in taking prompt measures for the recovery of Jhansi, but as they had not at their disposal a sufficient number of soldiers, they could not send any for some time after the massacre at that place. And, as a matter of fact, it was not till March following that they were found to be in a position to turn their thoughts practically towards the recovery of Jhansi. In the beginning of that month there ran a rumour all over that state that Major-General Sir Hugh Rose,* was coming with a pretty large army, and it was not long before that rumour turned out to be true. This unpleasant news, though it acted as a damper upon the spirits of her advisers, did not at all disturb the even tenour of the mind of Rani Lakshmi Bai. Nothing daunted, she in concert with Rani Ganga Bai, her co-sharer in the favour of her husband, Raja Gangadhar Rao deceased, began to make all necessary preparations for manfully defending the place against the enemy. But though willing and ready to fight to the last for her own, Rani Lakshmi Bai was never reluctant to listen to the voice of reason, so that when her counsellors impressed upon her the advisability of coming to terms with the English, she, relishing the proposal, sent two respectable persons on an embassy to the English General, who was coming to attack her capital, for the purpose, as it was then too late to communicate direct with the Governor-General. But unfortunately for her and her country, her ambassadors could not reach the English camp before Sir Hugh Rose had come close to the Betwa River, the Betrabati of the Sanskrit writers. In the meantime, the English soldiers had attacked the Rani's forces at Chanderi,† and as the Rani had not a sufficient number of fighting men at that place, the enemy gained an easy victory over them and compelled them to take to flight. At last, when the Rani's men did arrive at the English camp and declared themselves to be her ambassadors who had come to make overtures of peace, the English, taking them for spies, lost no time in killing them outright without regarding the sacred character which they had assumed. Thus, the good name of the English was sullied for ever

* Afterwards Field-Marshal Lord Strathnairn.

† Chanderi is a very famous town on the Betwa. Its splendours in the prosperous times of the Mogul empire had made it notorious. "If you want to see a town whose houses are palaces, visit Chanderi," was a proverb in the time of Akbar the Great.

in India, as violating a well-worn rule of international morality which has all along been observed in the civilised world.†

On the 20th March, a considerable portion of the enemy's vanguard led the attack on Jhansi, and as circumstances favoured, they were soon followed by the main army. For thirteen days the conflict raged between the two parties. Both the Ranis, Lakshmi Bai and Ganga Bai behaved like true heroines, encouraging their soldiers by word and example to conduct the defence with might and main. Such rare exemplary conduct on their part had a very wonderful effect even on the women of the city, who, gladly entering the Fort in numbers bravely stood behind the defending army and readily supplied them with arms and other implements of war. General Sir Hugh Rose in his Report says that the women were seen working in the batteries and carrying ammunition. Tantia Topee, hearing of the attack on Jhansi, started for that place with all the forces that were at his disposal. He was also accompanied by the Raja of Banpur with his men. On the breaking out of the revolt the Raja had saved the lives of several Englishmen; but when he, to his deep regret, found that though he himself was really friendly to the English, they in their turn looked upon him as their foe, he was obliged to take the side of the rebels as the only feasible course left to him. At the news of Tantia Topee's coming to the help of the Rani of Jhansi, Sir Hugh Rose was greatly alarmed, and he therefore sent a detachment of picked men near the Betwa River to arrest the course of the relieving army under Tantia and the Banpur Raja. Tantia, on reaching the spot, lighted up some hundred torches to notify his approach. The soldiers in the Jhansi Fort observing the torchlights not far off, were transported with delight, and in token of exceeding great joy fired quite a volley of salvo-shot. The English army lost all their usual courage and were for a time at a loss what to do. But they soon recovered their wonted presence of mind and tried hard to prevent Tantia Topee and the Raja of Banpur from uniting their forces with the Jhansi army. Rani Lakshmi Bai had not seen Tantia before, nay, not even so much as heard his name. But, strange to say, on the very mention of him, a feeling of pleasure arose in her heart and she came to esteem him as a friend and well-wisher. As had been expected, fighting took place on the banks of the Betwa between the combined army of Tantia

† See the *London Times*, August 25, 1858; and also R. M. Martin's *Our Indian Empire*, Vol. 11, p. 484.

and the Banpur Raja, and the English soldiers sent to arrest their course, and it was a hard and severe fight. True to the occasion, iron-nerved Tantia behaved himself like a veritable hero, but the kind of warfare adopted by him was the old Mahratta mode whereby ready means were afforded to combatants for flight in case of impending defeat, so that when his soldiery found that the day was going a little against them, they showed their heels and beat a hasty retreat. Tantia tried his level best to make his men rally and renew the fight, but all his efforts proved ineffectual. The retreat continued, and thus the high hope which the approach of Tantia had inspired in the minds of the Rani and her soldiers, was almost nipped in the bud. But this disappointment did not much damp their spirits. They continued their defence with the passionate ardour and desperate courage of people fighting for their hearth and home. Sir Hugh Rose had commenced the attack on the 22nd March, and though he continued it without intermission for nearly a fortnight, yet he could not enter the city. And, as a matter of fact, it was not till the 5th of April that he gained that much longed-for object, and this he effected by a ruse that proved him as cunning as he was brave. In fact, the Rani's rare courage and heroic conduct had so impressed him that he was candid enough to declare openly and also record in black and white that such a brave lady he had not seen before in any country. Such high commendation, coming as it did from such a high authority, speaks volumes, thereby proving beyond a shadow of doubt that Rani Lakshmi Bai's fame as a warrior has eclipsed the fame of that young Bellona of Europe, Joan of Arc, better known as "the Maid of Orleans." When the English General found to his deep regret that he could not make his entrance into the City despite all his efforts and exertions in that direction, he, taking courage from despair, formed a band of what is called in military parlance "Forlorn Hope" with a little over a hundred desperate soldiers. These men, feigning to make the attack on the west side of the City, went over to that quarter and commenced to fire incessantly from that position. At that time neither Rani Lakshmi Bai nor her adjutant Rani Ganga Bai was in the Fort: they had gone to the palace to do *poojaks* and take their repast. Her sepoy, not being able to see through the artifice of the enemy, hastened all in a body to the west side and soon demolished the little band that had commenced the attack from that quarter. Availing themselves of this golden opportunity, some of the English soldiery, by means of ladders placed in the north, got into the City, whereupon fighting commenced and it was a life-and-death

struggle.* On being informed that the English had entered the City, the two Ranis, who had gone to the palace after three days' continuous residence in the fort, forthwith came on horseback and joined in the fight. The fighting lasted the whole day. Just before evening the enemy came close to the palace. *The two Ranis and their sepoy fought all night for its defence*; but as they were greatly outnumbered by the enemy, they had to fall back, whereupon the English soldiers entered the outer part of the palace and gradually came near the stable-yard. Here the fighting was renewed and lasted the whole of the 4th of April. Though the defence was conducted by only fifty men who formed the Ranis' bodyguard, yet, this small handful of soldiers, like Arjuna's brave son Abhimannu, held their own against some thousand Englishmen for one whole day. In the night Lakshmi Bai's father advised the two Ranis to leave the palace; and though they at first refused to act on his advice, yet later on, perceiving its wisdom, they, accompanied by the remnants of the bodyguard and one or two friends, left the palace under cover of night and proceeded in haste towards Calpee, with a view to joining the army under Tantia Topee.

The fortress of Jhansi was occupied by Sir Hugh Rose on the morning of the 5th of April. The loss sustained by him during the operations against it, including the action in the Betwa, amounted to three hundred and forty-three in killed and wounded, of whom thirty-six were officers. The loss on the other side was computed at five thousand. One thousand dead bodies were actually burned or buried in Jhansi itself.

The mode by which Jhansi, strong as it was, was captured attests the cleverness of the distinguished soldier who planned and carried out the attack. Seldom has there been a more complete combination of daring and skill, of foresight and resolution. The result was worthy of the plan, and of the genius which formed it.

On the 6th April, Lakshmi Bai with her small following arrived at Calpee, which was the arsenal of the rebels, the headquarters of the nephew of Nana Sahib, and was extremely well provided with artillery

* Speaking of the heavy fire which the besieged opened upon the storming party, Dr. Lowe in his *Central India during the Rebellion of 1857-58* says, "For a time it appeared like a sheet of fire, out of which burst a storm of bullets, round shot and rockets, destined for our annihilation." He goes on to say. "The fire of the enemy waxed stronger, and amid the chaos of sounds of volleys of musketry and roaring of cannon, and hissing and bursting of rockets, stinkpots, infernal machines, huge stones, blocks of wood, and trees—all hurled upon their devoted heads the men wavered for a moment, and sheltered themselves behind the stones."

and warlike stores. In that stronghold on the Jumha she for the first time met Tantia Topee in person and was highly pleased to make his acquaintance. Ganga Bai's father, Narayan Trimbuk Sastri, who had seen service in various capacities under the English Government and was now enjoying his well-earned pension, was there with Tantia as his "guide, philosopher and friend," which he by his vast learning and wealth of experience richly deserved to be. The Rani, in concert with Tantia and others planned to renew the attack on the English, and while the plan was maturing a horrible deed was done. The English, on taking possession of the City of Jhansi, killed all whom they found there, men, women and children. Lakshmi Bai's old father also fell a victim to the merciless military spirit, flushed with victory and inflamed by vengeful fury. In fact, in point of violence and cruelty the Jhansi massacre did not fall short of what had been committed at Cawnpur by Nana Sahib's sepoys on the 27th June. Mr. Martin, in his *Our Indian Empire*, says: "No less than 5,000 persons are stated to have perished at Jhansi; or to have been cut down by the flying camp: some flung themselves down wells, or otherwise committed suicide, having first slain their women sooner than trust them to the mercy of the conquerors." But the outrage, violent and heartless as it was, was not confined to the city: it also spread some miles outside its environs.

As we have stated above, Lakshmi Bai with a few followers had arrived at Calpee on 6th April, and was pleased to find Tantia there. Both these brave souls were pleased with each other's company, actuated as they were by kindred feelings. From the 6th to the 30th April they lived together at the same place. While so residing, they with a considerable portion of their army repaired to Kuncha, and attacked the English under Sir Hugh Rose. The fighting, fierce and desperate as it was, lasted for some time, when both armies, almost enervated by intense heat, desisted and retired to take rest, which they most urgently needed. After the hard fight there was practically a truce, when Tantia, leaving the charge of defending Calpee solely in the hands of Lakshmi Bai, proceeded to Gwalior for the purpose of collecting recruits. Lakshmi Bai on her part left Kuncha, and returned to Calpee, which was only four *kos* distant from it. She with her comrade in arms, Ganga Bai, stayed at Calpee from the 8th to the 23rd May. On the latter date fighting was renewed and it was the last fight that was fought at that place. At this time, as ill luck would have it, a dispute, the cause of which is not quite known, arose between the forces-

of the Raja of Banpur on the one side and the soldiers of Tantia and the Rani on the other, and this division in the Hindoo camp proved highly detrimental to the cause of the Rani. If all of them had acted in concert and amity, there was great probability of their coming out victorious from the combat, even though the army under Sir Hugh Rose was far superior in numbers. But owing to this fatal dispute among the Hindus, the English found it not a very difficult affair to achieve success. Accordingly, on the luckless day of 23rd May, the Rani's army were, after a desperate fight, worsted and being pursued by the horse artillery and cavalry, lost their formation and dispersed, losing all their guns and baggage. Even the Rani of Jhansi, who fled with them, was compelled to sleep under a tree. "This was," writes Dr. Lowe, who took part in the campaign throughout its duration, "a hard day's work, and a glorious victory won over ten times (?) our number under most trying circumstances. The position of Kalpi; the numbers of the enemy, who came on with a resolution and a display of tactics we had never before witnessed; the exhausted, weakened state of the general's force; the awful suffocating hot winds and burning sun, which the men had to endure all day, without time to take food or water, combined to render the achievement one of unsurpassed difficulty. Every soul engaged in this important action suffered more or less. Officers and men fainted away, or dropped down as though struck by lightning in the delirium of the sun-stroke; yet all this was endured without a murmur and in the cool of the evening we were speculating upon the capture of Kalpi on the morrow." Accordingly, before daybreak the following morning, Sir Hugh marched on that place and took it.

The Jhansi Rani with the remnants of her army hastened towards Gwalior. The English General, evidently thinking that the Rani had fled for good and would not renew the fight, applied for leave on medical certificate, intending to send back his soldiers to their headquarters, as the heat was growing almost unbearable. The Governor-General, relying on his representation that the Rani was not likely to come to war again in the near or the distant future, granted the leave applied for. But the General was sadly mistaken; Rani Lakshmi Bai was not the person to retire from the patriotic combat so long as her body and soul remained together. She had proceeded to Gwalior only to strengthen her little army with the recruits which she thought Tantia had collected in the dominions of Sindhia. This great Mahratta chief, like Holkar, had not joined in the mutiny nor connived at it, and it was therefore not surprising that the Rani, while on her way to his

capital, was attacked by the soldiers whom he had sent to oppose her, *himself following in their train with his bodyguard*. When Rani Lakshmi Bai and her constant associate, Ganga Bai, heard of the approach of Sindhia himself, they, leaving their arms behind, went on horseback to pay a deferential visit to His Highness. The latter was almost struck dumb by their daring conduct, so very rare among members of the softer sex ; but soon recovering from his surprise, he quite ungallantly ordered their arrest. His soldiers, however, to his great disgust and shame did not come forward to do his bidding, as it was quite at variance with the rules of civilised warfare. Upon this, Lakshmi Bai who entertained not a very favourable opinion of the Gwalior chief, in half earnest and half jest said : "Maharaja, if I don't surrender of my own accord, none would have the courage to capture me. I have come only to present the dress which men like you and the Indore chief deserve to wear. Do you, therefore, take my female attire and the ornaments on my person and give me, instead, your tights and turban." Sindhia was put to the blush, and as if unable to bear the sight of such a brave lady, hastened back to his capital whence, Heaven knows why, maybe through fear, he started for Agra. The flight of the Maharaja from his capital was followed a little after by the entrance into it of Rani Lakshmi Bai, who, taking possession of it, made the Phulbag palace her headquarters. Nana Sahib was proclaimed as Peshwa, and his nephew Rao Sahib as governor of Gwalior. The money and jewels that were found in Sindhia's treasury the Rani distributed to the army, alike to the Gwalior troops as to those who had come from Kalpi. Ram Rao Govind, one of Sindhia's disgraced courtiers, was appointed prime minister. The Royal property was declared confiscated. Four Mahratta chiefs, who had been imprisoned by Sindhia for rebellion, were released, clothed with dresses of honour, and sent to the districts to raise troops to oppose the British in any attempts they might make to cross the Chambal. The command of the bulk of the troops, encamped outside the city, was entrusted to the Rani of Jhansi. Those within the town obeyed the orders of Tantia Topee. Letters were at once despatched to the rebel Rajahs still in the district, notably to the Rajahs of Banpur and Shahgarh, to join the new Government at Gwalior.

At news of the Rani Lakshmi Bai having taken possession of Gwalior, the Governor-General, who was almost taken unawares by it, promptly ordered Sir Hugh Rose to proceed to that place with all the available soldiers he could muster. Tantia, leaving Gwalior, was trying

to get more recruits for the fight which he expected in the near future.

On 16th June Sir Hugh Rose, arriving at his destination, lost no time in attacking the forces of the Rani of Jhansi, he being of opinion that under such circumstances a prompt attack has always more effect on *the rebels than a procrastinated one. An engagement took place at Morar*, and the rebels were defeated. Their main body, driven through the cantonments, fell back on a dry nullah with high banks running round a village, which they had also occupied. Here they maintained a desperate hand-to-hand struggle with the British; but at length a victory was gained by the latter and it was completed by a successful pursuit of the rebels.

Sir Hugh Rose's success was speedily followed by an exploit on the part of the Brigadier Smith, fruitful in important consequences. That gallant soldier coming up from the south-east, had to make his way through the difficult and hilly ground on that side of Gwalior before he could reach Kotah-ki-Sarai. Under orders from Sir Hugh Rose, Smith marched from Antri, which he had reached on the 11th of June, early on the morning of the 17th, and reached Kotah-ki-Sarai, five miles to the south-east of Gwalior, at half-past seven o'clock that morning.

Smith had met no opposition in marching into Kotah-ki-Sarai, but on reaching that place he observed masses of the enemy's horse and foot occupying the hilly ground between himself and Gwalior. Notwithstanding the difficult nature of the ground before him, he resolved to attack, and attack he did with commendable dash and daring. At length, his efforts were crowned with success and he made the rebels beat a hasty retreat.

Amongst the fugitives in the rebel ranks was the resolute woman who, alike in Council and on the field, was the soul of the conspirators. Clad in the attire of a man and mounted on horseback, the Rani of Jhansi might have been seen animating her troops throughout the day. When inch by inch the British troops pressed through the defile, and when reaching its summit Smith ordered the Hussars to charge, the Rani of Jhansi boldly fronted the British horsemen. When her comrades failed her, her horse, in spite of her efforts, carried her along with the others. With them she might have escaped but that her horse, crossing the canal near the cantonment, stumbled and fell. A Hussar close upon her track, ignorant of her sex and her rank, cut her down. She fell to rise no more. That night her devoted followers, determined that the

English should not boast that they had captured her even dead, burned the body.*

Thus passed away from this earth a remarkable personality who was not only an ornament to her sex but was also a glory to the country that had given her birth. Although her proper place was in the sanctuary of the zenana—a consecrated place safe from the rage and turmoil of war—still, when she came to know that a powerful enemy was coming to take her dear City, she fought like an enraged lioness. Though she failed to bring her patriotic labours to a successful termination, still in her case the heroism of failure was greater than the heroism of success, and it is, therefore, no wonder that her honoured name, like that of Rani Durgabati and of Rizia Begum, has become a household word in India. Well does Colonel Malleson say: "Whatever her faults in British eyes may have been, her countrymen will ever believe that she was driven by ill-treatment into rebellion; that her cause was a righteous cause; and that the treatment she received at the hands of Lord Dalhousie was one of the main causes of disaffection in Bundel Khand and Central India in 1857-1858. To them she will always be a heroine."

SHAMBHOO CHUNDER DEY.

Calcutta.

* *History of the Indian Mutiny*, Vol. V. pp. 154, 155. 1898. Another account is that on the afternoon of the 17th of June, while the Ranis Lakshmi Bai and Ganga Bai were coming out of the Phulbag palace, riding on two stately steeds, a small body of Hussars who had lain concealed under cover of a thick bush, deeming the opportunity too good to be lost, fired at them from the river side, and, as ill luck would have it, their firing had its desired effect. Some balls falling like burning fire right on their breasts, unseated them, whereupon they were in a moment brought down to the ground. The personal guard of the Ranis, lest the bodies of their sacred charge should be desecrated by the touch of the Mlechhas, hurriedly prepared two pyres in the Phulbag palace and cremated their earthly remains in due form in the presence of Narayan Trimbak Shastri.

THE HIGH PRICES PROBLEM.

IF ever an economic maxim was hopelessly found out, it is this, that "the demand creates the supply." It is one of those optimistic tags with which the English language is rather well furnished, and of which it is always difficult to determine whether they are the product of an abounding vitality or an anodyne offered to misery. However that may be, we feel nowadays that it would be nearer the truth to say that "the demand curtails the supply."

The last ten years have witnessed a general rise in prices. One may take price lists comprising almost everything that can be bought, and there is hardly anything to be found therein of which the cash price to-day is not higher than it was ten years ago. Whether it be in Piccadilly or on Norfolk Island the same complaint is heard—in fact, there is only a slight difference between the prices of commodities in the most distant parts of the world to-day—the difference represented by freight—though freights too are rising. (A big difference is sometimes created by import duty—but that is another story.)

A great part of this rise in prices is simply a depreciation of the value of money. The year 1910 is said to have produced gold of the value of 99 millions; 1911 probably produced even more. The situation, put crudely, is this: the purchasing power of all the money in the world remains about the same, so whatever accrues to the holders of this new gold is simply deducted from the value of the holdings of money already in existence. This is, naturally, complicated and mitigated by many other considerations. A large amount of gold is used up in arts and industries; a great deal simply converts fictitious paper-values into real gold equivalents; some

merely replaces what is annually lost by wear and tear. Still, the broad fact remains that new findings of gold deteriorate the value of that already in existence. That there is a serious leakage in public wealth and that values are mortgaged in all kinds of obscure ways is shown by the oft-iterated statement that there would be a disastrous financial crisis at the first sign of any serious interruption of the flow of half a million sterling in gold from South Africa to London. Yet though this depreciation in gold values must be most immediate in England, whither so much of the metal flows in the form of shareholders' dividends, wages in England do not seem so sensitive to the change as wages in India, which buys all her gold and has large liabilities to meet in that metal. Certainly, during the the last ten years we have heard of nothing but the increase in the cost of Indian labour. Harvesting wages are three times what they were ; artisans' are double ; the town coolie is often in a situation to command whatever he likes. Government servants in minor posts have had their wages raised in some cases, and in others special allowances have become practically permanent. During the recent railway strikes in England, there was a general complaint that though prices had risen, wages had not, but had in some cases actually declined. With Dear Food riots in France and Germany, and Hunger-Marching in England, the amateur economist, enmeshed in the tangled claims of Cobdenitis and Fiscalitis, feels inclined to cry out, "A plague o' both your systems."

When the value of money is disturbed by an influx of gold, the process of adjustment must always be painful. It is a heavy tax on the original holders in any case ; and fixed wages cannot alter automatically in accordance with the state of the bullion market. Adjustment does arrive, however ; things settle down, prices rise, wages follow suit, and wealth drifts into the most tenacious hands, as usual. But there is a more subtle engine of oppression at work, and one which does not wear out but rather increases in force. This oppressive force is the curtailment of supply. Everybody has, at one time or another, wondered why, with all the appliances we have for increasing production, there is still insufficient. Obviously the earth's population does not increase so fast as to devour all the fruits of our labours. Certainly people are no lazier than before ; if we have eight hours bills on the

one hand, we have constant complaints of the increased strenuousness of life on the other. And when we are thinking over these things, we come across snippets of news which make us wonder still more. This sort of thing, for instance: "Last year in London 300,000 cwts. of Rangoon rice were used in the manufacture of cement"; or equally prodigious statistics of the quantities of grain consumed in the liquor trade or of the cotton used by the manufacturers of belting and motor tyres. Most of us give up as insoluble the problem why these necessities can always be obtained for unnecessary purposes while so large a proportion of the people on the earth are hungry and ill-clothed.

What Richard Jefferies wrote thirty years ago has lost none of its applicability.

"The most extraordinary spectacle, as it seems to me, is the vast expenditure of time and labour wasted in obtaining mere subsistence. As a man, in his lifetime, works hard and saves money, that his children may be free from the cares of penury and may at least have sufficient to eat, drink, clothe and roof them, so the generations that preceded us might, had they so chosen, have provided for our subsistence. The labour and time of ten generations, properly directed, would sustain a hundred generations succeeding to them, and that too with so little self-denial on the part of the providers as to be scarcely felt. So men in this generation ought clearly to be laying up a store, or, what is still more powerful, arranging and organising that the generations which follow may enjoy comparative freedom from useless labour. Instead of which, with transcendent improvidence, the world works only for to-day, as the world worked twelve thousand years ago, and our children's children will still have to toil and slave for the bare necessities of life. This is, indeed, an extraordinary spectacle."

Jefferies may seem too rhetorical to be taken as a guide; he certainly makes no attempt at an accurate survey, simply because no accurate survey is possible. But when we consider the immense quantity of corn half-a-dozen men on a Canadian farm will produce, the facility with which it is hurled half across the world, and the similar scale on which all sorts of production are accomplished, the fact that some portion has to supply the miner, the collier, the engineer, the lumberman and the platelayer, does by no means explain why there is still an insufficiency. Jefferies' indignant

astonishment occurs, in less picturesque language, perhaps, to all of us :

"That twelve thousand years should have elapsed, and the human race—able to reason and to think, and easily capable of combination in immense armies for its own destruction—should still live from hand to mouth, like cattle and sheep, like the animals of the fields and the birds of the woods ; that there should not even be roofs to cover the children born, unless those children labour and expend their time to pay for them ; that there should not be clothes unless again time and labour are expended to procure them ; that there should not be even food for the children of the human race, except they labour as their fathers did twelve thousand years ago ; that even water should scarce be accessible to them, unless paid for by labour ! In twelve thousand written years the world has not yet built itself a House, nor filled a Granary, nor organised itself for its own comfort. It is so marvellous that I cannot express the wonder with which it fills me. And more wonderful still, if that could be, there are people so infatuated, or, rather, so limited of view, that they glory in this state of things, declaring that work is the main object of man's existence—work for subsistence—and glorying in their wasted time."

Though this "falsehood of work" is "propagated for the benefit of two or three out of ten thousand," Jefferies does not sink to the class-hatred that distinguishes much socialistic thought, but declares "that selfishness has all to do with it I entirely deny." Just as certain is it that it is not human laziness or improvidence which makes the world live from hand to mouth. Besides the "gospel of work" evangelists, there have not been other prophets who approved universal improvidence. Walter Bagehot calls the accumulation of surpluses "not performing a great duty but perpetrating a great injustice . . . injuring posterity far more than aiding it." There are savage tribes roaming inhospitable countries whose efforts can little more than keep pace with their necessities, and whose arts are too primitive for providence ; there are agricultural communities, like those of Lower Bengal and parts of China, pressing so heavily on the soil that the Law of Diminishing Returns holds them in its grip and they appear to exist for no other purpose but to illustrate the theories of Malthus. But throughout the greater part of the civilised world, where, if the earth does not actually "in one year produce enough food to last

for thirty," it might easily be made to do so, some other explanation is needed of why for a great part of humanity hunger is ever in the foreground and destitution almost completes the circle of the horizon.

It is fashionable to blame "individualism," but though the great landowner may be inordinately fond of pheasants and the common millionaire a mischievous monomaniac, we might easily tax them out of existence without finding the problem solved. The difficulty lies at the root of our commercial system, and consists mainly in the curtailment of supply for the sake of getting the maximum price. This phenomenon has been touched upon by Fabian Society writers, especially Mr. G. B. Shaw, who puts the whole case very clearly thus :

"The main point to be grasped is, that however useful any commodity may be, its exchange value can be run down to nothing by increasing the supply till there is more of it than is wanted. The excess, being useless and valueless, is to be had for nothing ; and nobody will pay anything for a commodity so long as plenty of it is to be had for nothing."

Mr. Shaw gives imaginary instances of redundant umbrellas ; but it is not necessary to exercise his lively fancy for an illustration of the law that he expounds. No more striking example could be furnished than that of the cotton trade of the Southern States of North America. Not a year goes by in which we do not hear of the concern of the farmers lest an excessive crop should cheapen cotton so that it will be unremunerative. They have gone actually so far as arranging to burn some thousands of bales so as to enhance the price—a perfectly logical act on their part, since, within certain limits, the smaller the supply is, the larger is not only the price per bale but the total sum realisable. Bombay knows this, having learnt in the early sixties that an insufficient supply is the greatest possible boon to the producer. It was worth £80,000,000 to Bombay during the American Civil War. So we come to the absurd conclusion that the worse clothed the world is, the better it is for the cotton producer ; and this paradox is applicable to every trade there is. No commodity has given so striking a proof of this as opium. Things liable to abuse, such as alcohol and narcotic drugs, can generally depend on an increase in human depravity to absorb

any excess in the supply without a material reduction in the price ; but the reduction of the Indian supply has shown that opium, like foodstuffs or cotton, responds to the law of shortage. Bombay financiers openly advised the Government of India not to reduce the estimates on account of the diminished supply, and it is said that they backed their opinion by large speculations in the drug. The sequel showed that the Chinaman, offered a smaller quantity than he needed, was willing to pay more for it than he had been in the habit of paying for all India could produce.

A feudal barony or an old-style Indian kingdom was free from the harsher operations of this law. It was often entirely self-contained, and, if it produced an abundance of commodities in normal years the ruler took the greater part of the excess unto himself and doled out a sufficiency in lean years. The mediæval religious houses in the same way softened the asperities of the economic law. But shrewd men have recognised the law from the earliest times, and Joseph in Egypt had little to learn from the latest Wheat King in Chicago.

Hence, as has often been pointed out, the world offers small rewards to those who help it to live. The inventor, the scientist, the artist, the poet and the prophet, often fail to make a living at all, while the riches of the monopolist are boundless. The idea of the organisation of production has been most fruitful in America, and it is in America that the evils of the curtailment of supply have been first recognised and most vigorously opposed. Presidents Roosevelt and Taft declared war against the Trusts and have tried to break up their monopolies. The Standard Oil Company is the most familiar instance of the American "trust," and the one most perfect in its working. Mr. John D. Rockefeller, who is recently reported to have resigned the chairmanship of this concern, rather confused the issues by having a conscience. With regard to his rivals in the oil trade, he used all the arts of "freezing out" and "side-tracking" implacably. On the other hand, he was always ready to buy out a competitor at a fair price and employ him in the business. He brought the distribution of his products to such perfection that Standard Oil trickled into the remotest villages of Central Asia and all the hinterlands of Africa. Consequently he is wealthier than ever was Tsar or Moghul, and because Standard Oil is an excellent

article at a moderate price he is apt to look into his heart and discover that he is a great benefactor. The limits of the price of oil, however, are dictated by the competition which he has failed to control rather than by what he has absorbed. If his tentacles were long enough to embrace coal and firewood, the price would rise till it absorbed all the profits of artificial lighting and power. Mr. Rockefeller would probably resent as a gross travesty of the facts, the assertion that he curtails production; he supplies more and more every year; nevertheless the whole object of his operations is to withhold oil from those who will not buy from him at his own price.

The curtailment of production may exist without destroying competition, though it must have a tendency to endeavour to prevent new competitors from coming into the field. The combination of the American cotton farmers, has already been referred to. Their devices for destroying a certain percentage of the crop till high prices rule, or curtailing a certain proportion of the area of production, leave each man free to profit by personal industry and good husbandry. We may see the operation of their principles on a smaller scale, but better co-ordinated, in the combination of ice factories in Bombay. These concerns, dealing in a commodity which is not absolutely necessary to life, fix their price at a point as high as they can go without people retaliating by doing without, while they reserve competition for the purpose of preventing new supplies from coming into existence.

These are instances of the organised curtailment of production. Even where there is no organisation the curtailment takes place just the same, but with less profit to the producer, and little benefit to the public. The fruit trade furnishes spasmodic illustrations in plenty. When the orchard boughs are borne to the earth with the weight of the fruit, the fruit-grower is almost ruined. When late frosts and blights destroy nine-tenths of his crop he does quite handsomely. The limits to the reduction in price of a redundant crop are reached only when it costs more to pick it than the market offers for the produce, and growers savagely dig the strawberries into the earth unpicked or manure a field with their fallen apples. Even a man so totally out of touch with the world as the Indian small holder, when he finds that the superior crop of cotton produced

from the Agricultural Department's seed does not repay the labour expended on it, changes his crop, and turns a deaf ear to Lancashire's demands that the Government of India shall make him grow enough cotton to defeat the ends of the combination of American growers or the operations of American Cotton "Bulls."

We are, then, engaged, in a universal game of beggar-my-neighbour. It is doubtful whether any relief is to be looked for from the trade unions. It is, indeed, conceivable, that they make the situation ultimately worse. They have a tendency to standardise wages, and any trade paper will tell us what wages each kind of worker belonging to the unions commands in any town in the United Kingdom. Supply and distribution become standardised and organised in exactly the same way, and we have a nearer and nearer approach to the supplier being able to hold up the consumer's barest necessities to ransom, the ransom being his whole wages. But the production of bare necessities occupies only a fraction of the world's workers. And it may be noted here that a universal increase in efficiency would not improve the general economic condition, but only the relative improvement attained by certain individuals. Captain Petavel, in a rather remarkable book, "*The Coming Triumph of Christian Civilisation*," is inclined to excuse the luxuriousness of the millionaire on the ground that it provides employment for people who could not profitably engage in the production of necessities. This is useful as a counterpoise to the thunders of the socialist against the extravagance which employs a hundred people to minister to the pleasures of one man instead of doing something useful, but both views seem to fall short of a proper appreciation of the economic law underlying the whole situation.

One portentous development emerges from unchanging economic laws. A new bitterness is spreading through all industrial life. The feudal baron or the Indian raja felt some responsibility for the well-being of those under his control; so did the slave-owning planter or even the uncontrolled employer of free labour. Nowadays, however, this sense of responsibility is rapidly vanishing. There is no room for it. It may be that those who had the power did not fulfil its responsibilities. At any rate, the trade union fixes

the wages of the worker, the Act of Parliament regulates the conditions of labour. Taxes levied on the capitalist provide pensions for the worker, and so forth. It may be that the employee by these means gets more justice than he did before ; but he certainly gets less mercy. The employer is relieved by the law of all sense of responsibility towards those he employs ; he only has to obey regulations. (These remarks, of course, apply mainly to English conditions.) And now the last stronghold of conscientiousness is to be stormed. The domestic servant is to lose a tenure in the house which varied from that of Dickens' Marchioness to that of a member of the family, and to receive in exchange the privileges and limitations of a factory hand.

We may take it, however, that the landed aristocracy, the captains of industry and the commercial monopolists neglected their opportunities for doing good. The bitterness of the present hostility between employer and employed is less than the bitterness of "The Cry of the Children" or of "Alton Locke." These things, after all, are side-issues to the main economic theme. What we have to bear in mind is that all trade unions and laws for the protection of the workers only bring the economic millstones more closely together over a more homogeneous mass. If the crushing is less barbarous, grinding becomes exceeding fine. The world could support twenty times its population, yet we have already reached a point where people dare not accept the responsibilities of natural increase, and we seem to be approaching a time when the production of necessities will be reduced to its barest minimum, and a sort of economic deadlock will ensue, from which men will turn in desperation to a primeval chaos.

Of course, it will not be so bad as that, since man has a genius for compromise. Yet nobody seems to apply himself seriously to the problem which Jefferies propounded. Mr. Shaw is almost the only one among the socialists with a mind clear enough to appreciate its force ; the rest fly off at a tangent into a fury against man's inhumanity to man. Captain Petavel suggests a rather curious remedy, but one which is certainly economically possible in a country where, by qualifying for the prison or the workhouse, anybody may secure food, clothing and shelter. He suggests "Production-for-use" colonies, where, apparently, people who

cannot get employment are to go and produce the necessities of life for themselves and others on a co-operative plan, migrating back to ordinary employment when the economic conditions became more favourable. Labour colonies have been tried before, and have seldom taken any stable place in national economy; the Salvation Army have recently confessed to a failure in this line on quite a large scale.

Socialists are rather prone to speculate on the amount of labour which is really necessary, and the general average which their speculations indicate of four hours' work a day for everybody, for the supply of every reasonable comfort to everybody, is probably sufficient. How to attain it is quite another thing. No real economic improvement is to be looked for from those liberal measures which are often regarded as instalments of socialistic principle. They are erecting a railing to keep people from falling into the abyss, but an increasing number are up against this railing fighting for their lives. Edward Bellamy regarded strikes as a door opening into Utopia. With more experience of strikes we are inclined now to regard them only as storm-centres of bitterness.* The practical socialists appear for the time to have given up their sweeping demand for the entire national control of the means of production and distribution. They begin to realise the chaotic difficulties of dealing with a population capable of producing a great deal too much. They foresee the difficulty of insisting upon any arbitrary standard of efficiency or any arbitrary scale of hours of labour. Above all, unless money as the medium of exchange is abolished, the problems of keeping down cash values and keeping up wages become curiously involved.

It sounds very easy to say that, after all urgent wants are satisfied, a free exchange of surplus commodities will do the rest. But the nearer one gets to Utopia the less Utopian it seems. It

* Since this was written the coal-strike has come and gone. Its chief result appears to have been an enormous profit to the coal-owners, owing to the opportunity it afforded them of selling off stocks at enhanced prices—a lesson they are not likely to forget when they come to consider the advisability of closing down unprofitable seams rather than pay the minimum wage for their working.

seems very discreditable to our civilisation that man's co-operative efforts should resemble those of the wolf rather than those of the ant; it seems monstrous that on this fruitful earth half the inhabitants should be hungry, ill-clad and resourceless; and it is perfectly outrageous that no general increase in efficiency can effect any economic improvement—that the devil must always take the hindmost, no matter how sprightly the hindmost may be. But this is how the case stands. We are farther than ever from the Utopian state, which has failed on a small scale and never been tried on a large one. Mr. H. G. Wells is always exclaiming at the waste and extravagance of our social system; but it remains to be proved that a socialist state, arranged with an eye to plentiful production, would not sink to incredible depths of inefficiency and corruption. Human nature being what it is, it seems more reasonable to expect failure and disappointment than to find salvation in making the state one big Hindu joint family. We are, perhaps, rather inclined to shrink from facts if they are harsh and ugly. Our very preachers recommend their religions on account of the comfort they convey. We are ready to talk of "nature red in tooth and claw," and to contemplate the cruelties of the struggle for life among the lower animals; but the idea that the less fortunate half of the human race must ever be engaged in a losing fight and starve in the midst of plenty revolts us. To look on it with a mild approval as an example of the working of evolution seems a perversion of reason and feeling alike.

A necessity of socialism is that it believes legislation will succeed where religion has failed. A general practice of Christian charity, or of Mahomedan or Hindu charity for that matter, might solve the economic difficulty; but it never has on any large scale, and socialists as a rule are even more full of hatred of the old remedy than of enthusiasm for the new. To a good many it will seem ridiculous that a paper which began with a discussion on high prices should wander on to a suggestion of Christian charity as a possible remedy. An attempt has been made, however, to show that the organisation of industry and protective legislation have not really improved the economic position. They have given many a precarious foothold who must else have gone under in the struggle; but they have brought many more nearer to that

insufficient supply with which it is most profitable to fulfil their demands. This is the real burden of high prices. The relative value of gold adjusts itself painfully, but the economic necessity of supplying a little less than people want does not adjust itself.

The problem is, of course, complicated by all manner of considerations—by new discoveries in science, by fresh supplies of commodities, by the opening of new markets, by wars and droughts. But the salient features of the economic situation appear to be the gradual disappearance of a sense of obligation towards employees and a standardisation of prices and wages which ever approaches a general insufficiency. This was the basis of complaint at the time of the recent railway strikes ; but striking, while affording temporary relief in some cases, does nothing towards dispelling the difficulty. High prices are the rock ahead on which our civilisation may ultimately break up ; if the rock could be undermined and blown up we might enter a more pleasant haven than storm-tossed humanity has yet known ; but at present the whole forecastle is on the quarterdeck, arguing about this and all manner of rocks besides.—while we are drifting.

A. MORGAN YOUNG.

Bombay.

ÆSTHETICS, EVOLUTION AND PURDAH.

WHEN will Muslims wake up and recognise their wrong ?
When will they arrange their customs according to their fine religion ?

Their religion, indeed, is like a rare flower, simple, pure, beautiful and of fragrance rich. But around that flower they have planted weeds which are full of worm and canker. And the flower amidst them looks not half so attractive as it ought to look. These weeds are the customs of Muslims. About one of them, the most horrible of all, I will say a few words here.

When will these poor women be freed from the custody in which they suffer ?

Does a person earnestly believe in one universal, eternal Spirit, in one God, who is all love and goodness, when he, for the sake of a bad custom, offends the very laws of that God ? Does he earnestly believe in individual human effort, divine help and dispensation, and human submission, when he himself dares to keep a human being in custody, trying to dispense her fate with his own weak, mortal hands ?

Can he earnestly pray for the freedom of his nation and his brothers, when at home he performs slavery, and that for the sake of a custom ?

What is custom after all ? It is nothing but a certain rule set up by people, for the time being for their own benefit, their social prosperity and mental development. It is nothing eternal or holy. It is one of the many means for the progress of humanity and must be cast off, if that progress cannot be further effected by it, and must be exchanged for a better one. It is but a tool that, if it gets rusty and retards, rather than accelerates, the rise and growth of a

people, must be thrown off for a better and a newer one. A custom that has outlived itself is a corpse that must be buried. The quicker such a custom is exchanged for another, the quicker the nation will rise.

Unhappy the nation, that with obstinacy sticks to such a rusty tool. Like the tool itself, the nation will be soon consumed by foul decay. Not only the part that suffers under the pressure of the dead custom will be ruined, but the part which is at the bottom of it, the suppresser, will go to ruin too.

Woman is the elevator of man. But bound to a primitive state she is ever more trained for helplessness. Her mind which, if developed, is able to receive a higher degree of refinement than that of the man, lies asleep, in the cradle of ignorance. Her capacity which, if cultivated, could effect a sublimer, more independent and a wiser agency in this world than that of the man, lies useless, and by the Oriental its very existence is denied.

Again the woman possesses a finer sentiment, a smaller amount of selfishness, and a brain, if developed, equal to that of the man. But alas! the Muslims have chained their "good angels." How will they themselves rise and grow to be an independent nation? They will be slaves, just as they have made their women slaves. They will be ruled by other nations just as they rule wilfully their women. As we do to others, so will it be done to us.

Muslims when asked why they shut up their women, give but an answer based on no reason. "It is a custom," they say. But they forget, or driven by selfish instincts they want to forget, that a custom, nay, a dead rusty custom, should not be put above the eternal laws of God, namely, above the right of every single individual human being to use his free will, and thus develop his individuality, gain self-consciousness and rise.

Some of the Muslims even say, "Purdah engenders purity and morality." But if they are asked to explain what it means to be pure and moral, they do not know how to reconcile the definition of morality with "purdah." What they say is all a reasonless statement; a shabbily coloured lifeless picture which, alas! is painted either with the brush of passion and selfish desires, or with that of ignorance and prejudice. In custody, one cannot grow pure or moral. The field for

the exercise of morality is freedom. Freedom is the only filter that can purify these imprisoned minds, these dim, stagnant waters.

Again, others of them say, "Women can be educated at home, as knowledge is required for the development of mind." But alas! they utterly fail to comprehend that the purpose of all education and instruction is to guide action. Instruction in custody will not effect the development of the mind in the least. These instructed prisoners will ever remain parrots and nothing else. The mind will only rise if it is thirsty to rise. It will not even acquire this longing until it has seen the vast beauties and wonders of God's creation.

For whom was this beautiful nature created? For whom were these thousand hues of the setting sun, these beautiful flowers and hovering butterflies created? For whom the exulting birds in the green waving trees, the clear brooklets and these towering hills—hills, from whose tops the eye may fly far into the amiable distance, watching the golden-edged cloudlets as they dive into the azure waves of the horizon sinking away, like fair thoughts, into the land of dreams yonder, behind the golden veil. For whom does the sun break with its golden glory through Aurora's purple veil, shedding its dew-rich sparkling glances over awaking earth, inspiring it to exulting hymns and busy toil? For whom were these thousand motions and countless beauties of nature created? Was this all not created to inspire human beings to be active and industrious, and to be filled with longing for adventure, experience, and attainment? And the vast beauty of nature, was it not created to move the æsthetic feeling of humanity and saturate souls with sublimity? Was this nature not meant, that the human being should study it, imitate it and through this imitation called 'art' come nearer to its Creator? Should nature not be the teacher of the human, a teacher inexhaustible in wisdom, beauty and purity? What made all these philosophers wise, these poets sublime, these many women self-governing, great, and above all, pure? What made so many human beings cast their passions off and rise? What gave them a higher perception, a divine comprehension? Was it not the motion and beauty of nature that made them rise? Was it not the same nature's fountain from which they drank wisdom? Was it not the path of experience on which they walked in the free field of nature where they

gathered all those precious flowers ? Can a woman, then, be purified and moulded by being shut up in a house, staring at ugly, lifeless walls, bringing up children without knowing what "bringing up children" means, and reading books without grasping and feeling what she reads ? No, she cannot be moulded. And yet, everything that wants to become something good and valuable, something substantial, has to be moulded in this universe. And just as matter has to be moulded into a firm shape before it is able to receive valuable mortal life, so also the mind of a human being has to be moulded, before it is able to receive the most valuable immortal life. But to mould we require tools. What a number of tools does the sculptor require, if he wants to mould a statue ! But what innumerable tools needs the human mind if it shall be properly moulded ! Nature possesses this immense treasure of instruments for the human mind.

Or was Eastern nature perhaps only made for men, and women to be counted as a species of reasonless owls, and bats, doomed to be hidden at day and go out at night to admire, naught, but black masses, save the few days, when the kind heaven's queen (more pitiful indeed than Muslims) lends her torch to these poor, banished women ? What crime have they committed that they are sentenced to lifelong imprisonment neither to see God's work nor to move in His universe freely ? Are they not themselves the highest work of Creation ? Have they not before all the right of walking freely through it ? The poor Eastern woman, who should be the companion and mate of her husband, is not even treated like a servant by her lord ; for how dare anybody shut up his servant and take away his personal freedom. Some Muslims who give out that they love their wives, treat them like the worst of slaves. The motive of such a treatment can only be, either the greatest ignorance, the most unpardonable obstinacy, or the wildest frenzy of passion !

What have these women done that in the day-time they must be carried about in a red coffin ? Are they not still alive ? How stuffy and dark must it be, in that red box, where they sit, forced to abhor to look at God's fair day. It is good that they themselves are guiltless ; or else one would wonder why God has not yet punished, with real blindness these, who hate to gaze upon

His work. But they are guiltless and shall ever see ! They are toys, helpless toys of the passionate, pitiless man. They know not at all what they need and what not. By their watchers they are trained since generations to think that it is bad and immoral to walk by daylight through fair nature, and so they are apparently quite happy. If one asks them whether they would like to go out in parks and gardens by day, their reply is ever qualified. "No," they say, "never," but they sadly add that, were it not immoral, they would like to go. Were they trained to think that it is good, necessary, nay, most moral to move freely in beautiful nature, would they not weep for freedom and feel most unhappy and wretched in their eternal custody ? Yes, custodian ! apparently they are quite happy, because they are wronged and so ruthlessly suppressed. But the 'immortal ego' in them is suffering a thousand tortures, the 'ego' that will never die and never cease to lament. Without the undeveloped brain knowing it, it is panting for evolution, which is its divine inheritance by right. And the man is trying to rob the woman of this inheritance.

The usurper might go free for centuries and centuries, but that "immortal woman" will have her share. It is but suffering, delay, never destruction ; and those who cause that delay will suffer most, as they commit a crime unpardonable. The 'immortal suppressed woman' will get her share. Be it now or after twenty or two hundred years, she will and she must go through 'evolution.' She must live out all her instincts. She must grow weeds and corn and by her own personal experience find that the quality of corn is 'good' and that of weed 'bad' and thus must root the weeds out. She must go through a thousand changes and periods until she can attain changeless perfection and be really pure 'in herself' and not because she is shut up inactive and sleeping. The 'immortal woman' must gain her heaven's gift, 'evolution,' sooner or later. The Muslim who deprives her of it to-day will be forced at last by "God's slow but sure-grinding mills" to deliver it. His is no earthly theft ; it is a theft that concerns heaven and God, and for which the Eternal Judge alone knows a verdict.

ELSA KAZI.

Karachi,

A STUDY OF DIFFERENCES.

NOT long ago Sir Bampfylde Fuller gave us a study of the differences between the East and the West in the *Nineteenth Century and After*. The study is interesting, and also new in the sense that while most of the facts stated therein have already been observed by such men as Kinglake, Major Burnaby, Harry de Windt, Sir William Lee-Warner, Sir Alfred Lyall, Sir Henry Cunningham, and many others, the differences in this case have all been traced almost exclusively to one general cause. The novelty consists not in the explicit statement of the cause, but in the implied emphasis laid on it, and in the attempt to make it go as far as it could, perhaps even farther, as will be seen in the next paragraph which summarises the study.

The differences between the East and the West are stated, negatively, to be due not to local influences or religion, and positively, *as arising from the different proportions subsisting between the valuations of material well-being on the one hand and personal dignity on the other*. Dignity arises out of generosity, courage, learning, holiness, and status. In practice it is secured by State employ, and by supporting a joint-family. State employ, being limited, is not open to the multitude, and the economic consequence is the decrease of production and the low wages of labour. Dignity, while productive of the admirable qualities of courage, fidelity, generosity, and good manners, has its own dangers, in that it discourages effective exertion—creates a predilection for clerical as opposed to manual work—increases the extent of unemployment—narrows the scope of human endeavour—produces an inclination to shrink from competition—encourages wasteful expenditure incurred to save sensitive feelings from being wounded—and

creates occasions for jealousy. This last has been a rock for the shipwreck of Oriental politics, as in the case of the disruption of the National Indian Congress. It submits to a despot, but then the situation lacks the guarantee of continuity, and the heart of co-operative effort being eaten out, democratic institutions become impossible. And, lastly, habits that are crystallised by religious prejudice, yield very slowly to economic solvents. No wonder, then, that the Eastern outlook upon life is pessimistic !

Before we proceed to make any further observation, let us compare the earnestness and the dignified tone of this study with the spirit in which Mr. Kipling has written about Indian subjects. A fastidious critic of the back-garden-school has charitably referred to this spirit as "virility." Were we not dangerously near making a bad pun, we should have called it "vitriolity." The insanitary conditions of Eastern life have not been overlooked by Sir B. Fuller. He makes mention of "the abominations of the street drains," of "the mean little Oriental bazaars, their shops untidy, open-fronted, tin-roofed shanties," and of "the disregard of comfort and neatness which characterises the East"; he then goes on to say that "the richest men live under conditions which an English artisan would despise"; and wonders "at the causes which hold fast-bound in poverty and squalor places which in reason should be comfortable, and progressive." For contrast here is a sample from Mr. Kipling's treatment of the same subject : "It seems not only a wrong but a criminal thing to allow natives to have any voice in the control of such a city (Calcutta). The damp drainage-soaked soil is sick with the teeming life of a hundred years, and the Municipal Board is choked with the names of natives—men of the breed born in and raised off this surfeited muck-heap. But in up-country, with a *zubbardasti* Secretary and a President whose favour is worth the having, and whose wrath is undesirable, men are kept clean despite themselves and may not poison their neighbours. Why let them vote at all? They can put up with this filthiness. They cannot have any feelings worth caring a rush for." Sir B. Fuller says that, "in Constantinople, Teheran, and Calcutta, you will find numbers of men who in dress, habits, and thoughts might belong to London or Paris, but for the most part they are freethinkers." Mr. Kipling refers to the representatives of this class as "base-born, having

won their learning through the mercy of the Government, forswearing the faith of their fathers for gain." Sir B. Fuller says that "a native Indian official promoted to rank that is ordinarily reserved for Europeans, is held justified by his associates in openly adopting European habits of life." Mr Kipling is of opinion that "a man should, whatever happens, keep to his own caste, race, and breed—let the White go to the White, and the Black to the Black." The difference in style in which the same subject is presented, is no doubt due to the difference of personal temperaments, but in the present case the lapse of twenty years, which separates these contrasted writings, seems to us to be a better explanation.

It would be as presumptuous to praise the general accuracy of Sir B. Fuller's analysis as it would be wrong to accept the mere appreciation of physical comforts as the only important cause of differences between the East and the West. In either continent there is a marked economic result, desirable or otherwise, in the causation of which the partial influence of another important factor is lost sight of, *viz.*, the political relations between Asia and Europe. That these relations have in some cases, at least, stirred outwardly the tenor of social life, in others caused a re-assignment of the positions of various classes, in many set a new stamp upon national ideals, however dimly perceived, cannot be disputed. It is, of course, not easy to make an accurate estimate of the political factor, but to deny that a wider consciousness, a new outlook has been called forth in Europe as against the hitherto unfelt patriotic fervour and a weak-willed determination in the majority of Asiatic countries, would amount to nothing less than a resolute shutting of one's eyes to the facts. If it be accepted for the moment that political relations have not been deep enough to enter into the heart of, or broad enough to be co-extensive with *the inner life of the people*, who can deny the existence and operation of intercontinental affairs, which deliberately, necessarily, or accidentally result in the maintenance of superiority and preservation of advantages on one side, and the perpetuation of inferiority, accepted or resisted, on the other? In the result remain differences after all, and deserve being treated as such in any comparative study of the East and the West. But they *demand* consideration when they are interwoven

with economic questions, and especially when they contain within themselves possibilities of the future, over and above their being indications of the present. The economic contrast, so prominently emphasised by Sir B. Fuller, does not wholly displace the political complications, by which we mean not the unconscious conflict of abstract ideals, but definite situations inherited, created, perpetuated, or rejected, which at present, if not for ever, must be labelled as real differences. For instance, the absence of any special recognition by the Indian Government of the various castes tends to weaken the caste-system, although the co-operating influences of education and economic conditions have been as much if not more active. The facilities of the Manchester producers, acquired by themselves, or conferred by the Government, have disabled the village weaver. He turns to other trades, and thus the Government helps to pull down the walls which society had built around a certain class, or classes. The Government, desiring to keep the people under control, propitiates citizens, representative, prominent, or otherwise useful, by giving them titles, subsidies, well-paid employment, or honorary positions of power. Such status being given precedence over every other, an enhanced value is attached to state patronage. And inasmuch as this patronage is bestowed for political considerations, rather than those of merit, the already existent lack of enterprise is perpetuated. The introduction of European legal principles has created a code of ethics, which may be called the law-court morality, and which is very much more lax than the current social morality. The attitude of the Government towards the tariff problem controls changes, which will not take long to make themselves visible. Modern Japan is not so much the result of economic awakening as of political conflict. What has drawn fire out of opium-drugged China? European Cabinets will decide the future of that incipient volcano, if they have not already decided it. Persia, changing naturally, is not Persia changing under the Lion-Bear confederacy? At various places in the study we thought that Sir B. Fuller was on the point of taking up this side of the differences, but the lifelong habit of making guarded statements has evidently prevented further insight, so necessary to a complete comparative study. Should it be asked as to why these questions ought to come within a comparative

study of the East and the West, our answer would be : Because these facts are departures from what would have happened, had not the foreign political influences been existent, or had such influences been operative to a degree greater or less than at present ; because such facts show a forced as distinguished from a natural response to the environments ; because political relations create or perpetuate certain aspects of national life ; because though European politics came into Asia under the garb of economics, and conquest under that of trade-concessions, the time when all commercial considerations will be merged into momentous political issues, cannot be postponed for ever.

In passing we must notice another sentence in Sir B. Fuller's article. " In no Oriental teaching is the worthlessness of this life's consolations insisted upon more strongly than in texts that are set before Christians from childhood." We are inclined to take this as an example of comparative religion in the light of the "prestige" theory. That the vow of voluntary poverty is nowhere held in greater reverence than in the East, is shown by the fact that nowhere else has it been more extensively abused. In India the number of the Lazarus species is legion, and trading upon the sanctity of this vow a recognised profession.

There is another statement made by Sir B. Fuller, which, we confess, has completely startled us, especially as it is elaborately worked out in most unmistakable words : " For centuries India has been absorbing treasure from Europe, burying what is not spent upon subsistence. She banks underground, and we may almost regard the country as pitted with receptacles for gold and silver." The fact is that money has not always been in free circulation here. Absence of chances of investment, contentment with the possessions in hand, and the risk involved in investment, have acted as dampers to capitalism, and thus the report about burying what is not spent upon subsistence is not entirely unfounded. But the absorbing of treasure *from* Europe ! Perhaps the European ministers of finance have been a tender-hearted race, whose charitable disposition has been displaying itself in gratuitous and lavish distribution of treasures. This virtuous act is indeed a part of the political *economy* which considers England as but a deputy of Europe for taking account of these treasures. What a drain the East !

Company must have been to the wealth of England ! And how ungrateful of India to send back to England men, who owing to their sudden impoverishment, had to be called " nabobs " in the absence of a better term. And we may venture to ask as to why Mr. Gokhale refuses to put the Home charges on the credit side of the annual statement. In face of the evidence, that " the only clue we obtain to the extent of these unlimited resources is the surprisingly large amounts which are from time to time extracted by dacoities," Mr. Gokhale's refusal to do so is most improper. If the "under-ground gold and silver" only conveys a euphonious reference to the yellow dust and bleached bones to which the corpses of the famine-stricken numbers have been reduced, we must congratulate Sir B. Fuller on the choice of a happy though gruesome simile. There is another possibility. Offence is the best defence, they say. Are we to believe that these gold and silver statements were made in anticipation of the Indian Budget debate ?

Sir B. Fuller also says that " the Christianisation of India would affect a marvellous change in her economic position." The marvel of the future change is a long way off ; not so the marvel of the present message.

MAHARAJ KRISHNA DAR.

Jammoo.

THE CITY OF THE MOGHUL.

IV

Akbar's Country House.

(Continued from our last number.)

OF the transaction of secular business at Sikri there is no sign. A building, indeed, sometimes used for the accommodation of visitors, is traditionally known as *dafterkhana*, but it was not large enough for the business of a modern subdivision; and it seems probable that the government offices of the Empire were at Agra, which would hold the same relation to Sikri as that of Westminster to Windsor in modern England. This relation probably endured till nearly the close of Akbar's reign, as we find a statement inscribed on the great triumphal arch on the south side of the Mosque quadrangle that the Emperor came there in 1602, nearly the end of the reign. The clouds had already begun to gather around the setting sun; and Akbar had begun to discover the futility of what, in the same inscription, he had deprecated as building on the world's bridge instead of merely passing over. The academy was being dissolved by death, some of the most loved of its members having come to more or less tragic ends. The theistic creed made no progress: and family quarrels were raging around the Emperor. Salim, having caused the death of the faithful Allami, had made some show of rebellion, from which, however, he abstained on the remonstrance of his mother, who visited him at Allahabad, bringing news of the failing health of his father and persuading him to return with her to Agra. Salim, who may be remembered as the

child of miracle and named after the Saint of Sikri, had his own domestic troubles, being threatened by a son as rebellious as himself. This young man's name was Khusru, who desired with the aid of his uncle, Raja Man Singh, to supersede his father in the succession. Among all these intrigues and dissensions the Emperor, prematurely worn by years of labour and exposure in a trying climate, lay sick in his Agra palace never again to visit his favourite retreat at Sikri. The loyalty of some of the Mogul nobles secured the position of the Crown Prince Salim, who repaired to his father's bedside, where he fell on his knees, and was invested with emblems of sovereignty, while Khusru and his uncle made a hasty departure. Akbar died the same day, and the new Emperor's reign was one of confusion and misrule; the halls and courtyards of Sikri were deserted and soon became covered with weeds and briars, only to be cleared away when the palace was re-occupied, more than two centuries later, by the sub-divisional officer of an alien government, and became a place of pleasant admiration for foreign sightseers.

As the short winter evening passes swiftly into the calm night, the traveller before departing turns back to take a last glance at the singular group of unruined ruins where he has been passing the day. The night wind sighs in the cloisters and the despondent wail of the jackal rises from the recesses of the Imperial Seraglio; once again the mind is touched by a sense of the littleness of human greatness, and the transitory strength of human power. The recollection of the inscriptions on the great gateway, which have been interpreted for him by the guide books, tells the departing visitor that all is vanity. If he has read the Gulistan he will also remember the inscription which, according to Sadi, was placed over an arch of the portico of Faridun :

The world, O my brother, is constant to none.
 Trust thou the world's Maker, and all is well done;
 Lean not on her kingdoms thy back or thy head,
 For many, thy peers, she has nourished and sped.
 When the pure soul desires from her prison to fly,
 'Tis the same on a throne or a dustheap to die.

The following sketch of life in Akbar's country-house appeared in a local periodical in 1852 from the pen of the late Mr. J. W. Sherer.

C.S.I.; and its introduction here may serve as some compensation to the reader for the prosaic description recorded above :—

It is scarcely day. But already a roll of drums is heard, and cannon discharged break rudely and abruptly the silence of the 'solitary morning.' The Emperor is an early riser, and the moment of his rising from his couch is announced in this noisy fashion. You will remember that there is a door opening to the south in the *khwabagh* into the space on the opposite side of which the *duftarkhann* stands. Before this doorway, shortly after the roll of the drums, a considerable crowd assembles; immediately at the entrance are drawn up double lines of *bedars* or mace-bearers, each carrying a silver stick; outside of these are *burkundazes* and other armed attendants. In front, and conversing together in groups, stand handsomely-dressed men, who are evidently, both by their deportment and by the respect they meet with from the miscellaneous crowd which girds in the whole scene, courtiers of influence and reputation. One feature of the ensemble must not be omitted, none wore beards, except indeed such strangers as might be casual spectators, and whom neither interest nor necessity had compelled to conform to the etiquette of the Court.

The door of the *khwabagh* opens, the large drums thunder from the *noubutkhana* over the great doorway of the palace. A *nakib* issues forth, mace in hand, and proclaims, in that monotonous tone so familiar to dwellers in the East, the titles of his master. Immediately after him appears in the doorway a broad-chested man of somewhat advanced years. He is simply dressed, but there is a certain chasteness in the simplicity which shows that some little care has been taken to produce it. The material is white muslin, but gold thread is introduced in many parts with a very tasteful effect. You remark his arms—they are so unusually long—his face is very clear, and the colour of the blood so discernible as to give a rich tinge to his olive complexion; his eyebrows are joined and lowering, which tends to give a severe expression to the excessively bright eyes which they half conceal. This is Ukbar. His appearance is the signal for a loud and general cry of "*Allaho Ukbar!*" to which the Emperor, standing still in the doorway for a moment and bowing very slightly, answers, "*Jilli-Jalalihu!*"

This mode of salutation and its answer had been introduced by himself, and it will be observed that the two phrases include his name (Jilaloodin Ukbar). The courtiers now pressed forward and were severally noticed with kindness; then, forming a ring round the Emperor, the whole procession moved on foot towards the Durgah.

Ukbar was very early to-day and the *azan* had not yet been proclaimed. Whilst they were moving slowly along, the voice of the *muazzin* was heard from the high-up cupolas of the Durgah gateway. The first words he uttered were the same as those which the submissive multitude had just repeated (Allaho Ukbar) God is great ! But coming from the serene height and in a slow, solemn chant, they seemed to bear a more pregnant meaning, and to suggest to a contemplative mind the full interpretation, which the eloquent Massilon once gave them, who, when preaching the funeral sermon of the Fourteenth Louis, commenced in a deep undertone, "*Dieu seul est grand, mes frères* !"

There was one amongst the attendant courtiers who, on hearing the first sound of the *azan*, stood perfectly still. He was a man of sharp, severe features, and noted as the most rigid Mohammadan about the Court. It is directed in the Mussulman Haddees, that if a person be walking when the *azan* is sounded, he stands still and reverently listens. Abdul Kadir, the bigoted historian, for it was he, was not one lightly to omit obedience to the sacred ritual. A gay man, of most polished manners, who was walking by the Emperor's side, looked round when Abdul Kadir was left some little distance behind, and, catching the Emperor's eye, they both laughed. This was the celebrated Abul Fazl, well-known to be as lax in matters of faith as Abdul Kadir was rigid.

The whole party had now reached the eastern gate of the Durgah, on the steps of which an attendant received the Emperor's shoes, as no one was permitted to pass within that sacred precinct except with feet bare.*

In the middle of the quadrangle prayer-carpet were spread opposite to the Mosque, and the relative of the Sheikh, who was now the Mutuwalli of the Durgah, was present to read the prayers. The Emperor and his courtiers formed themselves into one long line, and prostrations and other attitudes were performed by the whole assembly in concert, which formed a curious scene.

After prayers, the Emperor passed for a moment within the tomb of the Sheikh, for whom he entertained an affectionate remembrance, casting upon it the simple tribute of a jessamine flower. When he returned to the gateway by which he had entered, elephants, led horses, and mounted outriders, were found in attendance. As the noble elephant upon which Ukbar mounted rose from the ground, guns fired, drums were loudly rolled, and the procession swung into motion to the voice of the *nakhb*, whose sonorous compliments and adulation were taken up by a large crowd of spectators. As the Emperor passed

along, his train was swelled by many courtiers, dependants and others who, having made their salaam from some conspicuous corner, put their horses in line. The name of the "Hiran Minar" having been whispered about, it became generally known that the Emperor was going to indulge in a little matchlock shooting.

The Deer Tower is within the walls, immediately under the hill in a north-westerly direction. There is a paved road leading to it from the palace which passes under a large gateway called the *Hathi Pol*, or Elephant Gate, from two of these animals sculptured in stone, which stand one on each side of the entrance from without.

It was a gay sight when Ukbar passed under the *Hathi Pol*. First, a troop of cavalry, their spears glittering, their horses fretfully champing the bit; then *chobdars*, and *chuprassies* with red turbans and sashes, on camels; amongst them the *nakib* still vociferous; the leading courtiers surrounded the Emperor's elephant, on elephants also, and the mighty animals roll along tinkling with bells and waving their rich trappings as they go. Other courtiers and officers of the palace follow on horseback, each with his own *burkandazes* and attendants on foot. A band of the rude but not ineffective music of the country accompanies, and their drums are most briskly answered by those of the *durbana* from over the gateway.

The Emperor ascended to the top of the tower attended only by an old *chuprassie*, who carried two matchlocks. After Ukbar had amused himself for some time firing at deer, which were driven across an open space at a fair distance from the Minar, he sent word down that he was now satisfied with sport, and ordered a review of cavalry to commence, which had been arranged for that morning.

A man now ascended the Minar, richly dressed, his countenance not wholly unpleasing, but still haunted by that terrible expression of uncertainty of temper, which so marked his character; for it was Prince Selim. He saluted his father, and stood by his side looking on as the cavalry came into sight. There was a fine young man leading the troops, mounted on a showy horse, who every now and then glanced up at the Minar, as if for approval; this was Prince Khusru, Selim's son. He had recently got his *mansub*,* and was as proud of it as a lad could be.

The inspection of cavalry concluded, Ukbar and the Prince came down, and mounting on elephants moved in procession towards the

* The *mansubs* were military commands, and their respective (nominal) numbers marked a rank in the Moghul Peerage. None but Princes of the Blood had more than 5,000 horses.—H. G. K.

palace. There is a large *serai* on the right of the Minar as you return to the Hathi Pol. Travellers of many nations were standing in front of this place, having come out to see the Emperor pass. Amongst them were two men of swarthy hue dressed in ecclesiastical cassocks. The Emperor's eye immediately caught them, and he, apparently knowing what nation and calling they were of, gave an order for them to attend him in the evening.

When Ukbar arrived within the palace, he alighted at the gate of the building, partook of a repast and afterwards sent for the Rajah Beerbul. The Hindoo chief, a man of agreeable and cheerful features, came over, plainly dressed, in a *palki* or large open litter, accompanied by his secretaries and a few footmen, and was soon hard at work with Ukbar in political papers and converse. It was now a busy time in the town. Marketing was going on briskly in the streets, men were washing and dressing in the public manner the East admits of, some were cooking and others were eating their food with the peculiar solemnity of Oriental meals. In one place was loud haggling about a bargain; in another some *brāhmīn* was vociferating "*dohai padshah*" * against a trooper, who had taken much more *atta* than was right for his money. Everywhere noise, everywhere bustle and life.

At twelve, Ukbar dismissed the Rajah after a hard morning's work, wishing to be left alone, as he said, for a meditation on the orb which then stood at meridian height.†

And now came on that time so full of unaccustomed imagery to an European mind, the noon of an Indian day—imagery, indeed whose picturesque features familiarity has not concealed from the perception of native writers. The Rajah Sudraka in his drama of the "Toy Cart," thus describes the mid-day scene:—

The cattle dozing in the shade
 Let fall the unchamped fodder from their mouths ;
 The lively ape with slow and languid pace
 Creeps to the pool to slake his parching thirst
 In its now tepid waters ; not a creature
 Is seen upon the public road, nor braves
 A solitary passenger the sun,
 Amongst the sedgy shade and even here

* *Dohai* "Two appeals": the Clamour de Haro of the East, and a common invocation addressed to great men.—H. G. K.

† Ukbar's faith borrowed from Parseeism.—H. G. K.

The parrot from his wiry bower complains,
And calls for water to allay his thirst.

And more poetically the great Kalidasa says in the "Hero and Nymph":—

'Tis past mid-day. Exhausted by the heat
The peacock plunges in the scanty pool,
That feeds the tall tree's root : the drowsy bee
Sleeps in the hollow chamber of the lotus
Darkened with closing petals : on th
Of the now tepid lake the wild duck lurks.

Can this be the Futtehpore of three hours ago, all slumber and silence? Drowsy, shrouded figures stretched on every shopboard, scarce a soul in the streets,

The very houses seem all asleep.
Pompeii could scarcely be calmer.

The city woke from its repose by three o'clock; where men were not fairly on their feet, again they were chattering to each other lazily from *chairs*. The streets buzzed and hummed again with life. The loud laughter and merry shouts of children at play rang in the air. Servants who would be wanted as soon as the evening set in, as *chuprassies* and attendants, were slowly getting some of their clothes on. Dancing girls, who lived in the upper rooms over shops, were gradually appearing in their little balconies, either chatting with their own musicians, or laughing and joking with people in the streets. Led horses began to pass by, their heads reined tightly up, their eyes bandaged and their grooms holding them by a long handkerchief. The dogs got up out of the dust and limped about, snarling amongst themselves over garbage. Ukbar had spent the afternoon in a sort of desultory chat with Abul Fazl and Feizi. He had sent for them about one o'clock, for he had happened to remember the two priests who were standing at the *serai* in the morning and then, from remembering them, his thoughts passed to other priests who had come before, and with whom he had had discussions. So he sent for his two friends to consult what difficult questions should be put to the priests, and to chat generally on the subject of religion. The laxity of Ukbar's faith as a Mussulman, and his singular freedom from bigotry, has led some to regard him as an earnest enquirer from whom, unhappily, the circum-

stances of his birth, education and position concealed the truth ; and, in this point of view, he has been compared to Scipio. That he was constantly, with jesting Pilate, asking. "What is truth?" there can be no doubt ; but he seems to us, as far as we can understand his character, to have been more interested in the question than its answer. He was more amused at new doctrines, new theories, new objects of veneration, than burdened with the difficulties which surrounded the acceptance of any of them. And there surely is no parallel between a grave and powerful mind bowed down, everlastingly, with the stern dilemma of that great enigma—Whence and Whither?—and the superficial curiosity of an intellect that was too restless to bind itself permanently to any particular code of opinions.

The roar of the town swelled up, but to a fanciful ear it seemed unlike the same sound in the morning—there was a subdued exhaustion perceptible—in character with the heavy atmosphere and the dead sky. The Emperor, attended by his household servants, passed on foot out of the palace, where he had spent the day, into the *khwabagh*. He sat for a short time there, in the garden, by the side of the fountain, and partook of fruits. Then, putting a costly shawl over his shoulders, and taking a jewelled sword in his hand, he moved into the Dewan-i-Khas. Carpets were spread in the middle of the square, and cushions of faint blue velvet and silver laid on them. When Ukbar was seated, he ordered Abul Fazl and Faizi to be admitted. They were close at hand and entering were directed to sit down. Then the two ecclesiastics were summoned, whom the Emperor had seen in the morning at the *serai*. One of them was a young man of pleasing countenance, the other much older and of a very battered appearance. The elder priest held up a crucifix in his hand as soon as he entered, at which Ukbar smiled, and putting his hands together slightly bowed his head. Abul Fazl at this juncture remarked with a malicious sneer that he was sorry Abdul Kadir was not present. The Emperor laughed and immediately sent for him.

Conversation with the Portuguese priests was a difficult matter, but, however, it was effected after a fashion. The discussion was not very profitable, for it consisted chiefly of Ukbar's relating cures which had been effected by Mussulman saints and miracles which had been wrought at their tombs, and insisting that if the priests' religion were true, they ought to be able to authenticate it with miracles. The priests replied that in their own country there were relics of good men, which had often effected cures, but that on account of these superna-

tural qualities, they were esteemed very precious, and people were not willing that they should be removed out of the kingdom.

Conversation was going on in this desultory way, when the younger priest remarked that he had something very singular to show the Emperor, if it were his pleasure to see it. Curiosity was excited; Ukbar said, certainly, that he wished to see everything novel and rare, and begged the priest to exhibit. The young man, feeling in a pouch under his cassock, said that he required a light. This was immediately ordered, and then he, retiring a little, applied the fire to something which he held concealed in his hand, after which smoke was seen issuing out of his mouth. At this Ukbar laughed contemptuously and said, that every juggler in the country that frequented fairs would do it ten times better. "Why," he cried, "they will bring fire out of their nostrils as well as smoke. If your magic was no better than this, you would not make one rupee a month."

This badinage was put an end to by the young priest explaining that there was no feat intended in producing the smoke, but that the curiosity was that the smoke itself was very soothing and agreeable, and that from partaking of it the mind of man became philosophic and cheerful. The priest then opened his hand and showed a small clay pipe; he also exhibited some of the fragrant weed from out of his pouch. Ukbar was much interested, and sent immediately for Hukeem Abul Futteh Gilanee, to ask his opinion of the herb. He insisted, in the meantime, on trying it, much against the remonstrances of Abdu Kadir, who was now present and who assured him it was a device of the devil, and had probably been brought direct from his Satanic majesty by his servants and emissaries the priests. When the Hukeem came he found the Emperor coughing very much; for Ukbar, not being quite up to the mysteries of the pipe, had swallowed a good deal of smoke and was suffering accordingly. The Hukeem with a grave face examined the herb, and afterwards being ordered by the Emperor to try it, declared that it was a pleasant, and possibly, a healthful weed, but that the smoke required purifying before it was imbibed. "What is it called?" asked Ukbar. "Tobacco," answered the priest. Ukbar agreed with the Hukeem that the smoke would be better for purification, but enquired how this could be better effected. The Hukeem replied that he thought it might be made to pass through water, and from that night he commenced the series of experiments which ended in the invention of the hookah.

Shortly after, the priests obtained permission to retire. Ukbar

then rose up and went with his friends through the aperture in the wall which leads into the Dewan-i-Am. There were great crowds of people in this enclosure, anxiously watching the little door which opens at the back of the throne gallery. As soon as Ukbar appeared through this, and took his seat, a great shout of applause rose up from all sides. In this place he sat nearly half an hour, talking and laughing with Abul Fazl, who stood by his side. Occasionally a horse would be put through the manège in front of his seat ; now a wild-looking man would try and attract his attention with a pair of tiger cubs, or a *jogee* with both his arms stiff and attenuated from being held up aloft, would stand like a prophet denouncing silently a city before him. At length another shout announced that the Emperor had again withdrawn into the Dewan-i-Khas. And now, seated with a small circle of courtiers around him, he reclined back on his cushions to listen to an old man with a white beard, who was going to give an Oriental version of the King of Polycrates.

"There was once a King," began the old man, "very rich, very powerful, very just and wise. He had thousands of soldiers, lakhs of cavalry, an innumerable multitude of servants. This King also had a very wise Vuzeer, of high birth, noble mien, extensive learning; Roostum in battle, Solyman on the judgment seat, without peer in the days gone by, and wholly unmatched by men of the present day. This Vuzeer had a daughter of exquisite beauty, sharp intellect, gentle disposition; a nightingale in voice, a cypress in stature, a partridge in her gait. The plenty of the morn lay on her cheek, and the blackness of midnight in her raven hair; a Zuleikha ! a Leila ! hoo, hoo !" cried the old man in great enthusiasm.

Then he told the tale of the ring. Substantially the same as the King of Polycrates, a tale which has wandered over many lands. Whether from east to west or from west to east we must leave Professor Liebrecht to decide. But the moral which it enforces in Herodotus, namely, that it is impossible to avert the envy of the gods from overgrown prosperity, is a purely Greek notion, and quite dissonant to Oriental ideas.

More stories succeeded to this, and when at length the old man's voice ceased, after the last tale, no approbation followed:—

And if ye marvel Charles forgot
To thank his tale, he wondered not—
The King had been an hour asleep,

However the complete hush, after the long flow of animated words, awoke the Emperor, and bidding farewell to his friends, he moved off into the *khwabagh* for the night.

All is dark and silent—rising from the city amidst the few specks of light beneath come the cries of watchmen; while from the darker mystery beyond the walls swell faintly and dismally the bark of jackals, and the sudden yelp of fierce beasts. A night breeze blows over one, like that dreary wind, which in Moslem belief is to precede the Day of Judgment. Why is there such terror, such awful forlornness in its moan? The air is big with doom. The scene we have witnessed to-day is to pass, not by the common operations of change and time, but in blackness and darkness away.

England.

H. G. KEENE.

THE SWADESHI MOVEMENT.

IT is time that stock were taken of the results of the Swadeshi movement since its inauguration in the year of the Partition of Bengal. In doing so, the practical side of the question must necessarily outweigh the theoretical or sentimental side which unfortunately, as it must be confessed, is more often considered than is beneficial to the industrial cause itself. Not that there is no room for optimism, even of the "robust" type which is so great a favourite with a certain class of writers and speakers on public questions, but optimism is not always found to stand the test when brought face to face with hard facts. What, indeed, is forgotten is that only in proportion to the solid work done by the Swadeshi agitation can it be extolled or recommended, and the putting of a fictitious value on it, far from helping it forward, tends to render it incapable of progress. The propensity to make much of little is childish, and as such, to be deprecated like an easily excitable or easily satiable mood than which nothing is more calculated to harm a good cause. Expressions of joy and congratulation are excusable only so far as they encourage the workers, but frequent indulgence in them is liable to be mistaken for a proof that complete success has been achieved. There is certainly no merit in hallooing before one is out of the woods. These remarks would have been uncalled for were it not that, at the commencement of the movement, certain leaders of the agitation in Bengal of the "popular" brand fell into the habit of extolling whatever tinsel the manufacturers turned out in their hurriedly improvised workshops, or what passed as such—whether it was a glass bead or a wooden button, a crude clay image or a nib meant more for show than for use, a worthless matchbox or an anthropological letter-paper, a coarse cloth or some ugly footgear. The advent of

each of these articles was preceded by a hullabaloo, a shower of applause worthy of a better cause, and though fresh leaders emerged from the uproar, it availed not much. The Swadeshi articles had cost more money and labour than the market could afford to pay or than was commensurate with their worth. They were merely experiments, intended only for show, of a purely academic interest, and were made in small quantities so that they failed to meet the demand temporarily created for them by the agitation, nor did their manufacturers attempt to meet the demand: yet these utterly useless things were being unceasingly and without hesitation pointed out as acquisitions made by the Swadeshi cause, as so many stages and landmarks on the way towards the goal through which the Swadeshi was marching ever onward! Nothing more entertaining and more laughable could be conceived than the manner in which the "popular leaders" directed the movement, and the fine frenzy they worked themselves up to!

A detailed history of the movement is not necessary for the purpose of this article. Suffice it to mention that it was born in a moment of gloom and general depression created by the determined stand which the Government of Lord Curzon made against the unanimous demand of the people of old Bengal. It was known as 'boycott' at its inception at the Town Hall in Calcutta and was baptised as such by the late Babu Narendranath Sen of the *Indian Mirror*. The inauguration of the boycott movement at once introduced a new era and spirit altogether, and aroused an enthusiasm the like of which has perhaps never been witnessed in this somnolent country. The boycott as a weapon of coercion having failed, the Swadeshi movement supplanted it, and for a time it seemed as though great things were about to happen. The whole-heartedness with which the idea was taken up throughout India was indeed unprecedented, and the echoes of the vows in favour of Swadeshi rang from one end of the empire to the other, and crossing the seas, agitated even the western atmosphere. Distinguished writers and thinkers on industries and economics discussed its possibilities and weak points, and capital also was ready to come to its aid. Means were constantly being devised by which the many dying and already dead industries, which formerly were in a

flourishing state and gave employment to numerous hands, could be revived and placed on a sure foundation. The economic effects of such a revival were explained to the masses and were generally understood. Nor was the scheme confined to the revival of old industries alone. The modern necessities of life which are imported from abroad received due attention. With the view of introducing these industries into the country and the modern appliances and methods of production, management and organisation, students began to be sent abroad, to America, Japan and Europe, to learn the secrets and specialize in one or other of the industries of those countries. As a result of these efforts, the local cotton industry was the first to benefit, and the Bombay millowners reaped a good harvest, notwithstanding the difficulties with which they have to contend in the shape of excise duty and inept, home-sick, easy-going labourers, etc. The hand-loom, thanks to the encouragement of men like Messrs. Churchill, Chatterton and Havell, came into prominence ; the tobacco industry for a time captured the cheap market ; home-made leather goods and aluminium ware became popular and came into more general use than before ; in short, Swadeshi products found a ready market everywhere. Though, in this land of talkers and thinkers, there was much cry and little wool even when the movement was at its full height, still the results at its early stages were not disappointing. Then followed the inevitable sequel. The united national energy spent itself pretty soon after its first manifestation. The torpor which is pre-eminently of the East, asserted itself again in time, and though demagogues shrieked on and youngsters clapped away, the press exulted and "own correspondents" were busy, though the stage mimicked and patriots thundered, new leaders were daily springing up and martyrs were plentiful, prose vied with rhyme in praise, and failure was disowned, the robust optimism of the fashionable leader availed not, the mushroom leaders slunk away one by one and sought shelter under calmer topics so as not to lose their popularity and all their chance.

The causes of the failure are manifold. The boycott ebullition, before it subsided, did much to weaken the movement by mixing it up with the political unrest of the hour, leading to excesses being indulged in by thoughtless youths and still more thoughtless

leaders, rousing the authorities from an attitude of tolerance, and setting in motion the agencies of law and order. People began to be afraid of joining in the movement and to lose heart. Principally, however, the failure is attributable to the unholy agitation that was set up by a band of boycotting "prophets" who afterwards gloried in the appellation of "extremists." But for these wild boycotters and swarajists, with their visionary schemes and over-developed theories of "nationality" and "independence," the Swadeshi movement would probably have proceeded on smoother lines and secured a better foundation, and not died a premature death. The agitation for "Swaraj" drowned "Swadeshi," as it was much more attractive by reason of its novel and inflammatory character. The finishing touch was given by the series of political prosecutions that were started by the Government against suspected or actual offenders. In the next place, want of business knowledge and capacity, so characteristic of the people of India excepting a few small classes, was a serious impediment in the way of success. Capital is extremely shy in this country, not so much because of any innate dislike on the part of its possessor to invest it in business, as owing to the well-known inability of Indians to start, much less run, a business on co-operative principles. Then, again, those who enter into business labour under the disadvantage of having never received any sort of training in that line. Most of them start a business after coming out of the school or *kutchery*, as the case may be, and what lessons on business they were able to pick up incidentally during their hours of idleness are considered sufficient for the purpose of succeeding in the new life. Much better than this can scarcely be said of the majority of those who are sent by the Industrial Association and the Government to foreign countries. They do not usually get in the new countries the amount of encouragement and assistance necessary for a beginner and a foreigner, and next, they are satisfied with little, being in a hurry to return home and set up a business. It is doubtful, likewise, whether they take easily to the manual labour and drudgery incidental to the acquirement of a technical proficiency. Sometimes they cannot stay on to finish their education owing to want of funds. Practically, therefore, they learn little of business principles and the business itself, and become fit only to be indifferent assistants in trading

firms, instead of captains of industry and models for their untravelled countrymen. It is almost a waste of money, as at present the scheme is being worked. A more sensible and useful plan would be for the Industrial Association to select, annually or biennially, one or two, instead of a dozen, promising young men, and give them a thorough training from the humblest stages to the highest. The Association would, in this case, be in a position to maintain them and prepare "experts" in the real sense of the term. One really sound business man is certainly better than a score of thirddrate glorified apprentices.

The fact remains, then, that mere enthusiasm, unless properly directed, can only be short-lived and be of little practical use, as our bitter experience has shown to be the case. It offers an opportunity rather to bogus capitalists and companies than to real workers. The floatation of business on ill-considered principles and its subsequent collapse from natural reasons, also, has a demoralising effect on the public mind, not to speak of its scaring away intending capitalists, which cannot be made light of or ignored. The wonder of wonders is that the lessons of the past and the proven facts notwithstanding, we are still hearing of vows being solemnly administered to raw youths by patriots trembling lest their sole occupation should be gone, and therewith their prestige, influence and newspaper fame—in short, all they are worth and all they labour for.

The remedy—salvation perhaps is the right word—lies in the establishment of properly equipped, manned and organised technical schools, where boys, after going through general education up to a certain standard, may be able to receive at a comparatively early age industrial training calculated to be of practical service to them in business life, where they will learn not only the elementary principles but also acquire the business habit, so to say. Without trust in each other and co-operation, no business other than of a petty sort belonging to dealers, which is the vocation of the majority of our countrymen doing trade, can be successful, and so long as such things will not be learnt, it would ever be a wild-goose chase in the majority of cases. This point is the more necessary to remember because vows and enthusiasm have so far been small aids to the Swadeshi cause. The Swadeshi

Mela which was held in Calcutta last year demonstrated, for instance, the comparatively insignificant amount of success met with by the movement. At the Mela most of the exhibits were of a character which had little in it to warrant a claim being made that the movement had done solid work. The connection between their existence and the *raison d'être* of the movement was, at best remote. The cheap cigarettes that were exhibited there, the inks and scents, cloths and silks, paintings and art works, combs and brushes and buttons, artificial foods and leather goods, metal ware and writing materials, cannot be judged worthy productions for which a tremendous impetus like that the Swadeshi movement called into being was needed. Most of them were on the market before the movement, though in lesser quantities. Similarly, the cooking-stoves, steam-driven fans, surgical appliances, drugs and cutlery are products which owe their existence more to the pressure of the times and natural course of events, to the steadily progressing manufacturing zeal in evidence everywhere, than to the Swadeshi movement alone. What the Mela brought out was that the movement had turned popular attention towards Swadeshi goods, prompted enquiries about them, and created for them a ready market. The turn in favour of country goods which were formerly at a discount and even openly ridiculed, is the one solid work done by the agitation, and it is time that this were duly utilised by capitalists and business men. And this will not be possible until the business principles have been learnt and an enormous amount of spade work accomplished patiently and hopefully. For the Swadeshi cause the public have cheerfully made large personal sacrifices by purchasing at a higher price home-made articles of a quality inferior to the foreign brands. They are prepared to make more sacrifices, but unless better conditions prevail, economic causes may in the end prove more powerful than sentiment, and force the public to cry 'halt' in utter disappointment. A grand opportunity will then have been lost, and with it our immediate prospects in the industrial world.

J. L. CHATTERJI.

Calcutta.

THE PLACE OF HISTORY IN EDUCATION.

PERHAPS no educational question has provoked a greater outburst of eloquence than the recent proposal of the Government of Bombay to expunge English History as a compulsory subject for the B. A. examination. Whatever might be urged against the *divide et impera* policy, it cannot be denied that history is taught in our schools and colleges in a manner which Cuvier would call '*au-dessus de tout élogé*,' and that it is high time to arouse men from "dogmatic slumber" and to send them in search of the holy grail of practical utility through a rich thicket of reality.

I.—WHY WE TEACH HISTORY.

History regarded as a dry dictionary of dates and facts, battles and sieges, negotiations and intrigues, with as little moral significance as the life-history of a cockroach, would scarcely merit the place given to it in the curriculum. Our historical teaching would be a curse to us if it did not make us the wiser for stumbling through the ponderous tomes of constitutional lore; if it did not impress upon us the limitations to every scheme of regenerating mankind; if it did not afford a somewhat Cyclopean insight into present-day problems by transporting ourselves to similar conjunctures in the past; finally, if it did not make us recoil from the factitious virtues and elegant platitudes of doctrinaire reformers of the past. To illustrate our meaning: an inquiry into the causes that led to the decline of the Roman Empire would emphasize the need of moral earnestness to a nation, however omnipotent to all outward appearance, and would force upon us the conclusion that materialism and morals cannot long co-exist without throwing the nation between mobocracy and tyranny as the ignorant or the educated gain the mastery for a time. Again, the downfall of a tyrant confers no lasting benefit unless and until a humanising sympathy pervades the opposing strata of society. Thus

the death of Julius Cæsar could not check Rome's rapid decline because Brutus was a common cut-throat who, as Cicero's letters prove, through his man of straw, Scapius, extorted 48 per cent. interest from the town of Salamis, in Cyprus. Surely, history, as Dollinger has said is no simple game of abstractions, men are more than doctrines. It is not a certain theory of grace that makes the Reformation, it is Luther, it is Calvin. History teaches that he is the true statesman who in seasons of crisis knows how to mould circumstances to the best advantage, to inspire confidence in his followers, and to do battle against the common danger till it bites the dust. Thus for the purposes of moral instruction the claims of history are of a higher order than those of any other branch of learning. As a study for mental discipline its value cannot be overrated. It develops the highest power of the human intellect—that of judgment, for evidence must be weighed, values estimated, and data analysed. Without this Ariadne clue, statesmen are apt to lose their way in the labyrinth of conflicting facts and are tempted to exalt the policy of expediency as the *beau ideal* of practical wisdom. The University will betray its trust if it fills our heads with "a rude unprofitable mass," if it does nothing to make us sound-headed and sound-hearted practical men, at once liberal and expansive, for it is only by understanding what has happened that we can understand what will probably happen under similar circumstances.

In view of these benefits to be derived from the study of history, there had long been going on in England and America a fight to secure equal recognition of history with the older subjects. Fortunately, history came out resplendent, notwithstanding the pious alarmists who entertained a "fear of the consequences," as Mrs. Grundy would say. No longer is the course in history given to the professor whose time schedule permits the addition of another course. The educational value of history has long ceased to be the subject of debate in college faculties, the authorities having refused to imitate Bunyan's atheist who struggled over the road that led to Paradise, but after reaching the gates of it returned and reported its non existence. The students, too, show their appreciation of its worth to them by selecting historical courses more largely than almost any other. But we deeply regret to say that in India it is not unusual to find the professor of history saddled with the responsibilities in other subjects, while in schools a teacher, altogether unblessed with a grain of historical sense, is deputed to give instruction in history, although in the same schools it would be regarded a preposterous folly to ask a Moulvi to teach Sanskrit or a

Shastri to handle *Sad Hikayat*. The consequences of such a course are obvious.

OUR HISTORIANS—WHAT ARE THEY ?

Turning our eyes to the existing text-books of history one cannot resist the temptation to characterise them "as bad as bad could be, ill-compiled, ill-arranged, ill-written and ill-printed," and prepared probably with the express intention of encouraging "the artificial production of stupidity in schools,"

"In whom the dear Errata column
Is the best page in all the volume."

Like Mr. Gradgrind the writers are in love with facts and figures and firmly believe that no instruction is possible unless presented in a form "as dry as the remainder biscuit." As Helps justly says, you might almost as well read dictionaries with a hope of getting a succinct and clear view of language. When, in any narration, there is a constant heaping up of facts, a hasty delineation of characters, and all the incidents moving on as in the fifth act of a confused tragedy, the mind and memory refuse to be so treated, and the reading ends in nothing but a very slight and inaccurate acquaintance with the mere husk of history. History indeed !

The way in which the more ambitious treatises like those of Macaulay, Froude and Green, are written, is more extraordinary still. These assume an air of cocksureness even where the evidence is most incomplete, unsatisfactory and even contradictory.

Thus Freeman said of Froude that his account of any historical matter might safely be accepted as indicating one of the ways in which it did *not* happen. No wonder Napoleon stigmatised history as a fable agreed upon, and Sir Robert Walpole exclaimed in disgust : "Do not read history to me, for that I know must be false." Macaulay is often betrayed into extravagance by his desire to lift history to the level of romance. The very aggressiveness of his style is displeasing to those of us with whom facts are everything and accuracy, pith and continuity are more to be desired than studied sentences, polished periods and striking antitheses. Painted in startling contrasts of black and white, his pictures are an offence against the Destiny that has declared that although humanity, like the ship in Ibsen's *Rhymed Epistle*, carries a corpse in its cargo, it consists of beings who are neither devils nor demigods but either of these in embryo, continually conscious of contending tendencies and frequently overpowered by inertias of animalism. The human heart, it has been well said, is the gladiatorial meeting-place of gods and beasts.

If one thing more than any other is necessary for making a tolerably perfect historian, it is the possession of a large stock of worldly wisdom and a plethora of what Bacon would call dry light. It is a great evil that history, which is one vast substantial laboratory at the call of politics, should be handled by men of excitable temperaments; the amount of social waste involved in converting history into a "lumber-room of dusty documents" is too great to be lightly passed over. The historian should realize that he is shaping the destiny of the generations yet unborn, and the more he imitates Hilda in Hawthorne's "Transformation," in descending from his aerial hermitage and unburdening his heart in the world's confessional, the better for his race. Let him be vigorous in imagination, patient in research, accurate in details and level-headed, while from his serene heights he looks down upon the immense orchestra of things. Privileged to weave a world's philosophy, let his thoughts be of equal greatness. Let him give due consideration to the stage of civilisation reached by a nation; estimate the influence of ethnic conditions and of hereditary and environmental tendencies. Ideas of ethics are relative and differ widely in the same nation at different times and in different nations at the same time.* Let his knowledge be not of a nebulous character but display great completeness and an unerring grip of facts. His thirst for knowledge should be insatiable. Let him balance his opinions, and avoid all extremes, metaphysical abstractions vague flourishes and effusive and rhetorical gabble. Let him not think that it is derogatory to the dignity of history to call attention to minor details, since, as Voltaire points out, "a consideration of petty circumstances is the tomb of great things." And above all,

To thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

But we are afraid our readers will be inclined to exclaim with Rasselas: "Enough! thou hast convinced us that no human being can ever be a *historian*. Proceed with thy narration."

HOW TO TEACH HISTORY.

Let us now examine whether the subject is taught after approved methods by well-equipped instructors. These betray a total ignorance of the fundamental conceptions of psychology. That the students make a

* Vide Herbert Spencer's *Principles of Ethics*, vol. i. and White's *Warfare of Science with Theology*.

hash of everything owing to faulty teaching, will be seen from the following brilliant specimens of their answer†:—

Q. What is the Mutiny Act?

Ans. The Mutiny Act was an Act passed by the Government in 1857 to put an end to the atrocious crimes that were being carried on in India. It was during this year that 186 persons were confined in the Black Hole of Calcutta.

Q. What was the Root and Branch Bill?

Ans. (1) It was passed so that no one could cut down the trees or take the wood without the permission of the King.

(2) A bill dealing with the root of the matter, and certain branches relating to it.

(3) It was drawn up The Root to represent the whole of the crown money and the branch part of it, the loans and money added to the crown money.

(4) A Bill that was made to shield the Presbyterians from the Protestant community.

Q. How was the Coalition Ministry of 1783 formed? Name the most prominent members. What causes led to its fall?

Ans. During the year 1783 Mr. Brindle and Mr. — cut a canal from Worsley to Manchester so that the people of Manchester could have coal much cheaper than they were having. When the time came for opening the canal Mr. Brindle ran away and hid himself. It turned out to be a great success and it has proved to be very useful to Manchester people till lately. Coal is now much cheaper and there are so many coal pits round the district that it is much cheaper getting coal nearer home.

Brutally speaking, these extracts are amusing beyond compare, and suggest many distressing thoughts concerning the work which is being done in English schools. To our door exclusively is sometimes laid the charge of neglecting history, but the above answers prove beyond dispute the existence of the same evil in England, where too education has not yet passed the stage of mere experimentation, although there is no reason in the nature of things why, with several hundred years behind them, the educational authorities should not have known how efficiently to carry on so important a function of organised life. The modern thought on the subject of teaching history is embodied in the issue of

† Vide *Some Passages in the Life of one of H. M. Inspectors of Schools.*

the White Paper (Circular 599) recently circulated by the Board of Education. Here are some of the suggestions:—

I. No attempt should be made at a formal and systematic study of English History [in the early stages] On the other hand, the pupils should get a clear grasp of the chronological sequence of the events which they learn, and these should be so selected as to cover the whole field of English History. It does not seem desirable to give up the traditional system by which boys are expected to know the Kings of England but, of course, the dates and names of the Kings should be learnt in connection with some important events of the reign, and not merely by rote. . . The story should be fully illustrated by plans and pictures of armour, dress, castles, etc., and the pupils should themselves be occasionally required to make plans and models.

II. In the second stage, pupils will be ready for a more systematic historical course, for some glimpses into actions and character, causes and consequences, and at this stage attention should be concentrated on great movements and events which should be treated in considerable detail, rendered vivid by personal anecdotes.

III. In the third stage, attention should be drawn to the ideals of citizenship and to the origin and growth of states, gradually leading up to the graver matters of constitutional history. The White Paper also recommends the inclusion in each year's course of those works which by their literary excellence and general character are found suitable for schools, while immediately bearing on the history of the period. For instance, when the Middle Ages are being studied, extracts from the *Chronicles of Froissart*, the Introduction to the "*Canterbury Tales*," and some contemporary ballads might be read; and in connection with later periods, selections from the "*Voyages*" of Hakluyt, Prescott's "*Conquest of Mexico*" and "*Conquest of Peru*," Macaulay's "*Essays*," etc. might be availed of.

Regarding the various schemes of instruction, our own experience has led us to use the outlining, the topical and the catechetical methods combined. The teacher who is called upon to teach a course in history should be so posted in collateral history as to be able to enliven the dry details by introducing additional interesting information with which the boys have no acquaintance; the information thus obtained should, however, be carefully analysed and thoroughly assimilated. Next, he should, from time to time, consult original sources to test the conclusions of the secondary authorities, and should thus obtain the inspiration which comes to

the possessor of first-hand knowledge, and which is indispensable to the thoroughly efficient teacher. He should never lose sight of the economic conditions which are often at the root of great political and social movements. Thorold Rogers points out that to omit or neglect economic facts is to make the study of history barren, its annals unreal. We may get the chronology correct, the sequence of events exact, the details of campaigns precise, the changes of frontiers reasonably accurate, but may still be far off from the controlling motives of public action, may be entirely in the dark as to the real causes of events. Hence Cowper says:—

“Fate steals along with silent tread
Found oftenest in what least we dread ;
Frowns in the storm with angry brow,
But in the sunshine strikes the blow.”

Sometimes it is useful to present conflicting opinions in a connected form so as to arouse the pupils' interest, to excite their powers of criticism and to teach them how to acquire information and to develop the power of using the information thus acquired. As Sir John Seeley eloquently puts it, in history everything depends upon turning the narrative into problems. So long as you think of history as a mere chronological narrative, so long you are in the old literary groove which leads to no trustworthy knowledge, but only to that pompous, conventional romancing of which all serious men are tired. Break the drowsy spell of narrative; ask yourself questions; set yourself problems; your mind will at once assume a new attitude; you will become an investigator; you will cease to be solemn and begin to be serious.

THE EDUCATIONAL IDEAL.

This is an age of talk and not action, an age where a mouthing mediocrity fills the bill more completely than strenuous and self-reliant originality, where the customary taradiddles of diplomacy stand a better chance of being boomed than the mental ballast and provident foresight of practical statesmanship. It is no wonder, therefore, that in education rough and ready men have obtained vogue and the creative genius is left to shift for itself. Schopenhauer wrote: “Few learned men have as much common sense as is generally found in the quite unlearned.” Our Universities turn out every year waggon-loads of half-baked graduates who jostle

one another in eager competition for Government offices of all kinds, who make excellent red-tape men and are innocent of a marked individuality. In many cases the lack of proportion between success and merit exasperates a really clever man who, blindly fretting with discontent, turns against existing institutions and becomes rabidly hostile to society, not to mention the social waste arising out of the fact that "most men are not doing that work which it is the interest of society they should do, or are not doing it in the best way they might." The great need of society is to give equal opportunities to all its members and to encourage them to sport into fresh varieties. In a word, our civilisation should gradually cease to be *genetic* and commence to be *telic*. The first step in this is to discard all horror of individual opinion and to relegate to the limbo of exploded ideas Schopenhauer's dictum that to be in harmony with "society" one's most respected self must shrivel up. Welcome by all means the growth of a spirit of stern individualism, and of a personal habit of analysis, which leaves nothing unexamined and takes nothing on trust. By this means alone can you have men of genius who are not "heaven-born" but are more or less moulded by biological, psychological and social surroundings. The ideal aim of society is held by Huxley and others, to be the production of men of genius, because, they say, it is through the activities of these that mankind acquires the means of its highest development and the satisfaction of its deepest needs. A society adopting such an end as its goal would find all grades of labour falling each into its just and honourable place, being each contributive, inasmuch as in it lay, to the attainment of the consciously realised common end.

KESHAVLAL L. OZA.

Kathiawar.

EDITORIAL NOTE.

The merits and demerits of Indian art have lately been much discussed. Artists differ more than doctors. It is of the essence of art that it does not lend itself to analysis. Beauty is felt, it cannot be explained. A judgment on Indian art generally may be shown to

**Fine Art of
Early India.**

have been based on insufficient materials, but where two experts happen to differ on the merits of the same picture, neither can be shown to be in the wrong, because there is no objective test to appeal to. The Indian likes his own music, and the European likes his. Neither can bring the other round to his way of appreciating it. Whether East and West will ever meet or not, they will continue to differ wherever judgment and appreciation are based on training and associations. European critics have long held divergent views on the merits of the Fine Arts in India. The climax of disparagement was reached when Sir George Birdwood, a great authority on the industrial arts of India, denied two years ago—or, rather, reiterated his earlier denial—that there was anything like fine art in India at all. The artistic temperament is prone to violent prejudices, and if any other critic, less conversant with Indian productions, had passed so emphatic a judgment, one might readily have attributed it to ignorance and prejudice. But in Sir George's case such an explanation would argue even more rashness than may be charged against his own opinion. Perhaps a clue to the inability of many Western critics to appreciate the fine art of India may be found if we compare some of the opinions of European critics on Indian poetry and philosophy with those on art. Oldenberg, for example, has opined that "on all pictures in the Indian epics, de-

spite their splendid colouring, there lies that strange torpor which makes men look like spectres, to which the draft of vivifying blood has been denied." He explains this phenomenon by the theory that in India "life begins and passes away, as the plant blooms and withers, subject to the dull rule of the laws of Nature, and the laws of Nature can produce nothing but typical forms." The Western critic misses in the productions of the East the vigour and freedom of individuality. By fine art Sir George Birdwood means "the unfettered and impassioned realisation of the ideals kindled within us by the things without us." Freedom, passion, and response to things without us—if these be the essentials of art, need we be surprised that in the most beautiful image of Buddha he sees no artistic inspiration at all, but the immemorial fixed pose of a senseless similitude; "vacuously squinting down its nose to its thumbs, knees, and toes?" Buddha was not always represented like this. In the Gandhara sculpture he appears with moustaches and long hair! It seems that in Japan also he is invested with these hirsute appendages which Indian spirituality does not tolerate. Need we be surprised if in the art of Gandhara Dr. Coomaraswamy and others of the nationalistic school perceive a want of spirituality, which could produce only "debased types of Greek and Roman pantheon posing uncomfortably in the attitudes of Indian asceticism"? As is well known, Sir George Birdwood's criticism drew forth a protest from more than a dozen æsthetic experts in England, who recorded their opinion in writing that they find in the best art of India "a lofty and adequate expression of the religious emotion of the people and their deepest thoughts on the subject of the divine." It will be seen that these experts were careful to speak of the religious emotion and the deepest thoughts of the people of India, and were silent on the affinity which Indian sentiments bore to the corresponding European sentiments. Is Indian spirituality identical with European reverence? Have not the critics on either side in mind the representations of the venerated teachers and prophets, and not the venerating worshippers, when they compare the art of early India with that of Europe and seem to be at hopeless variance as to the influence which religion has produced on art? We cannot expect an Indian artist to give us an "impassioned" picture of Buddha. If art must excite while in India religion only quells, the religious art

of India may well seem to Sir George Birdwood to be a contradiction in terms.

Controversies concerning the past are often left to antiquarians, while the object of art is to please contemporary or future eyes. The most original artist, however, must derive his instruction and inspiration to a large extent from the past, and the question for the Indian artist to consider is whether he should carry forward the artistic traditions of other countries or of his own, or of both. The experts who protested against Sir George Birdwood's opinion believe in the organic development of all art, and have expressed the trust that, "while not disdaining to accept whatever can be wholesomely assimilated from foreign sources, the national art of India will jealously preserve the individual character which is an outgrowth of the history and physical conditions of the country as well as those ancient and profound religious conceptions, which are the glory of India and of all the Eastern world." A visit to any art exhibition in India at the present day will show that the process that is now going on, and that seems to be encouraged in the schools of art, is the assimilation of foreign ideas, rather than the perpetuation of national ones. Even when the teachers of art inculcate adherence to the spirit of the national art, educated Indians sometimes protest and seem to suspect that the object of such advice is to withhold from Indians the secrets of European art, just as the secrets of industrial processes may be withheld lest Indians should learn to compete with European manufacturers. Educated Indians who control public opinion, even more than students of Indian art, must be taught to appreciate whatever is best in the art of their own country. The best specimens of Indian art are not easily accessible to the majority of educated men, though enterprising photographers have recently placed within the reach of many facilities to acquaint themselves with the productions of their ancestors. The legendary lore of the country is very imperfectly known to educated Hindus as a class, and as Indian art has in the past been dominated by religious motives, the public require explanations and not merely photographs. Specialists have from time to time written much in learned magazines, and ponderous treatises on Indian art, just as they have written much on the ancient history of India. An up-to-date treatise on the history

of the national art of this country has latterly been felt as an urgent need, and Mr. Vincent A. Smith has placed all lovers of art and the artistic patriots of India under a deep obligation by supplying that need. Mr. V. A. Smith's services not only to the cause of research, but also to the equally important task of popularising the result of research, are well known. In his newly published "*History of Fine Art in India and Ceylon from the earliest times to the present day*," he has rendered to the cause of Art a service similar to what he had already rendered to History in his early *History of India*. The book, which covers 500 pages, is amply illustrated and lucidly written, and the whole get-up is superb. No library which seeks to promote a knowledge of things Indian ought to be without it, and of course no student of art will fail to consult it.

Indian art must be as old as Indian civilisation. The artist must have shown his skill in the palace of the Pandavas as in that of Chandragupta. The earlier structures were probably mostly of wood, and they have disappeared. The history of Indian art, as far as it can be traced at present, begins with the reign of Asoka, who set up the famous monolithic pillars and who, with the help of foreign artists, popularised the use of stone. Painting is more perishable than sculpture, but in the earliest Indian paintings extant we see local art in its pure, national, and unadulterated form. The oldest Indian pictures extant are believed to be those which were found by the late Dr. Bloch in the Jogimara Cave of Ramgarh Hill in the Surguja State in the Central Provinces. No copies of them seem to be as yet available, but from Dr. Bloch's description they have been supposed to be of Jain, rather than Buddhist, origin, and to date from the second century B. C., not being later than the first century B. C. The most celebrated of early Indian paintings are those preserved in the Ajanta caves, in the Nizam's Dominions. These twenty-nine caves extend for a distance of about 600 yards and have preserved "the most important mass of ancient painting extant in the world, Pompeii only excepted." The attention of Europeans was drawn to them as early as in 1819, and publicity has not proved an unmixed blessing. Thirty years ago a subordinate official of the Nizam's Government is said to have cut out heads from the pictures to present to visitors, and, as Mr. V. A. Smith adds,

"shameful to say, Dr. Bird, a Bombay archæologist, was guilty of the same crime with the intention of benefiting the Museum at Bombay." No one, however, was really benefited, for the fragments of plaster crumbled to dust and were lost for ever. Perhaps more damage has been done "by smoke from the fires of Hindu ascetics camping in the caves, and by the unchecked action of bats, birds, and nest-building insects." The Director-General of Archæology began to take care of this rich treasure about nine years ago, and the Nizam's Government may hereafter conserve it in a manner worthy of its enlightenment. The Ajanta pictures range in date from about 50 to 642 A.D., and the subjects are almost exclusively Buddhist, dealing with incidents in the life of Buddha or those related in the Jataka stories. Mr. Griffiths, of the Bombay School of Art, who with his pupils prepared copies of the pictures between the years 1872 and 1885 and published two magnificent volumes of illustrations, bears authoritative testimony to the value and merits of these productions of art when he says: "In spite of its obvious limitations, I find the work so accomplished in execution, so consistent in convention, so vivacious and varied in design, and so full of such evident delight in beautiful form and colours, that I cannot help ranking it with some of the early art which the world has agreed to praise in Italy. For the purposes of education no better examples could be placed before an Indian art-student than those to be found in the caves of Ajanta. Here we have art with life in it, human faces full of expression, limbs drawn with grace and action, flowers which bloom, birds which soar, and beasts that spring, or fight, or patiently carry burdens—all taken from Nature's book."

Coins, gems, seals, jewelry, reliquaries, images, ivories, terracottas, and other minor productions of art are more durable than paintings, but being small and movable they are more easily lost to posterity. They are generally treated under the head of industrial arts, but beauty of design brings them also under the notice of the student of fine art. It has been observed that the Hindus were among the earliest of mankind to attain to mechanical perfection and facility in the treatment of the hardest stone, "executing with facility many operations which would baffle the skill of the most expert modern lapidary." This would perhaps be spoken of as an industrial, rather than an artistic achievement. Indian rulers gene-

rally do not seem to have cared for artistic excellence to be displayed in their coins. Antiquarians have sometimes argued as if a barbarous coin struck during the reign of a king furnished a proof of the decline of art in the period concerned. No inference can be less convincing. Did the kings, in the first place, care for beautiful coins, and did they take any trouble, by advertising a reward or otherwise, to secure the best workmanship? Coins of very unequal merit were sometimes struck in one and the same reign. The best coin ever struck by a native Indian sovereign, says Mr. V. A. Smith, was one with a "retreating lion," produced in the time of Chandragupta II., and many of the coins of this very sovereign were "quite barbarous." No less an authority than Mr. Marshall has sometimes adopted the kind of reasoning which we have mentioned, and Mr. V. A. Smith exposes its fallacy when discussing the merits of the repoussé figures on a casket of the days of Kanishka. The low standard of execution of these figures is admitted, but the correctness of the inference that art was decadent in the time of Kanishka is challenged. It may simply be, says Mr. Smith, that Kanishka did not command the services of any artist good at repoussé work. Many excellent sculptures at Mathura and elsewhere must, in his opinion, be referred to the reigns of Kanishka and his successor Huvishka.

The most durable as well as the most admirable productions of Indian art, which combine boldness of conception, beauty of design, and skill in execution, are supplied by the early architecture and sculpture. It is said to be on record that Asoka replaced the wooden walls and buildings of his capital by permanent works in masonry, and caused hundreds of fine edifices in bricks and stone to be erected throughout the Empire. These buildings have almost all disappeared; the monolithic pillars only have survived. Indeed, civil buildings even of later date have vanished, and the architecture of early India that is extant is all religious. This is a fact which cannot be too strongly emphasised in discussing the merits of early Indian art. Yet religion did not suppress the human in the art at least of the Buddhistic period. The early sculptures, as Mr. V. A. Smith remarks, "while full of the creatures of gay fancy, are free from the gloom and horror of the conceptions of the mediæval artists." In another place, while noticing the subjects of Bharhut sculpture, he adds that "the rollicking humour and liberty of fancy

unchecked by rigid canons, while alien to the transcendental philosophy and ascetic ideals of the Brahmans, are thoroughly in accordance with the spirit of Buddhism, which, as a practical religion, makes human and animal happiness its avowed object. Everything seems to indicate that India was a much happier land in the days when Buddhism flourished than it has ever been since." In one of the illustrations reproduced in Mr. Smith's book, a tooth is being extracted from a man's jaws with a gigantic forceps pulled by an elephant ! The humour of the scene is characteristic enough. But inferences from sculpture about the condition of the people generally are apt to be as misleading as inferences from coins concerning the state of art in all its branches. In Brahmanical religious sculpture we may not find the life of the people at large reflected at all. In Buddhistic sculpture the accident of Buddha figuring in the Jataka stories provided an opportunity to the artist to portray the life of the common people in its various aspects. There is not much of gloom or horror in the pranks of the monkeys of the Ramayana and in the sports of the boy Krishna. The transcendental philosophy of the Brahman might have left unclouded the cheery sunshine in the life of the masses, though this was not represented on temple walls and in sacred precincts. Whether Buddhism was more of a practical religion than Brahmanism is a question apart from the fancy and the opportunities of the artist. Mr. Smith divides the history and range of sculpture in early India into several periods and schools—Asokan, Post-Asokan, Hellenistic, Kushan, and Gupta. No purpose will be served by mentioning here the particular examples which he has selected for illustrating the merits of the art of these periods, but we may refer to a few critical observations made by him, and by others. The best extant specimen of Asokan sculpture is said to be the capital of the monolithic column at Sarnath. Referring to the four lions standing back to back on the abacus, Mr. Smith observes that "it would be difficult to find in any country an example of ancient sculpture superior or even equal to this beautiful work of art, which [successfully combines realistic modelling with ideal dignity, and is finished in every detail with perfect accuracy." In his criticism of the Bharhut Yakshis, of the Post-Asokan period, Mr. Smith states that the modelling would do credit

to any sculptor and the execution of all details is perfect. So far as the decorative details in the early Indian works of art are concerned, no one has ever disputed the proposition that "no nation has surpassed the Indians in the variety and delicacy of the floral designs enriching their sculpture and pictures." The sculptors of the Gandhara school were perhaps not Indians, but turning to the famous Amaravati sculpture of the Kushan period, we find Mr. Havell enthusiastically recording, and Mr. Smith agreeing with him, "that the marbles of Amaravati offer delightful studies of animal life, combined with extremely beautiful conventionalised ornament, and that the most difficult and varied movements of the human figure are drawn and modelled with great freedom and skill." To show the body through transparent garments was a characteristic mark of Gupta sculpture ; it required a high degree of skill, and, in Mr. Smith's words, it was a "singularly original" idea.

The leading styles of temple architecture in India are two : the northern or Aryavarta style is characterised by "the bulging steeple with curvilinear vertical ribs, placed over the sanctuary and frequently reproduced on other parts of the building," while the southern or Dravidian style is distinguished by its "straight-lined tower divided into stories by horizontal bands, and surmounted by either a barrel-roofed ridge or a small dome." Architecture evidently falls outside the purview of Sir George Birdwood's criticism. Some of the temples at Mount Abu and in Orissa, at Tanjore, Madura, and in Mysore, would extort the admiration of any artist. Whether they supply models for any of our public civil buildings may perhaps be doubted, for we want our offices to be more light and airy. The adaptation of old styles to new requirements is rather difficult ; it requires the inspiration of genius. To pass the muster of expert criticism is perhaps still more difficult, for we must please the experts of every land who may visit India and write books and newspaper articles about the sights that they are shown in this country. Are no places of worship built by Hindus at the present day ? What styles of architecture do they affect ? Those who regret that foreign styles of architecture are making inroads into India may perhaps derive some consolation from the reflection that, though not in architecture, in fine art generally, foreign influence has from time to time made itself felt in early India. Inscriptions

have brought to light the names of a few sculptors bearing Greek names. It is possible that most of the foreign artists employed by the Mauryan, Scythian, and Gupta kings were Persians, rather than natives of Western Asia. Some of the Ajanta paintings prove the presence of Persians as ambassadors or otherwise in India, if not their influence on Hindu art. The chapter on Foreign Influences on Hindu Art is as fascinating as any in Mr. V. A. Smith's volume, every part of which is interesting, with its 5 coloured plates and 381 full-page and other illustrations. A notice of the chapters on mediæval and modern art must be reserved for another occasion.

CURRENT EVENTS.

Easter is provincial, while Christmas is imperial. The congresses and conferences which are attended from all parts of India by lawyers, teachers, and others who are allowed a holiday in December, meet in that month to discuss politics, sociology, and economics. Easter witnesses provincial and district gatherings which meet for the same purpose. The resolutions passed are in spirit and to a large extent in substance, the same, but some of the provincial problems are necessarily of little interest to the all-India meetings and they are dealt with at Easter. Bengal can have an Easter Conference to discuss politics every year. The United Provinces and Madras also can generally boast of the same regularity, but the other provinces are rather slack in activities of this kind. Notwithstanding the regularity of these periodical meetings, a feeling has come over the more ardent spirits that public life is getting less interesting and less strenuous, and that the older leaders do not possess sufficient energy, while the younger ones do not command sufficient respect. Political leaders in every province ask for a revision of the regulations relating to the legislative councils of their respective provinces, and the Bengalis are not yet quite satisfied with the boundaries of their province and the future of their University and their High Court. Interesting as these themes are, they are not quite animating, and a very natural and intelligible explanation may therefore be furnished for the sentiment expressed in the press that public life is getting somewhat dry and uninspiring.



As long as the inner spirit does not deteriorate, it can find various directions in which it may usefully manifest itself. Calcutta is the headquarters of a movement to raise the marriageable age of Hindu girls. The American ladies who preach the gospel of this movement have succeeded in opening branches of the Calcutta association in every province, and they have proved active and useful promoters of a cause which, of course, has far greater recommendations than novelty. Social reform on a broad basis is much discussed

in Behar and Orissa, in Agra and Oudh, while in the Panjab the Arya Samaj on the one hand, and the eternal incompatibilities between Hindus and Mussalmans on the other, have given a somewhat different turn to the movement for social improvement. The Hindus of the Panjab hold periodical conferences. Though they are not educationally backward in comparison with the other large communities, they have also a very large amount of ignorance to dispel in the lower ranks of society and among women. What can be achieved by resolutions passed in public meetings, which do not open purse-strings, is a question difficult to answer. They keep alive a sense of the need, though they do not supply it. The Sikhs have an educational conference of their own; they collected thousands of rupees for a school at Sialkote. Much time is spent in discussing what kind of education must be given to Indian girls. In some places where the demand is quantitatively established and growing, the quality may require more and more intelligent consideration, but in most places, where some kind of education is better than none, the discussion about ideals is of no immediate and practical utility. While in Bombay social reform, understood in the sense of improvement of certain customs, has made as much progress as anywhere else, this presidency has begun to take the lead in what may be called social service. The ladies of the Seva Sadan and the gentlemen of the Servants of India Society have been doing much useful work in the distribution of relief in the famine-stricken parts of Western India, and their general activities in ordinary times are well known. A social conference held in Bombay resolved to start more associations, each of which must make itself useful in connection with some institution where practical work is done. The reformation of the Holi festival, the carnival of the lower classes of Hindus, has for the last two years engaged the attention and energy of reformers, and a campaign against immorality has also met with a certain amount of success. An attempt will be made to grapple with the evil of disposing of minor girls as concubines, as distinguished from prostitutes. In Madras hopes are entertained in some quarters of obtaining the sanction of Pandits, the authoritative interpreters of the Shastras, for sea-voyage, post-puberty marriages of girls, and other reforms. A large conference of Pandits held at Conjeveram, an orthodox centre and a place of pilgrimage, is believed to have yielded satisfactory results, but the proceedings are not yet published and the precise value of the decisions of the Pandits cannot yet be ascertained.



The proceedings of the provincial legislative councils are generally of interest only to those who study the details of Indian administration. The measures and questions discussed sometimes involve

principles of great interest. In Madras the competition between private effort and Government agency in secondary education has given rise to questions of acute interest. The Village Panchayat Bill passed by the Panjab Legislative Council gives effect to a policy which the Decentralisation Commission has strongly recommended, but which the Local Governments hesitate to carry out in anything like a hurry in consequence of the prevailing ignorance and lack of public spirit in most of the villages. Yet the extension of decentralisation to the villages is felt to be necessary and inevitable. In the province of Agra and Oudh it has been decided to entrust small sums of money, not exceeding Rs. 50 a year, to village committees, to look after the general cleanliness of village sites. The committees will not be asked to render any account, but if any committee is found to have misapplied the funds, no further sum will be paid to that committee. On the success of this experiment will depend future developments. The most contentious measure which the Bombay legislators have been discussing is a Bill to suppress the ruinous practice of gambling on race courses. Indian sentiment is entirely on the side of Government. It is proposed to give the executive authorities power to license race courses, and how far the evil will be suppressed will depend upon the conditions on which the licenses are granted. So popular is this fashionable vice that some Indians apprehend that the Government may now and then yield to the influence that is brought to bear upon it and may relax the strictness with which the law must be worked if it is to be effective.

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The Irish Home Rule Bill is only of indirect interest to the people of India. Though the setting up of a Parliament in Ireland has been discussed in England as if it was a matter of national life and death, Mr. Asquith's proposal is, to the people of this dependency, only a straw that shows which way the wind blows. To those who take an outside view of the measure, the danger of the disruption of the United Kingdom under a Bill like Mr. Asquith's must seem somewhat exaggerated. How local minorities may be affected is a different question. From the imperial standpoint the concessions proposed to be granted to Ireland seem to be very cautiously thought out and incapable of jeopardising the integrity of the Union.

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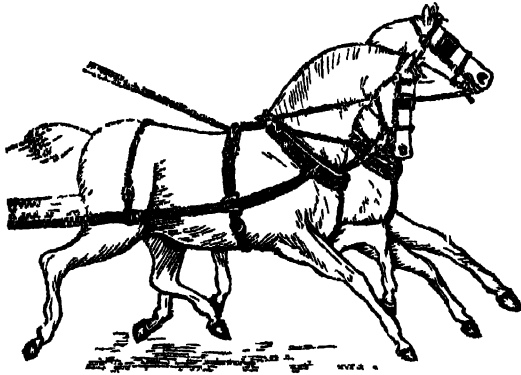
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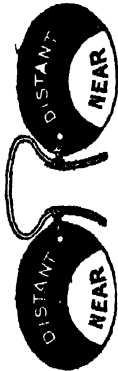
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VOL. XI.

JUNE, 1912.

NO. 128.

THE EUROPEAN COMMUNITY OF THE PRESENT TIME IN NETHERLANDS INDIA.

AFTER British India the most populous dependency in the world is the Dutch empire in the Far East, that group of innumerable islands, large and small, which are found between Singapore and Australasia. This empire is sometimes erroneously called by foreigners Java, after the principal and most thickly populated, but by no means largest, island. Its official and real name, however, is Netherlands India.

It was three centuries ago that the Dutch East India Company, "the most formidable rival" of its British sister, as it has been rightly styled by Sir Courtenay Ilbert,* began to establish European dominion in this archipelago. Since then, though as a rule not intentionally but with the development of its trade and as a result of the system of monopoly, then prevailing in all colonial enterprises, this dominion has been gradually extended, especially in the last hundred years, so that at present Dutch rule is spread over the whole colony with the exception of the almost uninhabited wildernesses of New Guinea.

This article purports to investigate into the effects of time and surroundings on the dominant race in this ancient, important and flourishing colony; also to compare this community with other European colonies which offer points of similarity.

* "The Government of India," Oxford, 1907, page .

The Government divides the archipelago into two parts, first Java, with the small island of Madoura, which belongs to it geographically and is only separated from it by a narrow channel, and, secondly, the so-called "Buitenbezittingen" or "Outlying Possessions," that is, possessions outside Java, the main island.

In collecting, grouping and comparing the statistical figures which are essential for an outline of the history of the European community of Netherlands India, we obtain some remarkable results.

According to the last census, taken in 1905, and from which the following figures are borrowed (unless another source is specially mentioned) the total number of Europeans in the entire colonial territory, which exceeds that of Holland 60 times, only amounts to 81,000, men, women and children included. In comparison with the area, this figure is smaller than that for British India, Ceylon and the Philippines, as well as that for South Africa, also principally colonised by the Dutch race; and it exceeds only the corresponding figure for French Indo-China, where white domination and even white culture have made their entrance only half a century ago.*

For this sparseness of the European population the "outlying possessions" are solely responsible. Whilst these take up 93 per cent. of the total area of the colony, their European population only numbers 16,000 or 20 per cent. of the total. The native population of the outlying possessions is equally thin, in fact, in almost identical proportion to that of the total area, and this sparseness is the chief reason why Europeans have only chosen a few regions there as a field for their activity.

To these exceptions belongs, in the first instance, the island of Sumatra, where more than half of the Europeans of the "outlying possessions" are living, more especially in Deli and the neighbouring districts, the seat of the well-known tobacco-plantations and also round ancient Padang. Since latterly Dutch power and authority have been established in the whole of Sumatra, and since Java leaves little room for new agricultural enterprises of which at present great expectations are being cherished, the Europeans

* The Dutch Colonies in West India are left out of this comparison, because the law and therefore the statistics do not distinguish between Europeans and natives there.

have entered that part of Sumatra which they had so far left alone, and in the course of a few years we may expect quite different figures from the census of Sumatra. Whilst the gigantic island of Borneo shelters only 1,400 white men and the whole Dutch half of New Guinea not even 40, the small district of Amboina counts, according to the official statistics, not less than 2,200 Europeans. These figures require a few words of explanation.

According to the colonial constitution all lawful children of Europeans as well as their legally acknowledged children, belong to the class of Europeans, even if, as in Amboina, Ternate and other old Dutch settlements, they hardly know the Dutch language and have partly adopted native manners and customs. These people are popularly known as "Government-Gazette Europeans." Dutch colonial law and statistics ignore the Eurasians.

Java and Madoura are infinitely more thickly populated than the outlying possessions. Like the native population, the Europeans have concentrated themselves in those two islands to the number of 65,000 or 80 per cent. of the whole archipelago. This works out to 0.494 white men per square kilometre for Java against 0.009 for the outlying possessions and 0.042 for the whole colony. The figure 0.494 is only exceeded very slightly by Ceylon (0.501) and all other colonies are left *far behind*, as shown by the table at the end of this article, where these and other figures and particulars are given for the countries selected for comparison. One might expect that South Africa, of which the climate is so much more fit for the multiplication of the white race and where patriarchal families are the rule, would exceed Java in density of white population. Yet the contrary is the case. In British India and the Philippines—the first only colonised since a century and a half, and therefore much later than Java, the second a century older than Java—the density of the white population is only one-tenth that of Java, and in French Indo-China even smaller.

These figures confirm the impression of the traveller in East and South Asia, that Java as a colony not only compares favourably with other similar foreign possessions, but that it takes first rank.

If one examines the above figures for the European population in Netherlands India from other points of view, one finds that the statistics do not include the 12,400 Europeans in the army

and the 2,200 on the men-of-war. The soldiers in Netherlands India, where the European labouring classes can only sparsely be represented otherwise, form a separate caste there, but after their retirement from the service, especially if they have become non-commissioned officers, they often stay in the colony and enter the European community as overseers, foremen, assistants, etc.

Dividing the Europeans according to their professions, we find that Netherlands India, contrary to several of her sister colonies—as, for instance, French Indo-China—can in no way be called a colony of officials. Against 9,000 people in the Government services there are 14,000 who are devoting themselves to a free profession. Out of this last number 5,000 find an occupation in agriculture; commerce and industry each nourish 3,000 Europeans; 1,000 have taken to the profession of doctor, notary public and similar callings, whilst the remaining 2,000 earn their bread in various other ways. The proportion of officials to civilians is the same for Java as for the outlying possessions. In the aforesaid figures for professions and trades, women are included as well as men, and all classes from the mother country are represented.

A black mark is the number of male European adults without profession or calling, viz., almost 9,300, which even does not include retired Government officials. The greater part of these 9,300 is formed by such half-castes as have had too poor an education in consequence of their having been abandoned by their fathers, and who on account of their European blood consider themselves too good for manual labour, although they have missed or neglected the opportunity to qualify themselves for brain work. They hover between the native and the European community, live from hand to mouth, and form an unhappy, discontented, pernicious part of the population.

Foreigners are only found to a small extent amongst the Europeans. By far the most numerous amongst them are the Germans, 1,400; nearly half of them are employed in the outlying possessions, principally in Sumatra. Next come the English with 300, and the same number of Belgians, while other Christian countries are represented in Netherlands India by a score or more. After the Boer war slightly over a dozen citizens of the two South African republics, mostly Orange Free Staters,

settled in Java, where they earn their bread by agriculture, cattle-breeding and small trades. As a rule the foreigners soon fuse with the Dutch community, use the Dutch language, not seldom in a more correct way than foreigners living in the mother-country, and often on their retirement from the colony they repair to Holland to spend their remaining days. Deli and the surrounding districts differ somewhat in this respect; still young as a European settlement, built and developed partly with the aid of foreigners and only separated from an English colony by one night's voyage, the population has a more international character. And only since the last few years has the Dutch language occupied there the place which is due to it; as a rule the Dutch like to speak foreign languages. With the present improved means of communication, the ties which bind the European emigrants to the mother-country are closer than in former days.

In the year 1899, shortly after the victory of Japan over China and the subsequent reform of the law in Japan, the Japanese in Netherlands India have by treaty been put on an equal footing with the Europeans and their number is now in consequence included in that of Europeans. They do not, however, mix in European society. They are shopkeepers, travel over the country with bioscopes and often have vague professions, whilst a large part of their 1,000 odd consists of women who in the least respectable way provide a livelihood for themselves and their parents. As a result of this, three-fourths of Nippon's children in the colony are living in the outlying possessions.

There are also some other non-Europeans who have obtained the same rights as the white population. For instance, some natives and a few Chinese, born in the colony, who have enjoyed a Dutch education and become Dutch in their way of living, desire equality with the whites, and, in the opinion of the Government, deserve to be placed on a par with the Europeans; also in virtue of the colonial constitution, such foreigners as in their own country are subject to a family-law, chiefly based on the same principles as that of the Dutch, as, for instance, Armenians.

The Dutch form the great majority, *i.e.*, 92 per cent. of the total number of Europeans and those placed on a par with them, but only one-seventh part of them saw the light in the mother-country.

This large excess in the number of Europeans born in the colony stamps Netherlands India as a settlement and distinguishes it from French and British possessions in Asia. French Indo-China scarcely knows European citizens born on its own soil and in British India of the total number of white men and half-castes, two-fifths saw the light in Europe, or three-fifths if we do not include the half-castes.

However, these settlers of European origin are neither long-established in the colony, nor strong in number. Whatever may be justly said in favour of the climate, it has not admitted of an indigenous population of white men for more than a few generations. In South Africa, and even in the small Dutch island of Curaçao in the West Indies, families are found who have lived there for two centuries and over and who have exclusively Western blood. In the equally old East Indian colony, on the contrary, these are altogether missing, even if one includes occasional intermarriages with the natives of the country. And whilst in South Africa some few Europeans, more than half of whom are Dutch, have multiplied to such an extent that they now form a nation, in Netherlands India the number of Europeans to-day amounts only to one-twentieth part of the white population in South Africa—and this in spite of the fact that Holland has always paid much more attention to the East Indies, than to South Africa, and although the number of Europeans in Netherlands India has tripled during the last half century. Only a small, although increasing minority of the higher classes amongst the Europeans remains in the colony to pass the end of their days; these consist of some 3,000 retired Government officials and some others who are kept there by family ties, financial reasons, or love of the climate, customs and surroundings. The greater part return to the mother-country as soon as they have attained financial independence or when their work in the Colonies is at an end; they prefer the Western climate, and are drawn by the bonds of parentage, friendship and memory, and desire the spiritually richer and more varied life in the towns and cities of Holland. Their children, however, return to India (as the Dutch generally call their Eastern colony) in increasing numbers to make their career there.

The birth-rate for Europeans in Netherlands India is relatively much higher than in British India, which is, in the first place,

a consequence of the larger proportion in the former of white women to white men. Whilst in British India the number of white women only amounts to 38 per cent. to that of the men, in Java this number is 89 per cent. and in the outlying possessions 85 per cent. It is true that the above figures remain below those in Europe, where the fair sex is generally more numerous than the strong one; but they show that the white man has made his home in Netherlands India to a larger extent than in British India.

In the second place, the large number of Europeans born in the colony is due to cohabitation of white men with native women, a mode of living which has spread widely since the early days and which has been followed in some cases by marriage. At the present time it is on the decrease. This custom makes the colony differ from British India, where, notwithstanding the smaller number of European women, cohabitation with temporary native wives is rare. In consequence the number of half-castes in British India, partly consisting of descendants of Portuguese, amounts to not more than half of the number of pure white people, whilst in Netherlands India the latter are exceeded largely by the Eurasians.

British India differs totally from Dutch India as regards the status of the half-caste population. In British India they form a separate caste, who call themselves not white men but Eurasians,* and have a separate column in the statistics in the same way as in the French and American colonies in Asia, and an English expert † declares that the Eurasians cannot rise above certain position in life. The Englishman refuses to consider them as his equals, have they ever so small an amount of native blood. In Netherlands India, on the contrary, Eurasians are considered to be Europeans, whatsoever may be the proportion of native blood in their veins. Only equality of education and cultivation of mind is a condition for equal treatment. And there is no profession, no career, no office, high or low, no branch of life where we do not meet this son of the soil.

* The word "Eurasian" is supposed to have been invented by a Bengal Civilian about the year 1835, and has never been a popular one among those to whom it is applied. In 1911, Lord Hardinge, the present Viceroy, consented to the official recognition of the term "Anglo-Indian" to denote those of mixed descent.—ED., E. & W.

† Colquhoun, "The Mastery of the Pacific," London, 1902, p. 227.

Even in the mother-country, and in most important posts, this phenomenon exists.

The fact is that the aborigines of most of the Islands of Netherlands India, or Insulinde, as it is often poetically styled, occupy a very high position in civilisation as compared with other coloured races. This applies especially to the Javanese. They have nothing to learn from the white men in matters of self-restraint, distinction of manners and expression. The descendants of their daughters and white men cannot be ranked in the same line with the offspring of, for instance, the negro women, mentally so much inferior, and over and over again we see them competing successfully with pure Europeans. They show all shades of colour as well as of culture, knowledge and education, so that it is impossible to describe and define them as a whole. A good many of them resemble the pure white men so much, both in appearance and in qualities, that no difference can be perceived. On the other hand, many of them, especially those who have had little or no contact with the mother-country, show the consequences of other blood, of other education and of other surroundings; they differ from the European in virtues and vices, in views and inclinations.

Having so far sketched the various lines which divide the European community, we shall now proceed to consider it as a whole.

The large number of Europeans born in the colony, the climate, the long uninterrupted sojourns, all these have combined to put a distinct stamp on the European community in Insulinde, which distinguishes it as well from Europeans in other colonies as from the population in the mother-country.

Contrary to the custom in almost all other colonies, they do not use their mother tongue in speaking with natives, but use Malay. In consequence, the man born in Netherlands India is as a rule at once known by his pronunciation of Dutch, whatever may be his blood. He pronounces the letters more clearly than his brother in the homeland, except that he often drops the "T" after "S," and if he has enjoyed a good education he treats the language with meticulous care. His vocabulary is different, as he has retained legacies of the old Dutchmen, which the mother-country has lost sight of, and many practical Malay words have been admitted in

his daily speech. Less churchmen than their brothers at home, generally even indifferent as regards their religion, the Europeans in Netherlands India are more charitably disposed, easier and broader in money matters, and freer in their intercourse. Separation from one's equals sometimes leads to a lack of restraint. The difference of class and birth recedes and makes place for the difference of height on the official ladder. The majority, as in all colonies, occupy a higher place than in the mother-country, especially the middle classes.

An important change for the better for the European community has been obtained during the last few decades, more especially since the opening of the Suez Canal, by the development of the means of communication and by the application of new inventions. Concurring as they do with the adaptation of better sanitary rules, these circumstances have enabled the European to combat with better result the strain of a climate which is not intended for him. They have put him in a better position to keep body and soul together and by them he can somewhat shape his manner of living after the home pattern. Ice is nowadays made or can be obtained in every corner, even in lonely military outposts in Atcheen ; and this is a boon for Europeans, which can only rightly be appreciated when it is wanting. In a few hours one can reach sanatoria where the weak may obtain new energy and enjoy a cool breeze. Western vegetables are being cultivated there and also in other parts, whilst cheap and quick transport makes them obtainable in every spot of Java and also in many places in the outlying possessions. The invention of tinned food has put a stop to the diseases caused by lack of fresh food in former times, especially on board ships, to such an extent that the Cape Colony was founded by the Dutch for no other reason than to cultivate vegetables and buy cattle for the Dutch sailing vessels on their way to and from the East. At least once a week there is a mail service, which enables one to reach Europe in 24 days. And now that the telegraph connects Netherlands India with the British possessions at its eastern and western frontiers and recently also with Shanghai, the European can speak to and obtain news from the mother-county in a couple of hours. Besides, all places of importance in the colony are connected by telegraph, and the telephone is so universally used that even the

planter and the collector up-country do not live any longer in exile. The excellent network of roads, always foremost in the attention of the Government and duly appreciated by those who have travelled in other Asiatic countries, has led to a widely spread use of motor cars. Electric light plays an important part, even in the interior of Java, and is found in every place of importance.

All these novelties, together with the fertility of the soil and the efficiency and cheapness of domestic labour, have not only made the material life of the European agreeable, comfortable and luxurious, but have also enriched and raised his spiritual life. The better conditions of life, for instance, have contributed to attract people to the colony who formerly formed but rare exceptions. In the first place, there has been an increase in the number of teachers and instructors. It is true that many parents prefer to send their children home as soon as their infancy is over, in order to avoid the undesirable consequences of the climate and of the intercourse with native servants, which teaches them to command instead of to obey. But nowadays public instruction has so much improved that young people of either sex who have never left their native soil are found, on their first arrival in Europe, not to be backward at all as compared with those born and bred in the old country; this has been observed at more than one examination. The greater influx of cultured and accomplished women from the mother-country has in an equal degree contributed to bring up the standard of the white community to a higher level. This influx has not only been caused by the improved conditions of life and by the better communication with Europe, but it is also due to the Government, which has succeeded in engaging for the schools a numerous staff of lady teachers from Holland. These have increased the standard of civilisation and knowledge by their teaching, which formerly was seldom entrusted to competent ladies. They have also provided, on a large scale, the long-desired but formerly too scarcely found cultured white life-consorts for European men. The distinction of intercourse as well as the tone of conversation and the character of its subjects have since improved and are now in no way inferior to those in Europe. And the gin-bottle, of sad renown, has been consigned in better circles to the medicine chest.

Useful services are also being rendered by a simple institution, which is hardly known in other countries—the so-called reading-box—small weekly circulating libraries of the latest books and periodicals. They make up to some extent for the regrettable absence of easily accessible public libraries. Thanks to the quiet evening hours, people read a great deal in Netherlands India. Time after time one meets colonials of an erudition in foreign literature which is hardly found in any other colonial settlement, and puts the new-comers from busy Europe to shame. The press also contributes its share in guarding the colonial from mental isolation. In proportion to the number of Europeans a great many newspapers appear, too many perhaps for their own interest and that of their readers. Every town of importance has its newspaper; the large cities of Java even have more than one. Appearing every day, they supply to a certain extent the useful opportunity for criticism which the representative institutions offer at home, and some of them make a larger use of it in regard to the Government than in any colony of the world. Considering their small staffs, most of them show a large amount of activity and some of them thorough work. They are characteristic for their extremely outspoken tone, do not always sufficiently avoid personal matters, and not all of them have attained the standard of courtesy and self-restraint of the Holland press. If they surpass the British colonial press in their service of foreign news, the latter stand far higher in loyalty to the mother-country. This want of patriotism exerts some influence on the less educated readers. Next to the daily paper, we find in the colony a number of professional papers and periodicals, devoted to trade in general or to special branches of it, to the army, education, law, or sports, to matters of civil administration, to posts and telegraphs, to the new municipal institutions, to the cultivation of certain crops and to other subjects. Taken in all, they show a high standard of culture, a great knowledge of and interest in their subject; the agricultural periodicals published by the Botanical Gardens at Buitenzorg, partly in foreign languages, have even acquired fame over the whole world. Many a valuable book is printed and edited in Netherlands India, and its land and sea-maps are second to none.

The scientific institutions, which are responsible for these

periodicals and books, prove that the presence of a university is not an indispensable condition for research and science.

On the contrary, Art is very sparsely represented. As in the mother-country, there are only a few specimens of sculpture. Even the art of painting, for which Holland has been famous for ages, remains uncultivated in the colony—as though the Dutch artist, attached to and spoiled by the ever-changing light of his clouded sky, did not admire the fierce and uniform resplendence of the tropical landscape.

The stage in Netherlands India, formerly only used by passing foreign troupes or by amateurs, has lately been drawing several good artists from the mother-country, even some of the very best. They play in all European settlements and sometimes make quite prolonged stays. If, on account of the considerable cost of the voyage out, these companies cannot count many members and if some of the actors are by no means first rate, still the performances do not compare unfavourably with those in any other Asiatic colony, even in French Indo-China, which heavily subsidises the stage. They find a stage everywhere, in the smaller places in the clubs, in the bigger cities in special theatres.

The appearance of national opera-companies may be a dream of the future; performances of operas may be exceptions; good Dutch and foreign musicians regularly come and perform all over the colony. Some places have a band of their own and often a good one, either belonging to a regiment and in that case partly consisting of natives, or composed of Italians or Filipinos. The latter are found everywhere in the Far East; they show great musical talent, and although of native descent, a remarkable aptitude for European music. The regimental band at Batavia, which performs every week at the Club "Concordia," is acknowledged even by foreigners to be unrivalled throughout Southern and Eastern Asia*; it makes even the new-comers from Europe jealous.

Architecture continually sings the same song, that of the classics. It has scattered all over Java the same, invariably white, Græco-Roman buildings. These are not at all ugly and give a

* Colquhoun, page 331.

peculiar, fine stamp to the cities, albeit it makes them monotonous and too much like one another. In the outlying possessions and in the hills, wood has commonly taken the place of stone, and in most cases beauty has not even been aspired at. Batavia, formerly called the queen of the East, is considered by some * even to-day the finest city in Southern and Eastern Asia. But buildings of significance and beauty, leaving an impression on the memory, are exceptions in Netherlands India and these few date from a former period. As compared with the grand and often admirable public buildings with which the British have adorned their neighbouring colonies during the last half century, the structures in Netherlands India lag behind, both in appearance and in variety of style, perhaps because the Government has not been vigilant enough in this respect, perhaps from want of competent architects, perhaps because beauty was thought unattainable without heavy expense.

The interiors of European buildings, on the contrary, compare favourably with those in almost all the surrounding colonies by their practical adaptation to the climate. In building the theatres, for instance, the architect has wisely left European examples alone and the result has been more satisfactory than in neighbouring countries. The same applies to the houses of Europeans. The broad arcades, which either surround the whole house or a large part of it, offer the best shelter against sun and rain ; in every room light and air have free admittance ; the greatest liberality prevails as to space ; marble floors and white walls promote coolness and cleanliness ; staircases are not wanted. Each house is detached and stands in the middle of its own garden. Each house has at least one room where a large brick basin with fresh, sometimes running water, offers an opportunity for a refreshing bath after the two daily rests. For the use of visitors the houses usually have separate small buildings, so-called pavilions, which make hospitality less a burden. As regards the latter, the increase of travellers caused by the improved means of communication has not failed to exercise a certain influence.

This is the more noticeable to the traveller who nowadays finds in Java and the most important European settlements in the outlying

* For instance Colquhoun, page 331.

possessions very satisfactory accommodation in hotels. The Government lends a helping hand by allowing a small subsidy of a few pounds a month in such places where a hotel is desirable but would not pay without that allowance. Moreover, the Government keeps up over the whole colony, wherever necessary, rest-houses, which offer both to officials and to respectable travellers good food and sleeping accommodation, under the management of a native, and this costs but little. In regard to these hotels and rest-houses Netherlands India is far ahead of all other Asiatic colonies and is only approached in this respect by Ceylon, where, however, the rates are everywhere higher than in Insulinde.

On the other hand, the club-houses found in every European settlement have no residential quarters, neither can one take meals there, facilities which make British and American clubs so useful, not only for members but also for travellers. They open, however, their doors to all the members of the family and form a social rendezvous for the whole white population. Indians of the upper classes are often seen in the very same clubs, especially those who have frequented European schools. The opportunity for bodily exercise, universal in Anglo-Saxon clubs, is rarely offered in the clubs of Netherlands India.

Sport in Netherlands India was long confined to horse-racing, which is also highly popular with the native population; but in late years gymkhana-meetings and different branches of sport have come into vogue, though on a small scale.

The reason of the lack of enthusiasm for sport amongst the white population is that the Dutchman feels the effect of the climate more than the Englishman and Frenchman, because he generally stays much longer at a time in the tropics. If the latter go home after a couple of years, the white women in British India often even every year, the Europeans in Insulinde generally stay at least ten years, whilst many have passed there 30 years at a stretch without going to Europe; this proves that the climate is healthy and the life attractive. On account of this long sojourn, the Dutchman makes his home in the colony; and in more than one respect this has a favourable influence on its development.

The mode of living differs for the same reason from that followed in British and French colonies. It is guided by the

claims of a long residence under the tropical sun and does not disdain to avail itself of the experience of the native population. In the Netherlands India most people, with the exception of those employed in business or trade, hold a siesta in the hottest part of the day, while sleep during the cool nights is shortened. Not the hot hours of sunshine but those before and after the late evening-meal are devoted to calling; usually the visits are announced beforehand. Rice with an endless variety of side-dishes, prepared with great skill and refinement and adopted from the natives, is also the chief food for the majority of the Europeans. For clothing only the cool white is used, and everything that cannot be washed after having been used for a few hours is avoided as much as possible, although the proximity of the English, who try to stick to European customs, begins to show its influence in this respect. Indoors the married ladies use, during a part of the day, the dress of their native sisters, which is practical for the climate but considered as somewhat indiscreet by foreigners, and of which a freer use is made by many than is necessary.

Even more than in the big towns of Europe the whites have to find their joy of life, their recreation and food for the mind in their homes. Family life is thereby promoted. Barring some of the larger cities, husband and wife need each other's help, support and society even more than in Europe; and this tends to a greater intimacy in married life. The European, who succeeds (as is generally the case) in adapting his constitution to the climate by a suitable mode of living, will look back afterwards with gratitude to the country, where the heavy work, which was asked from him, was even more necessary to his contentment and found a richer reward than in Europe; where he has been free from material cares; where the field of his activity was broader, more important and more interesting than that of his friends who stayed at home; where all his knowledge and qualities have found full scope, a country which has furnished countless Europeans with a happy and useful career.*

H. P. N. MÜLLER.

The Hague

* Some important statistics regarding the population of Netherlands India will be found tabulated on the next page.

	Total Population.	Area Square in Kilometres.	Number of People per kilometre	Number of Europeans	Number of Euro- peans per Sq. Kilo- metre.	Proportion of Europeans in regard to the remaining population
Java and Madoura...	30,098,008 (1)	131,507 (2)	228.87	64,917 (1)	0.494	1: 463
Outlying Possessions	7,600,000 (3)	1,783,914 (4)	4.26	15,993 (1)	0.009	1: 474
Netherlands India ...	37,700 000	1,915,411	19.68	80,910	0.042	1: 465
British India including Burma .	297,361,056 (5)	4,575,133 (6)	64.34	256,707 (7)	0.056	1: 1146
Ceylon ...	3,576,990 (8)	65,610 (8)	54.52	32,895 (9)	0.501	1: 108
Philippines .	7,635,426 (10)	297,897 (11)	25.63	14,271 (12)	0.048	1: 534
French Indo- China ...	16,315,063 (13)	803,054 (13)	20.31	23,890 (14)	0.029	1: 682
South Africa	6,333,191 (15)	2,645,577 (16)	2.39	1,135,016 (15)	0.429	1: 458

1. Government Almanac 1910, last census, 1905.

2. do. 2388.4 Sq. Geographical miles, calculating 1 Geographical mile = 55 063 Sq. Kilometers (Brockhaus' Lexicon).

3. do. This figure is obtained by adding the items in the Government Almanac 1910. The total has been left out there "on account of incompleteness."

4. do. 32,397.5 Sq. Geographical miles,

5. Census of India 1901, Calcutta 1903, vol. 1, part 1, Report page 13.

6. do. Page 12. 1,766,597 Sq. miles, calculated as 2,589.8 Sq. Kilometres per Sq. Mile.

7. do. Page 400, viz., 169,677 Europeans and 87,030 Eurasians.

8. Brockhaus, 1908.

9. do. Viz. 9,583 Europeans and 23,312 Eurasians=32,895 Europeans, according to the statistical system of Netherlands India.

10. Census of the Philippine Islands 1903, Washington 1905, II, page 121.

11. do. I, Page 57, 115,026 Sq. miles.

12. do. II. Page 341, viz., 1,450 men and 2,621 women. The column "mixed" is not added here, because in the statistics half-castes without European but with Chinese or other foreign blood are included; the number is 15,419 men (census II, page 64).

13. Statistique de a population dans les colonies françaises pour l'année 1905.

14. Under the column "Métis" (18,594) all sorts of half-castes are included, also those without any European blood; that is why this column has been left out of consideration; moreover the French occupation is of too recent a date to have made an appreciable number of French half-castes possible.

15. "Census of the Cape of Good Hope in 1904," Cape Town 1905, page 11.

16. do. 1,021,537 sq. miles, page iv.

WINTER SPORTS IN SWITZERLAND.

I AM at present enjoying an experience hitherto only dreamed of, but now by an unexpected turn of Fortune's wheel become a tangible reality—the delights of a first winter in Switzerland, and the wonder of it all still thrills my being with a strange joy so entirely different from anything I have known before that even after several weeks of it I can barely understand it.

Switzerland in the summer has long been known to me, and I must confess that I have seen countries I like better, and scenery that I admire more, but Switzerland in the winter is a sight unparalleled in loveliness, the like of which I have never known, and which holds for me the most bewildering array of ever new enchantments. As the tiny train that bore me through the Val D'Illiez toiled leisurely upwards towards the village of Champéry that was to be my destination, the first wonder of the winter impressed itself upon me, and the name of that wonder is Silence ! Then, and then only did I fully comprehend the just beauty of Tennyson's adjective *dumb* as applied to snow, for is it not the snow that lays a great and awe-inspiring Silence over all the manifold voices of Nature and makes her for the time being the Dumb Goddess, who utters no syllable of all those thoughts that are in her heart, and which in spring time she speaks aloud to those worshippers at her shrine who pause, and listen, and understand ? All the voices of Nature in the beautiful Val D'Illiez had ceased, and I listened for them in vain as from time to time I put my head through the carriage window to admire the snowy landscape. Snow choked the merry bubble of the busy Viéze by building soft high barriers along her banks and narrowing her brawling current, which was further silenced by thin layers of ice and huge icicles that covered the many rocks and stones of her course. Vast layers of snow had drifted over the roaring cataracts of the Dent du Midi that in summer form the outlets of the Glacier de Sâk, so that their stern voices were unheard as I listened. Snow had driven the

cows, those placid wearers of the myriad tinkling bells, away from the meadows where they roamed in summer to comfortable byres in neighbouring chalets. Snow had silenced the sound of wheels upon the only high-road of the valley, and instead of wheeled vehicles came sleighs drawn by horses and mules who ambled noiselessly over the soft white carpet. Snow had caused the indefatigable green cricket and his thousand insect companions to vanish into hibernating retreats wherein to rest their voices until the coming Spring. In fact, all those sounds which one is accustomed to associate with mountain valleys had entirely ceased, and in the midst of the great and unutterable silence of Nature were heard only the sounds made by man—the call of children to one another as they ran from school hungry for their mid-day meal, the chatter of eager tourists in the train, the distant shriek of some happy "lugeur" or the amazed shout of some perpetually falling "skier," some novice as yet incapable of managing the long unwieldy wooden footgear of the famous Norwegian sport.

As I was still marvelling on the silence, the tiny train stopped. We had reached Champéry—Champéry which I had last seen on a bright and glowing day in autumn—now transformed by the mysterious snow into a little opalescent gleaming bit of Fairyland made merry by the voices of a hundred careless happy players, all clad in garments suitable for an Arctic exploration expedition and accompanied each by his plaything in the form of skis, skates, luge, or bobsleigh.

Overhead the sun shone gloriously from a sky of sapphire and cobalt; beneath his rays the majestic outlines of the Dent du Midi, the Dent Blanche, the Ruan, and the lesser Croix de Culet gleamed in delicate and lovely colours never seen in summer. The valley behind Anthems was blue-green in token of coming snow. The rounded Tête de Bostan, where in August the mauve aster-carpet the green grass, was lemon yellow deepening lower into rose. The Edelweiss-covered Chaire de Bonaveau was golden brown. I stood and gazed in delight, until a wild "gare" warned me that to admire scenery while standing on the village luge track meant certain death, and I jumped aside just in time to avoid being run over by a pair of tiny boys who, legs in air, regardless of steering, were careering wildly down the iced run to what appeared to me to be certain destruction in the shape of a row of palings at the bottom. But they were not destroyed; a friendly snow drift claimed them, and as I watched I saw only a wild whirl of luge snow, and small boys, and then two tiny snow-flecked figures emerged laughing gaily, entirely uninjured, and prepared to drag their plaything laboriously up

the steep slope ready for another seemingly perilous, but probably equally harmless descent. As I proceeded to my destination, a *châlet* near the skating rink, I began to meet the Champéry winter visitors, English, Americans, Dutch, Scotch, Irish and a fair sprinkling of Italians and French—no Germans, for this village is too far from Germany to attract the Teuton at this his non-travelling season—and none of those Orientals who in the summer enliven the long street with their gay garments. There is not much to distinguish the various nationalities now, merely the difference of accent or language, since there is none in dress, all alike wear the usual practical but rather unbecoming garments of wool and tweed so necessary when indulging in any sport. Only on the rinks does one see any attempt at pretty dressing, and there good skaters delight the eye, not only by their fantastic and graceful movements, but also by the gay colouring of their well-made costumes, their neat dainty boots, and fascinating head-gear; and it is a well-known fact that the smart lady who cares greatly for her personal appearance, does not luge or ski, so fearful is she of becoming dishevelled, but devotes all her attention to perfecting herself in the graceful art of skating, while those men who are her devotees remain with her to assist, guard, or emulate. Thus does the rink become the resort of *élite*, while the broad snowfields and “Pistes,” or luge runs, are the haunt of the roughs of the sporting world, those hardy souls who care not for their looks of the moment but revel only in novel sensations, and exhilarating though adventurous escapades.

Being a novice in winter sports, I began by learning to do the easiest. I visited the Sports Club and purchased a luge of somewhat diminutive dimensions suited to my own size and then repaired to the top of the least dangerous “Piste” to make my first descent. There I encountered a crowd of people awaiting their turn, and some feeling of trepidation if not of actual fear seized me! Should I on this my maiden trip be able to successfully avoid all those dangers which I knew lay between myself and the haven of snow-drifts which stretched at the bottom?—the heaps of stones by the wall of the *Châlet Dents Blanches*, the railings of the *Villa Sans Souci*, the wall of the rink, these and other obstacles loomed before me until my heart sank within me; then suddenly, a voice behind me spoke, and I took courage.

“Are you a beginner?” said the voice, “and may I take you down if you are, because it is alarming at first?”

I turned to see the stalwart form of a huge military-looking man beside me, and without further hesitation I said meekly, “Thank you.”

"Put your arms tight round me and hold on," said my new friend, and I did so; then, with a sonorous "gare" we started, and in an instant I knew the delights, the glories of lugeing, and forgot my fear. The swift rushing through the keen air was the most perfect sensation I have ever experienced, more lovely than motoring, probably even as entrancing as flying, could one compare the movements. The rapidity with which we descended was astonishing, and before I had time to realise we had more than started, we were at the end of the run and had alighted entirely unharmed on a slight hill at the extremity.

I thanked my military escort profusely, and then, laughing together, we began to ascend the run, dragging our luge behind us. Winter sports make for intimacy and I soon realised that everyone knew everybody, and that no one waited for introductions. Everybody spoke, everybody alike was cheerful, friendly, even hilarious. I would recommend a course of winter sports to all stiff-necked and unfriendly suburban Britishers who, from year's end to year's end, know not more than the names of their next-door neighbours, and who enquire carefully into the histories and ancestors of all those persons who are honoured with places on their visiting lists. Here on the Champéry luge-run Colonels and Earls jostle clerks and shop-keepers, and stately upper class matrons fall over impoverished typists, with cheerful and utter disregard of all class distinctions which, in this age of social barriers, is truly gratifying to the soul.

After my first luge, I lugged continually and found the sensation ever more and more delightful. It was glorious to climb the mountain roads to my old summer haunts, the Champ de Barmaz or the Col de Cou, and then, instead of the usual laborious descent, to whirl swiftly downwards on my little wooden steed, steering wildly round sharp corners, whirling through powdery snow, and across tiny frozen streams until, only a short time after the start, I landed breathless, happy, glowing with health and pleasure, on the flat roads that lead to the village street.

Even the very old luge with pleasure, and begin, as they do, to get young again. I saw one dear old lady wrapped in an antiquated sable coat being carefully initiated into the joys of lugeing by a middle-aged son, and once fairly started she became wildly delighted, and even intrepid, and the energy she displayed in toiling repeatedly up the luge run afterwards was astonishing. In the evenings this same old lady was scarcely recognisable, as, knitting in hand, and spectacles on nose, wearing a quaint lace cap, she sat in the Salon of her

hotel, but she told me that she felt all the better for her adventures. Having lugged until the keen edge of my delight in the pastime had worn off, I betook myself to the rink, having purchased new and very beautiful boots and skates. Skating, so I am told by experts, is the most difficult of all sports and pastimes, and as I look back now on my early struggles, and adventures, and falls, I wonder how I ever had the courage to make my first steps on the ice.

Perhaps, all things considered, the skating rink is the chief centre of amusement of the sports, since here people sit and chat, and argue, and comment, and air their grievances, and generally show their characters in an extraordinarily open manner. Here kindly people give unwearrying assistance to beginners. Here the supercilious scoff. Here the proud fall in more senses than one, since people who cannot skate well, and refuse offers of assistance from social inferiors, do not usually have a good time ! "Who is the kind man who has been helping me to skate ?" queried a demure little lady in grey who was a Bishop's daughter. "That, Madam," said a stalwart guide who was a professional skater, "is the valet de chambre of an American gentleman here." "Oh dear," said the little lady, "how dreadful, how perfectly dreadful : I must get rid of him at once !" And get rid of him she did, and in doing so fell upon her proud little nose so hard that its beauty was damaged for many a day.

I think that certainly the most amusing people on the rink are William and Jane. William and Jane are Scotch and are in reality Mr. and Mrs. McLeod, but so entirely do they monopolise the conversation of the rink and so frequently do they address one another by their Christian names that no one ever mentions them as anything but William and Jane. William is one of the sweetest men I have ever met and Jane one of the most disagreeable women, and he is one of the successes of the rink while she is one of its amusements. It is one of William's chief charms that he always takes round beginners and it is one of Jane's chief vices that she sits on a chair and scolds him for doing it. "I think," says Jane in a voice of unutterable venom, feeling that she herself is elderly and plain, "that instead of wasting your time among those weak females who can't skate, you had better be practising your curling, William."

William, who has just led a very pretty girl of 17 to her seat, looks dubious, and answers, "I think, Jane, that if you learned skating yourself, you would be warmer and feel happier, and then I could take you round all the time instead of other people."

But the proposition seems irrelevant to his irate wife. "I am one of those, William," says she, "who can get more pleasure out of a penny edition of Wordsworth by my own fireside than out of any tour in Switzerland, and I'll not learn to skate and make a fool of myself with all these other fools. I'll go home and make the tea."

William says sweetly that tea is always nice, and is accordingly led meekly from the rink to the great annoyance of all those people he has been assisting. Once at home, Jane will tell him all that is in her mind, and even tea, which he loves, will not counterbalance the misery of the half-hour that awaits him.

It is Jane who has informed the rink in general that she "hates Châlets," because there is never a room in them in which she can speak her mind about other people without being heard, and, knowing her temperament, one is obliged to feel sympathetic. Some day in the near future I pray that Jane may forsake Wordsworth and learn to skate, and then I am certain her imaginary grievances will vanish in the face of the very real pain her solid person will endure in the shape of bumps and falls.

At times as we skate gaily round and round or practise our "outside edge" with uplifted arm and bated breath, some person whose eyes are not too firmly fixed on the ice gives a little cry. "Look," one word only, but that word warns us to pause a while in our efforts and rest our souls in the contemplation of the ethereal loveliness of Dame Nature in her winter raiment. Perhaps it is the Dent du Midi who has suddenly put on bridal array, as she does in the glow of early winter sunsets, and veiled the rosy blushes of her summit in a film of opalescent pearl more delicate than any lace ever made by mortal hands. Perhaps it is the Alpes Vaudoises in their ruddy purple robe; perhaps the mysterious Ruan with her ever varying shades of icy blues and trembling greens that attracts our sudden attention. In any case the effect is the same, a gentle hush descends upon the busy rink, its many occupants are silent, some for the awe and wonder which find their vent in tiny half-suppressed exclamations which no one listens to, so intent are all on the beauty of which a glimpse is vouchsafed to them. Even the most prosaic among us dream awhile. Here, think we, while we ephemeral creatures of a day play awhile upon the surface of the great Earth Mother and refresh our bodies in so doing, lie all around us the miracles of Nature—miracles of sea-green glaciers so old that we cannot even compute the number of their years; miracles of radiant sunsets; of vast, mysterious mountains; of a myriad flowers of Spring-

time lying quiescent beneath the warm, soft snow, where now the busy feet of skiers and lugeurs ply their laborious ways.

Here in these rare moments of rest do we feel the sudden throbbing of our souls, aroused through the contemplation of beauty, but these pauses are not for long ; again the busy rush of life on the physical plane claims us ; we go on with our skating and revel in the delightful gliding motion, forgetful a while of the beauty we have just been enjoying, but to which we shall turn again for rest by-and-by.

The sport which at present claims even more devotees than skating is skiing. As yet I have not skied, but I am longing to begin when my skating powers shall have advanced somewhat. At present I watch others and hope to gain information thereby which may be of some future use. The falls of skating are apparently as nothing in number in comparison with the falls of skiing, but then who minds a roll over and over in the soft clean snow provided no limbs are unduly injured ? No one, apparently, since all day the hilly slopes leading to the village are covered with proudly gliding or ignominiously falling forms, and many have told me that 25 falls in an hour is a small percentage when beginning.

As I write this I see through the window of my room a sight which fills me with amusement and interest. I must leave these pages and repair to the rink without an instant's delay there to watch and listen to a wonderful entertainment. The sight I have witnessed is that of Jane leaning sadly on her husband's arm and carrying a pair of boots to which are affixed —skates. Has the power of Wordsworth ceased to be ? Has some inadvertent maid burnt the copy of " Paradise Lost " which Jane was reading yesterday in the gloomy solitude of her Châlet bed-room ?

No, I do not think that either of these things have happened, but rather that there are more beginners on the rink and that William has been too kind to them.

Even the back of Jane's solid, retreating form has anguish and bitterness written thereon. I must hurry after it. I am going to purgatory for a time to win pardon for many past misdemeanours. I am going to offer to assist Jane in her maiden efforts at skating, because in the near present William has often assisted me, and I therefore am one of the causes of Jane's sudden and painfully brave resolution. I hope Jane will not fall on me too often.

MARGARITA YATES.

Switzerland.

DESIRE AND DUTY.

THERE is a sharp contrast between the two words that I have coupled together to form the title of this article. Desire implies an eager wish to obtain and enjoy : it is equivalent to a natural longing for the possession or continuance of an object that is pleasing or agreeable. Desire, as thus understood, is free and unfettered, its scope being limited by the possibility or not of its realisation. On the other hand, duty is that which a person is bound by moral obligation to do or refrain from doing. Whittier speaks of the "the stern behests of duty," Wordsworth addresses duty as "stern law-giver." There is therefore no mistaking the fact that duty pursues a path altogether different from, if not opposed to, that of desire, and that their paths rarely cross each other.

The awakening of conscience, which we generally associate with the human species in its later stages of development, marks also the birth of that sense of duty which stands in such sharp conflict with desire. The conscience acts as an inward monitor : it checks the tendency to outward action prompted by desire or impulse. We may easily imagine what generally happens when a man is brought face to face with the object of his desire. Let us suppose that he is impelled by certain tendencies, which he has inherited in common with his ancestors from the brute creation, to wreak his vengeance upon his neighbour for some wrong, fictitious or real, done to him. Unless the gusts of passion throw him completely off his balance, he begins to think for himself of the consequences of his acts, and as soon as he does so, he is met by a stream of opposing tendencies which stay his hand and weaken his resolve. The man now becomes a prey to doubt, from which position he can extricate himself only by a vigorous exercise of his will. According as his will is strong or weak, he decides which course to take. This will-power, which plays so important a part in the decision of character, is acquired only through

social training. Through imitation, he first learns things unknown to him before. But he soon discovers that he has certain tendencies in him peculiarly his own, which do not make for social conformity. That is, he opposes his self-will to the social will. But gradually he learns to his cost that this cannot be. So he falls back upon it again. In the meantime his self-will grows, and he is dissatisfied with mere slavish adherence to outward condition. Again the conflict begins, followed by defeat, till the repetition of this endless process brings fully to his consciousness this sovereign will-power of his, whereby man becomes individuated from others and begins to lead a life all his own, accountable to himself for all his actions. Hence, a man's moral responsibility begins only when he has a separate will of his own.

When individuality becomes sufficiently developed in any man, what we call character makes its appearance in him—a character distinctly his own. It is difficult to define what character in its essence is, because it is a complex of many things—passions, tendencies, instincts, feelings and what not. Broadly speaking, we may define character as the measure of each man's worth, the distinguishing mark whereby one man stands separate from another. It is the gem of purest ray serene, the most fragrant flower on the tree of life. With character a man can keep company with angels or gods, but without it he is fit to rank with the devil. The character that elevates and ennobles is a priceless possession to whomsoever it belongs, secure from all attacks of foes internal or external. The late Cardinal Newman's definition of a perfect gentleman is too well known to require repetition here, but what is the secret of that ideal that he has portrayed? Whence the charm of that delightful personality? Need I say that that secret, and that charm is character. Indeed, even national greatness cannot be built upon the shifting sands of expediency and circumstance, but upon the bedrock of character, and character alone. The Bible justly says that it is righteousness that exalteth a nation. The lapse of nearly two thousand years has not belied the truth of this pregnant saying, which the nations on the face of the globe will do well to weave with gold thread into their national standards, so that the very sight of them may bring into their consciousness the noble words of a scripture, which, alas! is more praised than followed, and deter them from the commission of those acts of unrighteousness, which are sure to involve them in ruin sooner or later.

How to evolve character? Character, as already stated, depends on development of will-power. Any system which aims at the formation

of character must therefore take into account this principle of creative energy in man. In certain persons we find an abnormal development of their centres of will, and they seem to hold the fate of nations in their hands. What could Alexander the Great not have done, if he had not caught fever in the marshes of Babylon and died? How could a poor Corsican soldier have raised himself to be an Emperor as Napoleon did, if he had not been endowed with enormous will-power? All the great spirits who have in any way changed the face of the world had this in common, viz., an indomitable will, which enabled them to surmount insuperable difficulties, brave unknown dangers, and win success in the teeth of opposition. Even now we meet with men whose energy seems to carry everything before them, according to the varying degrees of will-power inherent in them. But one of the lessons of history, which he who runs may read, is that it is not enough if a man has simply will-power and nothing else. The career of Napoleon is a signal illustration of the effects of will-power, wild, savage and untutored. Would any man in whom the centres of judgment had been developed side by side with those of will, would any such man have sacrificed the lives of millions of his fellow-beings in the snows of a Russian winter? No doubt these two centres of will and judgment are found in varying degrees of development in different men, but where a man exhibits a harmonious development of these two in him, we may salute him as heaven-born. Such men, in their own way, were Gladstone and Bismarck. Nature is not prodigal of such types of excellence, for we meet with them only at very long intervals in the onward march of time. But when we do meet them, there is no mistaking their nature, for the world bows to them as to a god and there seems to be no obstacle which their genius may not overcome.

The most important thing therefore in the formation of character is the right training of the will. There is no difference between a highway robber or a pirate at sea and a wise statesman at the helm of state, as regards the strength of the will-power possessed by each, but in the application of it to good or bad ends the two stand poles asunder. The one, using it for his selfish purposes, works destruction on his fellow-beings, while the other makes a wise application of it to promote their welfare. Such a training of the will implies a corresponding training of other important faculties, viz., those of reason and imagination, so that their mutual action and interaction may produce a true sense of perspective and proportion in the affairs and things of this world and those of the next. It is against one-sided development that we should guard ourselves

as that gives us a distorted view of things and precipitates us unwittingly into errors and follies beyond any hope of recovery,

The culture of the will and judgment involves an inevitable conflict between desire and duty, emotion and motive, the flesh and the spirit, a conflict which begins with the very dawn of civilisation and ends we know not when. The progress of civilisation has tended to make the conflict keener, for the change has been from the outer to the inner, from action to character. That is, the battle-ground has shifted in the course of centuries from the physical to the mental plane. The whole history of dramatic literature bears witness to this fact; for the drama, more than anything else, reflects the age, its form and tendency.

In the conflict between desire and duty, is desire to be suppressed? Is desire so inimical to the development of man's higher nature that it ought to be nipped in the bud? The answers which all the great religions give to this question are curiously alike. They one and all lay much stress upon renunciation as a fundamental factor in the spiritual development of the individual as well as of the race. But there are many misunderstandings as to the meaning and scope of renunciation which it is necessary to clear up at the outset. Renunciation does not mean turning one's back upon the world and betaking oneself to the woods for meditation and penance. Our Rishis of old no doubt lived in hermitages far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife, but such men were very few, like our present-day Sadhus living high up among the Himalayan glaciers. It was the desire to find out reality amidst the flux of things, to see the things of time in the light of eternity, that drove them to woo the solitude of the mountains. Who but men of high intellectual calibre, of deep practical experience in the affairs of life, can see the transitoriness of life? It is not every one that can thus go to the home of the hyena or that of the tiger to clarify his mental vision. Apart from all considerations of the fleeting character of all worldly phenomena, is it not good for them as well as for mankind that they should lead a life of contemplation, so that their lives may be an inspiring example to their fellow-beings? The worry and distractions of life render concentration impossible, and to a seeker after truth really intent upon his studies, what place can be more suited than those hermitages sequestered from the haunts of men where, listening to the music of the waters and the melody of birds, and surrounded by the grand natural scenery of hill and dale, he can sit at the feet of his master, rapt in reverential awe, unroll the pages of the book of wisdom, and imbibe those lessons which are known to confer upon him peace, power and plenty. I confess that I have a feeling of

genuine admiration for these sages and saints of yore who held, as it were, the key of life in their hands and who were the embodiments of the highest type of culture attainable by man. The essential point to note is that renunciation does not mean hatred of society, or living in the wilderness, though at the outset one may turn away in disgust from the illusions of this world and make his sojourn there for knowledge and enlightenment. What renunciation does mean is simply detachment from the objects of sense.

Buddha and Christ in their several ways embody the highest type of renunciation known to humanity, and who can say that their examples have not been the means of uplifting the masses from the depths of ignorance and misery? What was possible to Buddha or Christ is possible to every one of us. But the way is long, and narrow is the gate that leads to heaven. We have to rise slowly over the stepping-stones of our dead selves. So sings Longfellow in his fine poem "The Ladder of St. Augustine":—

"The heights by great men reached and kept,
Were not attained by sudden flight;
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night."

Our progress in the beginning must necessarily be slow. A life of complete self-abnegation all at once is impossible. But all the same we must make a beginning and follow the ideal which must always go before us like a pillar of cloud by day and of fire by night, till in the end we realise it.

From the above discussion it is clear that the great religions of the world enjoin upon us a life of absolute renunciation, and that this renunciation consists in being unattached to the objects of sense. Such a view, it may be argued, is destructive of all action; for if you take away from man his passions and desires, you take away from him his motives for action. But this is really not the case. No one even for an instant can remain wholly actionless, for helplessly is he driven to action by the qualities born of nature. Work is the law of our being: without it even the maintenance of our bodies would not be possible. When all desires are taken away we are not left without motive, for that of humanity still remains to sustain our endeavours. What the law of sacrifice lays down is that we should dedicate ourselves wholly to a life of action but without attachment to the fruits thereof, because such an action forges no bonds, and leaves us free to pursue our ideals to the

best of our ability with no dead-weight of desires swaying us to this side or that. This is the note which rings clear through the whole of the Bhagavadgita.

If then the lower nature, which manifests itself as desire, is to be sternly repressed, the higher nature, which manifests itself as duty, should be systematically developed. Duty is the foundation-stone upon which our moral and spiritual world stands. The consciousness of having done one's duty is the highest reward that any one can hope to get on this side of the grave. The soldier who stood at his post in Pompeii during the volcanic eruptions of Mount Vesuvius nearly nineteen hundred years ago represents the highest type of duty that it is possible for man to do. Dr. Smiles begins his deservedly popular work "Duty" thus:—

"Man does not live for himself alone. He lives for the good of others as well as of himself. Every one has his duties to perform—the richest as well as the poorest. To some life is pleasure, to others suffering. But the best do not live for self-enjoyment, or even for fame. Their strongest motive power is hopeful, useful work in every good cause."

Duty is the one thing that remains inseparable from man as long as he lives. A man may have youth, beauty, and wealth in abundance, but if he is neglectful of his duty, his honour stands rooted in dishonour, and he is no more fit for the world's regard than a dog is.

Though the discussion as to whether the moral sense in man is innate or derived, is not without interest from the standpoint of a practical moralist, what is more important is whether people in general have clear notions as to what is right and what is wrong. What is the criterion whereby we may judge whether a certain line of conduct is good or bad, right or wrong? Right has been defined as obedience to law. Well, what is law? It is the statement in the form of a proposition of a fact that certain results invariably follow from certain causes under certain given conditions. But such a statement is too vague to serve as a guide in the regulation of one's practical conduct. There are divergent rules of conduct. For instance, we are in doubt as to whether we are not to take thought for the morrow as one rule of conduct lays down, or to lay by something against a rainy day as another rule enjoins upon us. Difficulties of the kind puzzle us, and we seem to long for a central conception round which the rules of our conventional morality may group themselves in order. The conception of loyalty to royalty, so ably developed by Professor Josiah Royce in his work *Philosophy of*

Loyalty, which should be in the hands of every student of ethics, furnishes such a centre to the whole problem. He defines loyalty as the willing and practical and thoroughgoing devotion to a cause, and states that a man's loyalty to a cause, a social cause, no matter whether the cause in itself is good or bad, is productive of benefit to him, inasmuch as loyalty, by setting before him an object to strive for, gives his life centre, fixity, stability. He is no longer distracted by every passing breath of desire, but remains bound to an object, the realisation of which constitutes the deepest longing of his heart. The man has achieved what may be called unity of purpose in his life. Since each man's loyalty to his cause does good to him, the author argues that our conduct should be so regulated as to promote loyalty in others to their several causes. This means that conflicts of loyalty are mutually destructive and heap ruin on the loyal on both sides. Well, how can this end, viz., the furtherance of loyalty, be achieved except by being loyal to the universal cause of loyalty? We should therefore so choose a cause that our loyalty to it does not come into conflict with the loyalty of another man to his cause, or in other words, that we should follow the maxims of morality in our lives. Does not this conception furnish, as it were, a pivot round which our moral codes should revolve? All our virtues prescribe that our freedom of action should be consistent with the like freedom of action possessed by others, and that we should not impose upon others any restraint, which we ourselves would not like to suffer. "Do unto others as you would that they should do unto you" may therefore be taken as the golden rule of morality and strictly adhered to at all times, irrespective of the consequences that may ensue from it. "To thine own self be true, and thou canst not then be false to any man" expresses in a different way the same truth as to the line of conduct to be pursued.

Moral life then involves a consideration for the life of others, and not merely a consideration, but a sacrifice of one's self. Duty is a feeling of the mind; whether transcendental or not, it obliges us to follow a certain course of action, though it may actually run counter to our deepest desires. It has aptly been styled the moral imperative. Conscience appears to us to be an authority set outside ourselves, and its dictates we dare not disobey without wrecking our moral well-being. While we feel that duty is absolute and peremptory, we often do not get our reward, that is, realise its cash value in our lives. An illustration may perhaps make my meaning clear. We all know the drowning accident that befel Captain Dawes, Deputy Chief Engineer of Mysore, while rescuing a cooly from the rapids

in the Cauvery river. I refer to this incident as it is still fresh in our minds. Well, what cash value did Captain Dawes get for his act? Has he left behind him any lesson to his fellowmen? There is no difficulty in answering the latter question, for the example set by him will live in the memory of those now living and influence their lives. And what answer can we give to the former question? Prof. Josiah Royce, whom I have already referred to, says: "Human life taken merely as it flows, viewed merely as it passes by in time and is gone, is indeed a lost river of experience that plunges down the mountains of youth and sinks in the deserts of old age. Its significance comes solely through its relations to the air, and the ocean and the great deeps of universal experience." It is important to note the latter sentence, as it furnishes the kernel to the solution of the problem. We get the sense of our life only when we view it in relation to the whole of which it forms a part. Our experience is bound up in real unity with universal experience. The cash value of this higher unity, of this conspectus, of the whole of experience in which ours also is included, we can never get, because its realisation belongs to a superhuman grade of consciousness. On the other hand, we cannot deny that human experience, taken as a totality of facts, exists, because if we do, we shall be involving ourselves in such palpable contradictions as the truth is that there is no truth, the fact is that there is no fact. The significance of the late Captain Dawes' life, therefore, consists in recognition of the fact that he determined its course by reference to a life that transcended his own, or in other words, by the service of a superhuman cause found his place in the eternal.

Apparently, then, morality has an utilitarian basis; for peace, pleasure or happiness is the end and aim of conduct. But the utility is not that sordid cash value that we realise when we exchange our goods in the market. If bent upon getting cash value at all costs in some tangible form, we should have recourse to what may be styled expediency-morality. But nothing really worth having can be got under such conditions. It is the conception of absolute rectitude of conduct alone that fulfils the demands of our moral nature and well-being. Hence Tennyson offers for our practical guidance the quintessence of all moral philosophy as contained in the following lines:—

"Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control,—
These three alone lead life to sovereign power.
Yet not for power; that of itself
Would come uncalled for; but to live by rule,

Acting the rule we live by without fear,
 And because right is right to follow right
 Were wisdom in the scorn of consequence."

The subject of the realisation of peace and happiness in the life to come leads us imperceptibly on to "fresh fields and pastures new"—the domain of metaphysics and religion proper. That religion has a bearing upon morality admits of no doubt, for without its aid the complex moral problems presented by this wonderful world of ours cannot be solved. I cannot endorse the view that reduces religion to naught else but morality touched with emotion. I feel rather inclined to think that religion is something more comprehensive, that morality may at best be considered its core, inasmuch as it grapples with the mystery which lies at the heart of things and which the intellect of man cannot penetrate. Though we cannot comprehend the eternal reality which it postulates in its inmost nature, yet it is possible for us to discover the laws through which it works and apprehend intuitively that those laws can be more than moral. Viewed from this standpoint morality appears to be founded in religion. It behoves everyone of us, therefore, to know what these moral laws are and to conform to them in this life to the best of his ability, so that through the medium of these laws he may be brought into a nearer touch with the Great Reality from which everything takes its rise and into which everything dissolves.

SRREENIVASA MOORTHY.

Mysore.

THE CITY OF THE MOGHUL.

(Continued from our last number.)

CHAPTER V.

Born in the Purple.

THE experiment for producing a united people by a social and political fusion of classes, was seriously attempted by the Emperor Akbar, and appeared full of promise during the lifetime of that great ruler. Moslem ascendancy was set aside ; and however eminent followers of that creed might be employed on grounds of special fitness, some of the very highest offices in the State were filled by Hindus, the Chancellor of the Empire being the famous Todar Mal, while a chief command in the army was held by Raja Man Singh, and a third native, Bir Bal, was the Emperor's intimate associate and friend. Before the Emperor's death, indeed, the system showed symptoms of decay; the Academy of Free Thought lost most of its members ; and it was even reported that the Emperor himself had died in a state of reconciliation to Islam. With Jahangir's accession a different state of things arose ; what had been a scheme of policy with the father degenerated into a mere negligence and disorder with the son, indifference taking the place of a tolerant policy and eccentricity being substituted for originality.

The reign of Jahangir, mentioned above by his original name of Salim, has been repeatedly described by historians ; and it is only relevant to the scope of the social observer to notice three points illustrative of this emperor's special characteristics : these being, first, the principles and practice of his administration and personal conduct; second, his relations to his Ministers and to his second wife ; and third, the end of his reign and of his life. Of the first

we have contemporaneous accounts, some of them by English visitors at his Court, the most important being Sir Thomas Roe, who came out in an official character, and William Hawkins, an adventurous mariner who, after spending some time in the Smyrna trade, ultimately came to Surat, whence he proceeded on a voyage of discovery to the Imperial Court. These visitors were received by the Emperor with much hospitality. Roe, who had already been employed by the heir-apparent in South America, met with a reception due to his position as Ambassador from James I. charged with the duty of negotiating a commercial treaty on behalf of the newly established East India Company; while Hawkins, a person of inferior dignity, was admitted to the Emperor's private society as a boon companion and one who, by his knowledge of the Turkish language, possessed a special means of communication with a monarch proud of his possession of the language of his Tartar ancestors which only differed from that of the European Turks as one dialect may differ from another.

At the outset of his reign the Emperor was troubled by the death of his first wife and by the rebellion of her son Sultan Khushru. Instigated by his Hindu uncle, Man Singh, this unhappy young man made a bid for the succession by leaving the Court without permission and marching towards Lahore, perhaps intending to assume sovereignty at Cabul, which was then a part of the Indian Empire. Jahangir must have been seriously alarmed; for he at once set off in person at the head of an army, captured the rebel leaders and punished their followers with relentless severity, though Man Singh and the Prince were forgiven. It need only be added here that Man Singh was again employed in the Deccan where he some time after died; while the misguided prince, relapsing into his old courses, was ultimately deprived of his sight and made over to the care of his brother, in which he remained to the end of his life. The tomb of this unfortunate prince is still to be seen at Allahabad, where his body was laid to rest by the side of that of his Hindu mother.

The next few years were chiefly passed by the Emperor in the Agra Fort, where traces of him are still to be found in the structure of red sandstone which lies on the south side of the palace of Shah Jahan. On the glacis between the walls and the river was a wide

arena where the people were regaled with the spectacle afforded by fighting animals, which the Emperor could survey from a balcony: hard by was hung a bell whose tongue was set in motion by a rope reaching to the ground, which his subjects were directed to pull at any hour of the day or night when they desired to make a personal complaint to the Emperor.

Jahangir left behind him memoirs purporting to be written or dictated by himself, containing many benevolent maxims ; but his temper was hasty and violent ; nor is it likely that his repose was often disturbed by the sound of the bell. Indeed, the opinion has long been prevalent that his second wife, to whom he was so much indebted, was obtained by the murder of her husband ; but the story has been questioned in later times, and does not rest upon very convincing evidence. The facts, as far as they can be determined, were these. Mirza Ghaias, a Persian immigrant, had been taken into high employ by the Emperor Akbar and honoured with a title, I'tmad-ud-daula, and continued to enjoy the confidence of Akbar's successor ; his daughter being married to an official named Ali-quli-beg, commonly known as Sher Afkan, who had charge of the district of Burdwan. Here he was killed in a tumult ; and the widow, repairing to Court, was taken into the family, and remained under the protection of the dowager Empress for four years, finally becoming the wife of the Emperor Jahangir. A most beneficial change in the habits of that monarch soon became apparent ; and he expressly records that under her influence he adopted the advice of his physician, and reduced his daily allowance of liquor from four bottles to one pint. The influence of the new Empress was not confined to private life, her name being inscribed on the coin of the Empire and even on the seal by which the Imperial decrees were attested. This unbounded confidence gave, indeed, serious offence to ambitious politicians and produced results which will be noticed later on.

In the meantime we may notice, in passing, a strange event which occurred a little before the Emperor's marriage : this was the baptism of a Prince of the Blood in a church which the Missionaries had been allowed to erect, probably in that part of Agra now known as the Civil Lines: the church was destroyed in the following reign, but a spacious cemetery with Christian graves of

the period still exists in the neighbourhood. Captain Hawkins testifies that on this occasion he led a cavalcade of sixty Christians, bearing, as he says, the ensign of St. George for the honour of England. It is interesting to add that Hawkins, with his smattering of Turkish, grew into high favour with the Emperor, who admitted him to his nightly revels, and even offered to procure him a wife from the royal seraglio if the Captain would settle permanently at Agra.

Somewhat different was the reception accorded to the Ambassador Roe some six years later; and ample testimony has been borne by Sir Thomas to the hospitable treatment which was shown to him at Court. One story is particularly deserving of mention as showing the terms on which the wayward despot was content to associate with his foreign visitor. One night, after Roe had retired to his quarters, he received a message from the Emperor to the effect that it was understood that there was a certain portrait which had not been included in those presented by the Ambassador, who was accordingly requested to attend at once and bring the picture. Hastening to obey, Roe repaired to the palace, where he found the monarch seated on a low seat and surrounded by friends with whom he was drinking. Sir Thomas produced the portrait, which was, he said, the likeness of a lady whom he had loved and lost. Gazing attentively at the painted features, Jahangir asked if it was possible that such charms could ever have existed, to which Roe replied that the artist had rendered but imperfect justice to the original. The Emperor begged hard for the possession of the picture and Sir Thomas, though at first demurring, did not venture to deny the request. Jahangir then told him that he only wished to take it inside and show it to the ladies of his family; after which he proposed to have it copied: he would then show the two pictures to Sir Thomas, who should take back his own if he could determine which it was. Roe politely replied that the picture was now the property of His Majesty. This interchange of courtesies leaves a pleasant impression of the manners of both. To Mr. Edward Terry, the Chaplain of the Embassy, the Emperor was on another occasion no less polite. "Padre," said His Majesty, "you are very welcome; this house is yours, use it accordingly."

It must not be imagined that the court life of Jahangir was

passed in nothing but kindness and compliments. Though easy-going and good-natured, this Emperor was subject to sudden gusts of temper ; and it is even said by a native writer that when some of his boon companions had been known to boast of favour and familiarity in an orgie of the previous evening, he caused them to be scourged with such severity that more than one of them expired under the lash.

There are still a dozen tombs in the Protestant cemetery at Agra of English and Dutch persons who must have come to the place, besides those of Catholics in Padritola ; and records have been preserved of at least two Englishmen who were at Agra for a time about the date of Roe's mission, or a little earlier. One of these, William Finch by name, was a merchant and agent to an expedition which obtained from the Great Moghul trading privileges for the East India Company at Surat in 1610 ; and his manuscript account of what he saw in India was used by Samuel Purchas in his "Pilgrims," 1619 : the other being the famous parson of Odcombe, Tom Coryat, who, after many wanderings, reached Agra in October 1616, and died at Surat the following year. The narrative of the eccentric parson is of no special value unless we accept his estimate of £12,000,000 as representing what he understood to be the annual land revenue of Jahangir. But the report of Finch is of greater importance in two respects : first as confirming the conjecture of Mr. Fergusson that the Mausoleum of Akbar (repeatedly referred to in Jahangir's Memoirs) was originally crowned by a dome ; and secondly, as to the elephant statues in the Fort at Agra.

Thus much as to the manner of Jahangir's life during the earlier years of his reign. The power of the Empire was in the hands of the Empress and her kinsfolk, her father continuing to hold the same high office that he had filled during the end of the late reign. But in 1621 the old man died and was interred in the beautiful sepulchre still shown on the left bank of the river. It is related that the Empress proposed to cover the remains of her father with a shrine of wrought silver, but was dissuaded by some far-seeing counsellor who pointed out that a monument so precious would be likely, sooner or later, to provoke the cupidity of thieves. Among the more trusted of the minor Ministers was an Afghan

named Zamana Beg, who had been promoted under the title of Mahabat Khan, by which he was henceforth known. He enjoyed a high place in the opinion of the people and was looked upon as the most eminent of all the Emperor's subjects. On the death of the Vazir the office of that Minister was bestowed on his son, known by the title of Asaf Khan ; and the continued favour shown to the family gave great and growing umbrage to Mahabat and his followers. After some unsuccessful remonstrances, in which domestic feelings always tore the web of politics, Mahabat had recourse to stronger measures.

In the month of February 1626, the Court, being on progress towards Cashmere, arrived at the river Jhelam, on whose left bank the camp was pitched. Asaf Khan with a numerous escort had crossed by a bridge of boats, while the indolent monarch was still dozing in the pleasant sleep of dawn. On a sudden the General—for such was the present rank of Mahabat—rode up to the door of the Emperor's tent with about two hundred Rajput followers, while the bridge was held by the bulk of his adherents. The Emperor was thrust into a litter, and finally mounted on an elephant, on which he was shown for some time to the Army and then taken back to his quarters. In the meanwhile the Empress, under the impression that her lord was gone to shoot as usual, crossed the bridge, whose defenders had been withdrawn, and proceeded to the tent of her brother, Asaf Khan. Here the events of the morning were made known and discussed with much excitement, a resolution being formed to liberate the Emperor by force. But the bridge had in the meanwhile been burned ; nothing could be effected that day, and, next morning, when a body of men was got together sufficient to force the passage of the neighbouring ford, Mahabat was ready on his part to hold the other bank. A brisk engagement ensued, in which the Empress Nur Jahan took a conspicuous share, causing her elephant to be driven into the thick of the *mêlée* and being herself the mark for numerous arrows, one of which wounded the grandchild that she carried in her howdah.

All her courage was in vain ; Asaf Khan's party was driven back upon Attock, while Mahabat advanced in pursuit, carrying the Emperor with him. On arriving at Attock, he found Asaf Khan there, but compelled him to surrender, and all marched on

together towards Cabul, Jahangir showing his usual indifference and his indefatigable consort plotting for his release. Soon after, his arrival at Cabul the Emperor was delivered from captivity by his faithful spouse, who made a sudden attack upon the Hindu guard with a party of exempts, or *ahdis*, young men of family with whom the Mogul sovereigns were in the habit of surrounding themselves. The Emperor at the end of the year returned to Lahore by way of Rohtàs, the favour of Asaf Khan and his position as administrator of the Empire being much strengthened by what had occurred. Mahabat Khan retired to the Deccan, where he joined the heir-apparent, Shah Jahan.

When the winter was over, Jahangir once more set his face towards the happy valley ; and the Persian New Year's Day (11th March 1627) was celebrated when the camp was on the banks of the Chenab. But we are not here concerned with a regular historical narrative, which may be found in many other works, the most recent being the excellent summary of Mr. Lane-Poole, "*Mediaeval India*," published in Mr. Fisher Unwin's valuable series, "*The Story of the Nations*." Here, moreover, will be found an interesting abstract of Hawkins' doings at Court and the eventual frustration of his attempts at an arrangement on behalf of the East India Company, afterwards more successfully carried out by Sir Thomas Roe.

The ensuing summer was passed in the Emperor's favourite retreat of Cashmere, but we must not allow ourselves to be tempted by the melodious verse of Thomas Moore to imagine the elderly valetudinarian and his middle-aged consort to have realised the idyllic existence ascribed to them in *Lalla Rookh*. The Emperor had long been a sufferer from asthma, a complaint which the medical science of the place and time, entirely failed to abate. The birthday festivities were without their usual gaiety ; the sick eye of the jaded monarch took no more delight in gold brocade and gems, his tired ear loved no more the voice of singing men and singing women ; he turned with loathing from the wine cup, even opium lost its power to soothe. In this broken state he pressed forward, hoping for restoration from the mountain air, but the hope was vain. At the approach of autumn, with no substantial improvement in health, he turned

his face towards the plains, intending to pass the cold season at Lahore.

On reaching Biramkila, Jahangir ordered an antelope drive, and stationed himself, gun in hand, on the bank of the river to which the animals were expected to come. While he stood here waiting their approach, one of the beaters missed his footing and fell over the cliff into the mountain stream which rushed below, and was at once dashed to death against the rocks. The shock was too much for Jahangir's enfeebled nerves. Hurrying to camp, he sent for the poor man's mother and attempted to console her and himself by a gift of money : " but his mind found no rest. The ghastly face of the deceased was for ever before him " ; and he was haunted by the notion that the whole accident had been a vision, in which Azrael had taken the form of the dead man. From that hour he began to sink, and was carried on to Rajor, where he breathed his last on the 28th of October, 1627, having just passed his fifty-eighth birthday.

It is easy enough to see the faults of this man, half Turk, half Hindu, indulged and ill-educated in youth, uncontradicted and uncontrolled in manhood : but it should be added that, while his faults were the fruit of circumstances, he had some good qualities which must have been his own. Of his affectionate nature we have many instances ; in the beginning of his reign he made a pilgrimage to his father's tomb, travelling on foot under an Agra sun and only expressing regret that he could not have performed the journey on his head : when his Hindu consort took her own life he recorded her virtues and his grief, ending with the simple sentence : " She was the wife of my youth." Her son, the misguided Khushru, was fully pardoned for his first offence, and when he relapsed into rebellion, was still mildly treated. When stress is laid upon the contrast between Jahangir and his illustrious father, it is right to remember that he carried out the principles of that father's policy. Hindus and Christians were treated with indulgent tolerance ; and the rigid orthodoxy of Islam was in many respects relaxed. As to his accomplishments, there is this to be said, that he was a genuine lover of art in all the branches known to him, showing a constant attention to architecture, of which many fine examples still remain. He

loved painting, and the walls of his principal reception room were decorated with pictures of the Virgin Mary and her Son, besides portraits of the King and Queen of England and of the Chairman of the East India Company, Sir Thomas Smith, a London haberdasher. Jahangir also wrote Persian poetry, of which the following sample may suffice :—

“ A cup of wine with her we love,
Before we go to sleep,
The stars are rising, and the time
Is come for drinking deep.”

More noticeable is his gift as a linguist, which was really considerable; for besides Persian and Urdu, he knew enough Turkish to converse freely with Hawkins, while his intercourse with Roe seems to have been conducted in Italian.

He was not only a sportsman but conversant with the habits of beast and bird; while he has recorded in his memoirs observations on plants and precious stones which show a real love of natural products. But whatever his acquirements, and whatever resemblance he bore to his illustrious father, it must be admitted that the drawbacks and divergencies are very serious. Under Akbar the whole vast territory north of the Narbada seemed in a fair way to unity and a sense of common nationality. Under Jahangir disintegration and demoralisation proceeded apace; provincial governments were farmed out to political adventurers who recognised but little imperial authority, and whose main object was to secure whatever margin over the stipulated payments they could wring from the inhabitants and from travellers. Thus exaction and corruption became substituted for administration, while plunder and fraud ruled in the markets and on the highway. The cause of this falling off lay chiefly in the difference between father and son in respect of birth and breeding; for while Akbar was the offspring of a noble Persian lady, the mother of Jahangir was a Hindu Princess, ignorant of the world and surrounded by female dependants no more experienced than herself. Born in exile, nursed in adversity, Akbar had to fight for his throne before he was fourteen years old: Jahangir, on the other hand, was reared in luxury, and accustomed from childhood to look

upon himself as the heir to unbounded wealth and power. What wonder if in such conditions, the toleration of the father became negligence and indifference in the son, and an undoubted appreciation of kingly duty too often dwindled away in theories and maxims which bore no fruit.

NOTE:—Reference having been made above to the love of Art shown by Jahangir, it may be as well to observe that all the principal buildings of the reign show a desire to maintain the standard established at Sikri and to adopt as far as possible the national architecture of the Hindus. The audience halls and Council Chambers of Akbar's palace at Agra have been swept away and their site occupied by the marble elegancies of Shahjahan, but one small palace remains which bears the name of Jahangir and constitutes the monument of his taste as the tomb of his father at Sikandrā which he records to have been carried on for years under his personal direction. Besides the paintings mentioned above, Jahangir further defied the principles of Islam by the use of statuary, in which he conformed to his father's practice, illustrated by the famous sculptured elephants which flanked the approach to the palace.

In the Archæological Survey of India of 1908 appears a reference to these images, one of which is said to have been restored by order of Lord Curzon from fragments found at Delhi. It is, however, doubtful whether the Delhi elephant could be one of those seen at Agra in the reign of Jahangir and which were said to have been surmounted by statues of two valiant Rajput chiefs who had fallen in the defence of Chittor when besieged by Akbar. The subject, however, is not free from difficulty, for contemporary evidence leads to the belief that the Agra elephants were carved in black stone, while the Delhi fragments were of masonry, and no contemporaneous observer has said anything about their removal from Agra to Delhi which, in those days of defective transport, would have been a most serious undertaking. The Venetian traveller, Manucci, mentions such an image being destroyed in the presence of Shahjahan by an infuriated beast of the species, which would answer very well to the fate of a masonry image at Delhi, but which was no so likely to happen to a statue of basalt or marble. It may be added that Purchas, on the authority of Finch, mentions these statues as standing at the entry of Akbar's palace at Agra, but says nothing of

Chittor, relating that the Hindus on their backs were merely representations of men killed in a palace tumult.

England:

H. G. KEENE.

•

WORSHIP.

I have heard the Mass in Philip's gloomy fane
Above the coffins of Castilian Kings,
French friar's epigrams on holy things,
And Vespers in the vaulted Vatican:

Daily through many an English minster rolls
Gregorian thunder, while the dim light falls
Through painted panes on long deserted stalls,
Where spiders riot in default of souls.

The nonconformist roars a sturdy hymn,
Uplifts on high his self-sufficient horn,
And pays the Pharisee with scorn for scorn,
Who flouts his services on Gerizin.

But the elect are those whose ruthless mood
Takes for a type the Good Samaritan,
Who see a neighbour where they see a man,
And hope that all they do may work for good.

H. G. KEENE.

England.

AVATARS AND EVOLUTION.

THERE is a strong and growing tendency among a certain section of the Hindus to torture out scientific explanations for some of the Hindu practices and customs that do not readily gain credence in a rational and inquiring mind ; or to take a certain pride in the assumption that the germs of the modern sciences are traceable in the sacred writings ; or again to reflect with complacency that the inventions of the twentieth century were not unknown to their ancestors. Thus scientific explanations have been discovered by ingenious people for the Shradda ceremonies, for the observance of the Touch-me-not and such similar caste rules. We have also heard it vaguely suggested that the Vimanams of the Mahabharata and Ramayana do really represent the aeroplanes of these days—in a highly perfected form, however. These and many other theories of a like character are but attempts to reconstruct the tottering edifice of absolute faith in whatever is laid down in the Vedas and Puranas by resting them on a scientific basis. One such attempt, noteworthy on account of the bold extent to which it has been pushed forth, is the assertion made in some quarters that the perception of the theory of evolution ought to have dawned in minds centuries earlier than Darwin's, a claim based on the fancied inferences to be drawn from the ten avatars or incarnations of Vishnu, one of the Hindu Trinity described in the Hindu Mythology. It will be interesting therefore to inquire if this statement will bear the brunt of scientific investigation and if by any stretch of reasoning we can deduce "evolution" from the avatars.

The theory of evolution, enunciated by Darwin and Wallace and having for its central basis the principle of special development

and natural selection operating through countless ages, seeks to explain the origin of species, the process by which we now have so many numerous species of organic life in this planet, where formerly fewer and simpler types flourished ; it sees in the history of all things a development from simplicity to complexity, a gradual advance from the simple or rudimentary condition to one that is more complex and of a higher character. Paleontology indisputably asserts that from the remotest periods, there has been a coming in of new organic forms and a dying out or extinction of those which pre-existed on the earth ; some species have endured for a longer, others for a shorter time ; while none has ever reappeared after dying out. The law governing the succession of species seems to be well expressed in the words of the poet :—

“Nature made him and then broke the die.”—*Aristo.*

The fossil remains which, being like contemporary medals, are our chronological test, and prove beyond the shadow of a doubt that from the earliest beginnings there has been the same upward march from simplicity to speciality, from fewer primal types to higher and higher forms till, in course of time beyond the stretch of our imagination, Man, the lord of the creation, has been reached. The new forms of life that make their advent seem in all cases to be related and generally very closely related to forms that have preceded them ; there has never been a sudden appearance of types without precursors. It would be outside the range of the present purpose to inquire why the species have died out or disappeared, but it may be noted in connection with the doctrine that it may be the consequence of the conditions for their existence becoming unfavourable or from their failure to maintain a competition with other forms—a struggle for existence in which survival of the fittest is the result.

Having taken a glance at the theory, we may consider how far the conception of the avatars can be correlated to it. We have ten advents of the deity described, nine of them being in the past, and one in the future. The first advent was in the form of a fish, the second in that of a tortoise, the third of a hog, the fourth of a half-man, half-lion, the fifth of a dwarf, Vamana by name, the sixth in the human shape under the name of Rama, the seventh

in the same figure as Parasurama, the eight was Balarama, the brother of Krishna, and ninth the famous Krishna himself. And the last and tenth advent, it is related, will be in the guise of a white horse with wings and with the face of man (Kalki) to destroy the earth. It will be necessary at this stage to glance at the different stages in the course of the evolution of man according to the modern biologists; and there we begin from the lowest form of animal life, amœba, and progress through the successive stages of hydra, worms, fishes, amphibious reptiles, birds and mammals, right up to the class of Simiadae, consisting of apes and monkeys, from which we reach up to the highest rung of the ladder, the class of Bimana among Primates, man. It is quite apparent that the first three avatars correspond very closely to the sequence indicated above, tortoise ranking under the class of chelonia among reptiles, and hog under mammals; and doubtless it is this striking agreement as well as the progressive ascent in the table that is discernible at the first glance, that inclines one to jump to the conclusion that it is just possible that there is a degree of truth in the proposition that the outlines of evolution are traceable in the legends of the avatars. However ridiculous the idea of smuggling the "evolution" of the nineteenth century into the avatar scheme may seem to our eyes, there is just something in its order of arrangement that does not shock or revolt the casual listener when he is naively told that avatars and evolution can be linked together. Critically examined, the claim crumbles to fragments, both on account of its own merits and of scientific considerations. Leaving science aside, we find that the dominant Hindu idea is creation and not evolution, and mythology teems with instances which prove the point beyond question; Brahma, the creator, causes life to sprout up in the world all of a sudden; there is no indication of an advance from a simple to a complex, from a lower to a higher order. And so, absolutely no support for the proposition can be gained from an inquiry into the tenour of the other portions of the Puranic works. The scientific aspect of the question presents difficulties in many shapes not easily surmounted. That we may credit the authors with having made a conscious attempt at indicating progressive evolution in organic life, there should be a certain uniformity and consistency kept throughout and not merely

in isolated places. To start with, the most trivial objection that can be put forward is the entire omission of the whole class of invertebrates, fishes being made to appear lowest in the scale. But apart from this, the line of ascent stops short with the third stage after which we get a composite figure half-man, half-lion ; and scientists are yet to unearth any intermediate type even remotely analogous to such a shape. Never, as far as our knowledge extends, has the body of man been so moulded as to give him a moiety of the lion. The next is a dwarf who has equally no place in the naturalist's table ; evidence is wanting to show that man was once a pigmy and that he has grown in height in subsequent ages. And lastly appears on the scene a Pegasus, a monster horse with wings, the highest in the series. Are we to take it that it represents the ultimate standard of perfection ? Is it the type of the figure that is to rule the world and become the lord of the creation, supplanting man ? Such a thing is unheard of in any school of evolutionists and is not the end towards which humanity is marching. We have already observed that once a type drops out of existence, it never reappears ; man has survived the quadruped stage and little chance is there of his becoming four-footed again. The horse putting on wings is preposterous, having regard to the fact that it belongs to a species that has long ceased to grow ; and its environments are not favourably calculated for any aerial development. Evolution is progressive, but this is retrogressive beyond measure. From the man to the winged horse is a big jump not easily bridged over, and we have seen that evolution does not recognise a sudden appearance of types without forerunners. If therefore we look at the avatars as the symbolic representation of the idea of evolution, in however crude a form, we arrive at results which both our common sense and science reject as absurd in the extreme. The superficial resemblances that there may be should be regarded as purely accidental and not the result of conscious design.

As a sacred text, therefore, it may inspire reverence and instil faith in believing minds ; as mythology it may appeal to the imagination and be admired as beautiful or sublime ; but as a piece of science the whole fabric comes to the ground miserably, not a shred of the theory being even remotely within the contemplation of the authors of the legends. In conclusion, it were indeed

far better to leave Hindu fables and Hindu observances to themselves without trying to rig them up in modern clothes, because in this attempted metamorphosis they lose even their individual characters and are degraded into objects of ridicule.

K. RAJAH.

Triplicane.

PAUL DEUSSEN.

Past are the kappy days when I could go
Among the cities of great Germany,
Under her skies, and by her stern North Sea,
Led by the world-old quest to learn and know.

Deep ocean-tides between us now shall flow,
Ever resounding with the mystery
Unsolved of Life. Now every wind for me
Shall henceforth with a new sad longing blow.

Still there are comradeships that do not change
Even though tried by distance and by time ;
New with each dawn they come ; and often when
Perplexed in mystic vales of thought I range,
Down through all difference of race and clime
Shall your strong spirit come to me again.

PRABHU DUTT SASHTRI.

Lahore.

ODD DERIVATIONS.

A VERY ingenious derivation was given, with assumed gravity, by a Nova Scotian college president. Whether he was the inventor of it, I do not know. "Hip" (in the cheering formula, "Hip, hip, hurrah!") has been a puzzle to etymologists. The original and proper form of the word (a form used by Carlyle) was, according to the learned president, "hep." When Peter the Hermit was rousing Europe to the rescue of the Holy Sepulchre, the fervour of his eloquence overstrained his voice and at times he was forced to abandon speech-making and simply to march through towns and villages, waving the Flag of the Cross and crying "Hierosolyma est perdita!" (Jerusalem is lost.) At last, to husband his vocal powers still further, he was obliged to shorten the phrase to its initial letters "H. E. P.", and even to make one syllable of these. As the holy man entered a village exclaiming at intervals in his broken voice, "Hep, hep, hep!" his formula was invariably followed by the hurrahs of the populace. Thus the sequence of the words "Hep (or hip) hep, hep, hurrah!" became fixed and has continued ever since!

The narrow intolerance prevailing in those crusading days is shown by the odium that attached itself to the word "miscreant," which at first meant simply an unbeliever. Similarly the kindred word "recreant" (changing one's creed) became an epithet of cowards and traitors.

Most people have heard of the negro preacher who found a deep etymological significance in the word "devil." "It is the worst word in our language, brethren," he said. "Whole, it means the old serpent. Take off a letter, it is evil. Take off another, it is vil(e). Take off another, it is ill. And the last letter is 'ell!"

The strange combination in the phrase to "play Hell and Tommy" has doubtless puzzled many. A London weekly newspaper states that the original expression was "Hal and Tommy." When the many ruthless sentences of Henry VIII. were approved or suggested by his minister Thomas Cromwell, to destroy a thing (says *The Observer*) came to be called in slang "to play Hal and Tommy" with it. Another slang expression, "All in my eye and Betty Martin," is said to have originated in the mimicry of a prayer to St. Martinus—"Ora mihi, beate Martine." "In full fig" may be a facetious allusion to the simple costume of our first parents, though the Oxford Dictionary traces it, much less picturesquely, to an old German verb "fegen" (to polish or furbish up) which is the original of our slang term "fake." "Topsy-turvy" is commonly supposed to be a variation of "topside t'other way" or of "topside turfway," but the same iconoclastic Dictionary prefers another derivation—from an obsolete verb "terve" (to throw, "torfian" in Anglo-Saxon). In these days of comparative impunity the word "pandy" meaning a punitive stroke on the palm of the hand, is heard less frequently than "in the brave days of old." The term is derived from the pedagogic command "Pande manam," "hold out your hand"—and take what is coming to you! "Maudlin," from the Weeping Magdalene (formerly sometimes pronounced "maudlien") is an irreverent derivation, as is "Golgotha," in the old slang sense of "a hat," so called because it is the place for a skull. Some readers will remember this use of the word in the stilted substitute suggested for the terse American formula, "Get up and get:" "Elevate your golgotha to the summit of your pericranium and permit me to present to your ocular observation that simple piece of mechanism which forms the egress portion of this apartment."

In the colloquial phrase "Everything goes lovely and the goose hangs high," "hangs" has been explained as a variant of "gangs" or of "honks," a word imitative of the well-known cry or call of wild geese in their flight. "Lucifee," a popular name for the Canadian lynx, is a strange corruption from the French "loup cervier."

Unless some other origin for the expression be proven, "Let her go, Gallagher!" may possibly have originated in a mimicry

of "Vogue la galère!" (Let the vessel glide, or go), for the phrases are similar in meaning and "Gallagher" closely resembles "galère" in pronunciation. The tavern sign of "The Goat and Compasses" is a parody on the motto "God Encompasses." The name of Kinahan's "L. L. Whisky" has a curious origin. The letters "L. L.," I believe, stand for the initials of "Lord Lieutenant"—a certain ducal viceroy of Ireland having had a weakness for that particular intoxicant. He was the Lord Lieutenant who is said to have knighted a servant in a fit of exhilaration—an incident that is humorously travestied in Lever's "Jack Hinton."

A philological humourist has found a very ancient origin for the phrase to "knock the stuffing out" of anybody or anything. When the semi-mythical Semiramis invaded India, she is reported to have "faked up" a number of camels as elephants, in order to conceal the lack of these formidable animals in her army. But the sagacious elephants of the Indians are said to have discovered the imposture and to have ripped the padding from the masquerading camels with their tusks, which led to a disastrous stampede. From this sensational catastrophe, "to knock the stuffing out" of a person or thing was adopted as a synonym for total rout or discomfiture!

Swift and many minor humourists have made the mock derivation a vehicle for satire. Thus "girl" has been derived from "garrula" (talkative), "woman" from "woe" *plus* "man," "virgin" from "vir" (a man) and "gin" (a snare), "chaperon" from "chappie," "run". There is more *vraisemblance* than truth in the derivation of "cur" from "curro" (I run).

According to one frivolous writer, the Greek verb "ao" (I blow or breathe) has been ingeniously derived from the first and last letters of the Greek alphabet, because breathing is the first and the last symptom of life. And "hyperbole," an extravagance of speech so often inspired by the "flowing bowl," is a hybrid formation from the Greek "hyper" over and the English "bowl"! The same trifler applies the term *bouquet d'Afrique* to a perfume that does not exude from flowers. And he also claims ironically that "gent" is an admirable abbreviation, because a gent is a vulgar fraction of a gentleman.

Some things have been ironically named from their opposites.

An ancient grammarian claimed that "bellum" (war) was derived from an adjective meaning "lovely" because war was of all things the least lovely—"bellum quia minime bellum." Justices of the peace who lack wisdom are often called Solons or Solomons. Junius derived the "deuce," in the sense of the devil, from "Deus" (God), but modern philologists differ from him. A "lilywhite" is a low slang term for a negro or a sweep. Certain ignoble insects have won the noble nickname of "Norfolk Howards" from the fact that half a century ago a man, who naturally wished to have some other name than "Bugg," ambitiously selected the name and title of the premier Duke of England, and immortalized himself thereby. Kirk's "Lambs" were so called from their cruelty, and several associations have taken the same name to emphasise their unlamblike character. On the same principle the capital of the world is nicknamed "the village."

Other misnomers are due to accident or ignorance. Blind-worms, for instance, are not blind, but have quick and bright small eyes. As Trench observes, the turkey came from America, not from Turkey. Its French name, "dindon," embodies the error that India was its home country. Egypt was not the original habitat of the Gypsies, though it gave them their name. Cheese-cakes contain no cheese. Dunces are so called after a very clever man. During the Renaissance, Duns Scotus, the great Franciscan, was the mainstay of the bigots of the old school, and they quoted him so frequently that they were named Dunsists or Dunces. According to Gibbon, "slave" comes from an old Bulgarian word (slava) which meant "glory." From this word the Slaves or Slavonians derive their name, and at one period there were so many Sclavic captives working in German households that a Sclave or Slave became a synonym for anyone performing servile offices.

Few derivatives are queerer than the expletives "odds bobs," from God's body, "zounds," from His wounds, "odds pitikins," from His pity, "uddsblud" from His blood, and "tare and ounds," from His tears and wounds. Few ladies fancy when they exclaim "Oh dear!" or "Dear me!" that originally these exclamations were evasions of the Italian oaths "O Dio!" and "Dio mio!" Neither do people who swear "by Jingo" or "by the living Jingo"

imagine they are swearing by the Diety, whose name in Basque was Jincoa.

It is perhaps needless to say that several of the foregoing specimens of odd derivation are culled, or rather remembered, from Trench.

F. BLAKE CROFTON

TO LOVE

O Love ! Of all the riches that are mine,
 What gift have I withheld before thy shrine ?
 What tender ecstasy of prayer and praise,
 Or lyric garland of impassioned days ?
 What poignant dream have I denied to thee,
 Of secret hope, desire and memory,
 Or intimate anguish of sad years, long dead,
 Old wounds unstaunched, old griefs uncomforted
 What radiant prophecies that thrill and throng
 The unborn years with swift delight of song ?
 O Love ! Of all the treasures that I own
 What gift have I withheld before thy throne ?

SAROJINI NAIDU.

Hyderabad, Deccan.

JOHN LEYDEN.

THE name of John Leyden, the Anglo-Indian poet, is unfortunately not familiar to many readers in this country, though at the beginning of the nineteenth century, he was held in high esteem for his literary achievements. The friend of Sir Walter Scott and Bishop Heber of Indian fame, the contributor to the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, the bard "who sung the Maid of Colonsay" and the scholar who spent years of unremitting toil in Southern India in studying its baffling systems of religion and language, John Leyden deserves some recognition at least in this part of the country. An attempt might have been made to revive his memory on the occasion of the centenary of his death, which fell only last year. It is no undue indulgence on the generosity of the reader when it is claimed that his work deserves a sympathetic notice even from the serious student of literature. It cannot be denied that he has written some pieces of real poetic merit—two of them, the *Ode to an Indian Gold Coin* and the *Mermaid* are quoted from with approbation in Chambers' *Cyclopædia of Literature*. In the recent work on the *Romantic Movement* in which Arthur Symonds draws attention to the various impulses operating on the literary tendencies of the age, the critic takes note of the influence of this poet who 'bore a sad and lonely heart to pine on India's shore.'

Leyden was born on the banks of the Teviot in 1775 and his early years were a period of joyous existence on which the poet loved to muse with fond regret when destiny made him a forlorn wanderer in climes from which he was never to return. The *Scenes of Infancy* preserve to us an idealised picture of those sweet years, when life was full of hope and youth fed his fancy on the enchantments of the border songs and ballads. With an imagination steeped in the legendary lore of his country, he spent his boyhood, "midst castled rocks stupendous piled, by Esk or Eden's classic wave," and he naturally developed a strong feel of appreciation for the weird and the witching

The faculty found free vent for its exercise in Eastern lands, "by Cheric's dark wandering stream," in Malabar, or in the isle "far beyond Malay's sea" from which his thoughts turned to his Olivia and his home.

Leyden's poetic talent found expression very early in life and he had the privilege of having for his literary comrade the great Sir Walter himself, and in later years when he addressed him with pride, his memory went back to those hours of mutual felicity:

O Scott ! with whom in youth's serenest prime,
I wove with careless hand the fairy-rhyme ;
Bade chivalry's barbaric pomp return,
And heroes wake from every mouldering urn !

Lockhart records in his "Life of Scott" that his zeal for learning was so great that Leyden once walked fifty miles to procure an old ballad. At the age of nineteen he astonished the scholars of Edinburgh by the extent and variety of his knowledge, and it is all the more creditable to him when we remember that he was leading a life of poverty.

The spirit of adventure and anxiety to have a permanent settlement in life found him at Madras in 1803 as Medical Officer under the East India Company, for which office he had qualified himself by getting the Master's Degree in Medicine within the astonishingly short period of six months. His first appointment was in the General Hospital, Madras, from which he was promoted to be a physician to the Commissioners who were asked to survey Mysore on its conquest. The consequent travels were turned to great advantage by his study of the physical conditions of the regions, on which he contributed a paper to the Government. After some more wanderings in Mysore, Malabar, and the Central Districts of the Presidency, he embarked for Penang where the mysteries of the Malay race engaged his attention and opened a new world of imagination. A striking proof of his scholarly spirit is furnished by a treatise which he wrote at the time, on the languages and literatures of the Indo-Chinese nations. He soon came back to Bengal and held various high offices under the Government as a Judge and Administrator. But in the midst of his arduous duties he continued a profound student of the Oriental languages. This period of peace was, however, broken by his being asked to accompany Lord Minto to Java to complete the work of British conquest there. The last scene of his life is as touching in its pathos as it is honourable to his zeal for learning and

truth. It reminds us of that ill-fated experiment of Francis Bacon, of stuffing a hen with snow on a wintry day, which resulted in a mortal chill. Among the interesting objects of the conquered capital was a library in one of the public buildings which was said to contain some rare Oriental manuscripts and valuable Dutch records. His enthusiasm for research led him incautiously into a low chamber which had lain absolutely closed for several years. A poisonous sickness so characteristic of the bitter atmosphere of the island came upon him immediately and resulted in his death after a three days' illness. The close of such a valuable life at the early age of thirty-six was a bereavement which excited genuine sorrow in all those who had the privilege of knowing the man and his work. It was not the mere affection and goodwill of a friend that was responsible for this expression of lament by Sir Walter Scott in his *Lord of the Isles*—lines which remind us of his famous eulogy on Pitt

His bright and brief career is o'er,
And mute his tuneful strains,
Quenched his lamp of varied lore,
That loved the light of song to pour
A distant and a deadly shore
Has Leyden's cold remains

Sir John Malcolm, with whom Leyden had formed a warm friendship in India, wrote a eulogy on the poet which appeared in the *Bombay Courier* of the time. He observed with a melancholy truth,

When triumph's tale is westward borne
On border hills no joy shall gleam,
And thy loved Teviot long shall mourn
The youthful poet of her stream

The unfortunate life of Leyden has some points of resemblance to the meteoric career of the most illustrious poet of his time, Byron. Both died at the same age; both were distinguished by a zealous pursuit of some sacred cause, years of exile were the lot of the two, and both found a grave beneath distant skies.

An attempt to survey Leyden's poetical work must be prefaced by a warning against the common weakness of raising literary mediocrities into masters. It is not maintained for a moment that Leyden's name deserves a high rank on the list of English poets, though it must be granted that he has bequeathed a more valuable

heritage than many of the obscure versifiers who, for instance, weigh heavily on Johnson's *Lives of the Poets*. Leyden's work offers an interesting study in the two powerful cross-currents operating on the literature of even the age of Wordsworth, the old order of artificiality, convention and correctness striving vainly against the infusion of Romance. Leyden's sympathies are entirely in favour of the new movement, but he is still in the charms of the heroic couplet and the social verse of the eighteenth century expositors of song. The vein of Satire is strong enough and he is a true disciple of Pope in his attack of the social fashions of the age and in his poetic treatment of the drawing-room. There is an *Epistle to a Lady from a Dancing Bear* in which the poet records for the enlightenment of society the transition of fops from monkeys to bears

In every region and in every clime
Renowned for beauty, genius wit, and rhyme,
Long did the bear claim kindred with the ape,
And shone a monkey of sublimer shape,
Skilful to flirt the hat, the cane, the glove,
And wear the pert grimace of monkey love,
But modern beaux disdain the monkey air,
And in politeness ape the surly bear.

Thus runs the gay ridicule in the spirit of the versifiers of the age of Pope.

There is again a slavish adherence to the time worn conventions of poetic diction. It is 'the crystal tide, 'the heavens of azure,' 'the silver shower,' 'the lonely swain,' 'fancy's gaze,' and the 'concert of the woods.' There was also a tendency for philosophical moralising and a constant indulgence in didactic verse or other characteristics of the eighteenth century which had not vanished in his period

The peasant, once a friend, a friend no more,
Cringes, a slave before the master's door.
Or else, too proud where once he loved to fawn,
For distant climes deserts his native lawn,
And fondly hopes beyond the western main,
To find the virtues here beloved in vain.

It is interesting to note that the passage is followed by an imitation of the famous account of primitive philosophy of the Red Indian in Pope's *Essay on Man*. Pope's influence is evident in all his work—his

epigrammatic expression, fondness for far-fetched illustration and didactic verse being some of the features copied by the student :

For host of lies against the truth combine,
As bending curves distort the equal line.

If one poor cup thy parching thirst could slake,
Say wouldst thou plunge in Ocean's boundless wake ?
He reigns alone, the sovereign of his soul,
Whom idle fears nor foreign cares control ;
Who hopes not fondly in his tented dome
Unaltered still to find a lasting home ;
For who hath heard or who shall ever hear
Of domes unaltered in this changeful sphere ?

It is the same spirit that prompts him to write a poem on the *Fan* another to *Headache*, both properly addressed to ladies. But even the most superficial reader will observe that he has tasted the freedom of the new school. For here might be felt a hearty appreciation of nature, a genuine and passionate outpouring of love and sorrow and emotional struggles of a soul-stirring energy. The adoption of varied metrical forms, including the Ode, is another unmistakable sign of the direction in which the Muse of Poetry was advancing. The extraordinary influence which the school of Pope exercised on the bards of the country long after its citadel was effectively undermined is peculiarly apparent in Leyden's work and his poems thus acquire the value of a rare literary curiosity.

A review of his Indian poems cannot but be of great interest to readers in this country. There are only about a dozen of them, but they furnish an interesting commentary on varied aspects of Indian life and civilisation. *The Song of a Telinga Dancing Girl* addressed to a European gentleman in the presence of some European ladies reminds us of the *vers de société* of Mathew Prior. Radha burns for him and for him alone, and she is pained to see there are dearer beauties and bright rivals of a fairer hue round her—and therefore Radha yields to sad despair ! It will be difficult to maintain that this is true to Hindu society, the Telinga dancing girl being drawn from a class which is probably incapable of such sentiments.

The battle of Assaye inspires another piece and the British hero commemorates with pride the gallant band,

That broke
Through the bursting clouds of smoke

When the volleyed thunder spoke
From a thousand smouldering mouths of lurid flame.

There is a Miltonic touch in his characterisation of the tremendous odds against which they had to contend, the forces being more terrible than those which came on Greece or Macedon,

When they shook the Persian throne
Mid the old barbaric pomp of Ispahan.

The ode has much of the martial spirit—Leyden himself had later to discharge the duties of a commander in Bengal—but it is unfortunately marred by the ending, where the poet succumbs to the older tradition. "For heroic worth and fame shall never die" is rather a dull ending for a poem celebrating a triumph in battle. Another poem similar in spirit is that on General Frazer, killed at the battle of Deeg in the year 1804,

A town of historic importance in Southern India—"the moat-girt towers of Velura" or Vellore—forms the subject of a third poem. A close study of the ancient tradition and religious history of the place lends some importance to the poem, at least to those who have known it. The mountain of Kailasgarh and the surrounding natural scenery recall to his mind the early scenes of his life in Scotland. The peaceful town was to be disturbed the next year by a serious mutiny, but Leyden's ode was *On Leaving Vellore*.

The most distinguishing poem of the group is his famous *Ode to an Indian Gold Coin*, in which he delivers a touching lament on the condition of the Anglo-Indian toiling in this distant land for the "vile yellow slave":

Slave of the mine! thy yellow light
Gleams baleful as the tomb-fire drear—
A gentle vision comes by night
My lonely widow'd heart to cheer;
Her eyes are dimmed with many a tear
That once were guiding stars to mine:
Her fond heart throbs with many a fear
I cannot bear to see thee shine.

For thee, for thee, vile yellow slave,
I left a heart that loved me true;
I crossed the tedious ocean-wave,
To roam in climes unkind and new,

The cold winds of the stranger blew
 Chill on my wither'd heart—the grave,
Dark and untimely, met my view
 And all for thee, vile yellow slave !

The last lines have a tragic significance, his prophetic spirit seeming to perceive with remarkable intuition his approaching end. It is the same pathetic expression of anguish and fear that is heard in these lines, their very simplicity and directness lending some awe to their meaning :

Far from my sacred natal clime
 I haste to an untimely grave !

The fear—it is almost a certainty—of death haunts him repeatedly :

Fore-doomed to seek an early tomb,
 For whom the pallid grave-flowers blow,
 I hasten on my destined doom
 And sternly mock at joy or woe.

And this brings us to *The Dirge of the Departed Year*, which, though written in Penang, narrates some of his pleasant experiences in Southern India. He remembers "the holy ground by the Cauvery's stream" He recalls with a rapture the days spent in the land of palms, in Travancore and in Malabar :

Sweet Malabar! thy suns that shine
 With softened light through summer showers,
 Might charm a sadder soul than mine
 To joy amid thy lotus flowers.

For each sweet scene I wander'd o'er,
 Fair scenes that ever shall be dear,
 From Curga's hills to Travancore
 I hail thy steps, departed year.

The poet's lot was cast in Bengal for the next few years, it was here that he wrote some terrible verses which have a bearing on some dark aspects of popular Hinduism—the cult of Kali-worship with its mysterious rites of blood and sacrifice. The poet is on "sea-girt Sagur's desert isle," and the sight of an infanticide and human sacrifice fills him with righteous indignation. The mother consigned the child to the Ganges and "she shrunk not once its cries to hear." A victim with his streaming beard hoar and grey, his matted locks arrayed in red flowers, is offered to the Evil Power, Kali—"midst

the braying brazen timbrels, his heart-blood shed on the lotus flower." It is in such revolting circumstances that he speaks out with an extraordinary dignity and reserve so characteristic of his lofty soul :

Skull-chaplet wearer ! whom the blood
Of man delights a thousand years,
Than whom no face, by land or flood,
More stern and pitiless appears,
Thine is the cup of human tears.
For pomp of human sacrifice
Cannot the cruel blood suffice—
Of tigers which thine island rears ?

The poem affords a strange contrast to Heber's idyllic picture of *An Evening Walk in Bengal*.

There is again the *Lament of Rama* from the Bengalee, which presents some fine touches of the Oriental spirit in Art and Philosophy. The people of Ayodhya pour out their sorrow for the Solar prince, the hero of the *Ramayana*, who has been banished into exile by the wiles of an intriguing stepmother. Here are the plaintive strains of the eastern bard :

From the fish in the streamlets a broken sigh heaves,
And the birds of the forest lament from the leaves,
and the inevitable Hindu conclusion :

Faith fades from the age, nor can honour remain,
And fame is delusion and glory is vain.

There are two poems on the death of Tippoo Sultan, one rendered from the Canarese and the other from the Hindustani, which are not marked by any great poetic merit. They, however, afford a vivid glimpse into the distinctive spirit of the two great races that have made their home in India. Leyden saw service in Mysore and the surrounding districts for some years and it evidently gave him numerous opportunities for coming into contact with the folklore of the people. That he has preserved with great care the spirit of the originals in translating these two pieces is evident from the national features which have found strong expression in them. The Canarese bard paints in glowing colours the prosperity of the Moslem ruler, comparing the splendour of his court and the greatness of his power to those of the ancient kings of the *Mahabharata*, whose glory was but paltry when compared with his. The elaborate account is followed by reflections on the transient nature of human greatness. It is said to vanish when "the

‘ God of lotus-eye” withdraws his smile, as soon as Krishna’s favour is fled. The old, old Hindu doctrine is preached once more :

How vain is every mortal boast,
How empty earthly pomp and power !
Proud bulwarks crumbled down to dust,
‘ If o’er them adverse fortune lower.

“ In Vishnu’s lotus-foot alone,” is there power when every earthly throne tumbles and martial glory fades away. The Moslem composition is full of fire and breaks out in a fierce appreciation of “ the gallant Sultan.” Breathing defiance at the enemy even after conquest, and with curses for the traitor that would betray his master on the battlefield, the follower of the Arabian prophet realises the painful fact that the throne of the Sultan “ who was their earthly trust, is now the lowly dust.” The dominant note in the genius of the two nations is thus vividly brought out in these two short pieces of poetry.

The limited scope of the present study renders it unnecessary to dwell at any length on his non-Indian poems, many of which display even a truer poetic utterance. Is it too much to ask for some indulgence in the critic in the judgment of the work of one whose career was as short as it was full of the most tormenting anguish of body and soul ? He declared his own ambition in poetry in the lines :

Enough for me, if fancy wake the shell,
To Eastern minstrels’ strain.

Who will deny that he did accomplish it in circumstances which must have blasted many an ardent poetic spirit ?

The Indian experiences of Leyden throw light on the conditions of life which prevailed in this country in his time. Coming when the comforts of civilisation were scarcely known in the land, it was his misfortune to undergo severe hardships in his travels. His melancholy disposition, which was still further embittered by long exile from home, found very little happiness in the surroundings of an alien land, but a keen sense of humour which characterised him, at least when he was fresh from Scotland, was of great help to him in putting up with his trials.

He came to Madras on board the *Hugh Inglis*, after a voyage of five months, and travellers who now dash into the city by the Bombay Express on a Saturday, two weeks after leaving England, and refresh themselves in fashionable hotels, might well congratulate themselves when they read Leyden’s account of his landing and first experiences in Madras.

"We landed after passing through a very rough and dangerous surf, and being completely wetted by the spray, and were received on the beach by a number of the natives, who wanted to carry us from the boat on their naked greasy shoulders, shining with cocoa oil. I jumped on the shore with a loud huzza, tumbling half a dozen of them in the sand, but the sun was so excruciatingly hot, that my brains seemed to be boiling, for which reason I got into my palankeen, and proceeded to the principal inn. On my way thither, wishing to speak to one of my messmates, I overset the palankeen by leaning incautiously to one side, and nearly tumbled head foremost into the street. . . . I then set out to survey the town in the self-same palankeen. The houses had all of them an unearthly appearance, by no means consonant to our ideas of Oriental splendour. The animals differed a good deal from ours: the dogs looked wild and mangy, their hair stood on end, and they had all the appearance of being mad. The cows and bullocks had all bunches on their shoulders, and their necks low and apparently bowed beneath their burden. . . . Can you be surprised that my curiosity was so thoroughly satisfied that I even experienced a considerable degree of sickness and felt all my senses so dazzled and tormented that my head ached and my ears tingled and I was so completely fatigued by the multitude of new sensations which crowded on me on every side that to free myself from the torment, like an ox tormented with gadflies, I took to the water and got again on shipboard with more satisfaction than I had descried land after a five month's voyage?"

His life on shore was hardly encouraging at the beginning. The first night was full of unpleasant experiences. His side was smarting and he found that the disturbing agent was an animal—a large lizard of the blood-sucker type. It saluted him in the morning "like Xailoun's cousin, Karduwan, in the Arabian tales, which saluted him so kindly, though it would not condescend to enter into conversation"!

Bangalore and Mysore were hardly the towns of easy access which they are now. The unsettled state of the country after the troubles with Tippoo Sultan added to the difficulties, and he had an exciting adventure in the new province which had to be traversed by quaint methods of travelling. He was asked to take immediate charge of an officer who had fallen sick in the interior. He made the journey with great rapidity but he arrived during the night at the bank of a river in floods, which had to be crossed to enable him to reach his destination.

The river could not be forded nor were any boats available. He therefore proceeded to a village at a little distance, though it was notorious as a den of robbers, and insisted on their seeing him across the river. Three of them were made to do this duty, and it was done in a manner which almost seems to baffle realisation by people of this century. He was asked to sit in a brass kettle balancing himself carefully. The three villagers swam in the river and towed the kettle across, holding it by its three ears! The most exciting part of the incident was, however, yet to come—he was dogged by a monstrous tiger for a distance of three miles!

Leyden has a very attractive picture to present of the natural scenery of Coorg and the character of its people. "The grotesque and savage scenery, the sudden peeps of romantic ridges and mountains bursting at once on you through the bamboc bushes, the green peaks of the loftiest hills, towering above the forests on their declivities, and the narrow cultivated strips between the ridges, all contributed strongly to recall to memory some very romantic scenes in the Scottish Highlands." He is struck by the dignified bearing of the people of Coorg, their "frank, open, and bold demeanour" which he observes is in contrast to the general attitude of the other Hindus. The ordinary Subedhar of Vira Rajendra Pettah—a mere district official—has the courage of advancing towards him and he gives such a vigorous shake of the hand that Leyden exclaims "it would have done credit to a Scotchman." His surprise at the dignified behaviour of the Coorg official was so great, that it made him forget an elaborate vernacular oration which he had carefully prepared.

The exclusiveness of the Brahmin and the contempt of the priestly class for the foreigner furnish him with material for some interesting comment. In all his conversations with the Brahmins he insisted on claiming divine descent for himself—he put forward as his direct ancestor the great Swayambhu or Brahma himself, the First Parents being connected with the line with the appellations of "Adima" and "Iva." His own Veda was said to have been issued long before the times of the great Hindu sage, Veda Vyasa.

Anglo-Indian life evidently went on with more gaiety and romance than at present. Leyden and his friends were at breakfast one morning when Sir John Malcolm returned his copy of *Scenes of Infancy* with some complimentary verses on the title page. The gallant soldier pointed out that Leyden's verses, written in youth, had a commendable warmth of patriotism and martial virtue. The poet had such satisfaction

in reading the verses that he insisted on foregoing his breakfast till he had answered in verse the compliments of his distinguished friend. Half an hour, and he came out of his room with a reply in his hands. He acknowledged with some pride :

Careless of fame, not fond of praise,
The simple strains spontaneous sprung :
For Teviot's youths I wrote the lays,
For border maids my song I sung.

It was enough for him that they had pleased a person like the Colonel, who had his spirit "unquenched beneath the Eastern star."

There is a note of the primitive passion for courage and rash adventure in an incident which happened on his voyage from Calcutta to Madras—the voyage, it is interesting to know in this connection, extended to thirty days. It also gives a revelation of the playful tastes of the Anglo-Indian society of the time. There were on board the ship two passengers with whom he was on terms of intimacy. They offered to bet sixty gold mohurs that Leyden would not climb up to the top-gallantroyal of the vessel. It was intended to play a joke on him, which was nothing short of having him bound there and forcing him to purchase his freedom on payment of a fine. Leyden was bold enough to accept the challenge and make the attempt—he mounted to the top and also quickly perceived the attempt to fasten him there. At the risk of great danger and with bruises on his palms he managed to slip down by grasping a coir rope! It is creditable to Leyden to note that though he had thus won the wager, he refused to take the money, which was duly offered in the form of a written order.

It is only necessary to add that, amidst all this apparent pleasure and good humour, he was nursing the deep melancholy which was the curse of his life. From incidents and experiences of this kind he often turned into a world of his own to give vent to his sullen despair in accents of painful grimness. His inmost heart was whispering to him every moment that he was moving to the grave, till he actually found the peace of death in that fatal chamber of the Far East.

P. SESHADRI.

Madras.

OUR NATIONAL RELATIONSHIP TO OTHER PEOPLES, ESPECIALLY IN THE FAR EAST.

THE volume on Inter-Racial Problems issued by the Congress of Races contains chapters bearing on the wrong policy adopted in treating Orientals and others. Such wrong policy leads to great trouble and bitterness. It hinders *co-operation* in many important ways. All kinds of proof could be given, that the Chinese are amenable to instruction and training, only we must first win them, meet them at least on equal terms, and even be willing to take suggestions from them as to what is suitable for the good of their country. Chapter after chapter might be given, proving from the Missions in Amoy that amazing progress has been made in physical, mental, moral and spiritual development, showing that many have yielded themselves unreservedly for effective service. They have realised that missionaries, both men and women, are honestly engaged in seeking their welfare. This has deeply touched them. No writer has yet adequately explained the instances and tokens of their responsiveness.

The case of lady missionaries is very remarkable. They have had to make their position in China. No such body of women has ever before existed. To show how they are differentiated it has been said there are three sexes, male, female and neutral. This means that the lady missionaries are regarded as a remarkable class. They are looked up to with all respect. When they visit families to instruct the women, the men, ever so dignified, listen in hiding, so as to get the benefit of their teaching. When they are at stations where there are no male missionaries, preachers and even pastors eagerly seek their instruction. Indeed, I have known of a great prefectural city having excellent male missionaries, where the lady

missionary was sought after by high-class pastors so as to get help in their sermons.

There can be no doubt that if the sympathetic side of life, instead of that of force, were used by all foreigners, much good might be accomplished. To-day in all the world this principle seems to apply. If we read a book like "The Great Illusion," it seems as though in the future the world will be regulated, not by armies and navies, but by moral agencies, business relations, mutual credit and the like.

Now in these particulars China is especially strong. The Chinese can make good soldiers when they are properly trained and led, but they are not naturally a fighting people. They consider it is to their credit to work by moral agencies. Mencius was a great sage, but he was inclined to be warlike. Confucius paid more attention to moral principle. As the ages have passed Mencius has been less thought of, but Confucius has been marvellously to the front. To study out all such ideas would impress us deeply with the fact as to the line we ought to take in winning over Chinamen.

If we do not win them over our future intercourse will be marked by disaster. They are being forced into military methods. When they become a military power and when they develop the resources of their country, what can they not do to force their way in the world and take reprisals on us? It may be argued that in spite of all our hard treatment of them we have been of service to them in a hundred ways. It may also be argued that we are beginning to learn some lessons as to how to treat them. We have been afraid, for example, that to allow them to enter the public gardens in Shanghai would mean that the gardens would be so overrun that the families of Westerners would be excluded. To meet this difficulty we are going to provide some special gardens for the Chinese. Little kindnesses of this sort are all very well, but they do not obviate the fact that many and many a national grudge still rankles.

We regard ourselves as a ruling race, and in all the East we think we must keep others in their place. But when these 'others' get the power, they will take a lesson out of our own book. Hence the need of precaution. We cannot begin too soon to study how to produce a better understanding. It may be truly said that just now, amid all the turmoil in China, foreigners are

highly esteemed. But this is the time of China's weakness. Still, even now, they are struggling up and they keenly discriminate between nations. It is the boast of America that her intercourse with China has been wonderfully free from collision. There was indeed bitter feeling because the Chinese were excluded from the States. This, however, was only an incident, and America claims that she is on better terms with China than other nations. Some argue that Germany is making her way into her confidence. The aloofness of Britain ought to be moderated. The book "Inter-Racial Problems" provides instruction on this subject. It is generally acknowledged in regard to India that we must treat the Indian on fairer terms, and the recent efforts of King George have been in this direction. Still, many social evils have to be overcome. The Chinese are a stronger people than the Hindus. They have great possibilities as to character and decision of purpose. The Japanese, with all their cleverness, have to employ the Chinese to be their bankers. The power of education in China is increasing every day. The impact of foreigners on the Chinese has had important results. It must be remembered that a special feature of Chinese life is imitativeness. They are determined to acquire the knowledge of the West and to put it to good service. It will be strange if they do not continue to advance in Western ways, and when they can do without us, why should they not? Then will arise many questions as to coping with us in many departments of life, for example, merchandise, the labour market, etc.

They are remarkable for remembering their friends. Many queer things have been said against missionaries, who have been obliged to enter China and remain there under their own Government, and thus, through political complications, to be involved in blame. Yet surely time will rectify this. Extra-territoriality has disappeared in Japan and it must disappear in China. Then we Westerners in China will have to be under Chinese rulers even as aliens in England are under English control. It will be a serious thing for us then if we do not give heed to our behaviour. Take, for example, a famous book, "Chinese Characteristics," by a famous author. It was written for English readers and created marvellous interest. The information is valuable and should be widely known, but the sharp points made have pierced the Chinese keenly. Now-

adays it must not be forgotten that everything written concerning China, even though written in English, is widely read by them. But besides this the book has been translated into Chinese. The stinging parts of it have caused deep offence, especially throughout Peking. The undesirable parts of the book are worse in Chinese than in English. Great people do not forgive what they consider the wrong done them. The writer of the book was travelling on board a steamer with a Mandarin. He wished to associate, but was repulsed. On enquiring as to the reason, he was referred to his unpardonable book. A famous Chinaman who knew about the matter told me that the author of the "Characteristics," in order to level up on the other side, wrote another book, "slanging" his own countrymen the Americans. My friend, the Chinaman, was reviewing the same book. There are keen minds and pens in China. As the saying goes, "Men may be killed by the pen as truly as by the sword."

Strenuous efforts should be made in order that the Chinese may be properly understood by us. They are a people of contrasts. No sooner do we think that we have come to some definite decision than we meet with something noteworthy on the opposite side. T. T. Meadows, of the Consular Service, wrote a book on "China and her Rebellions," in which he showed that we Britishers are unfair. We do not give credit to the Chinese in their effort to take off sharp edges in conversation. We call them "liars," and encourage a great antipathy to them on this account. They have antipathy to us because we are lacking in filial piety. The extent of our brute force leads us to over-rate ourselves. We do not consider the many excellent ideas, principles and methods by which the Chinese people have continued in existence while so many great nations have passed away. We deeply resent the objectionable experiences in China from want of sanitation, hygiene, and the like. There are many difficulties arising from the fact that Westerners press their interests to the damage of Orientals. Japan has made her way because she has fought hard. Who can doubt that in time China will be able to do the same? Let us take full note of the battle-cry, "China for the Chinese." As to India, our own leaders say that we have no right to the country unless as we can prove ourselves benefactors. It is great credit to Britain that so many proofs are forthcoming that

we are benefactors. Some may say that we are benefactors to China. However this may be, in view of the interests of our traders, our soldiers and sailors, our Consuls, and in view of the fact that the good of one is the good of all, we have need to take more care, as a nation, than we have ever done to improve our national relationship with this great people. Indeed, we must not overlook the fact that in all the Orient, "Asia for the Asiatics" is being raised as a battle-cry which cannot be disregarded.

England.

J. SADLER.

A MYSTIC DRAMA.

MARY, PRINCESS KARADJA, the gifted authoress of this drama, is a mystic. Her "Towards the Light" is a mystic poem. It was written originally in Swedish and translated by herself into English. It dealt with an after-life experience and described the various steps of penance and repentance. It went through six editions and was translated into German, Dutch and Danish. The poem was followed by two books called "The Esoteric Meaning of the Sacraments" and "The Ancient Therapists," and we have now before us a mystic drama from her pen, called "King Solomon."*

The preface is dated "Easter 1912," and the authoress says therein that, while the Drama represents Synthesis, the Commentaries she has attached to it represent Analysis, and attempt to prove that there has never been more than one religion revealed and re-revealed all through the ages, and the fundamental thoughts are identical in every Creed. The drama is a very artistic production, but what we are most interested in is the experience of the authoress herself mentioned in the Commentaries.

It appears that in 1904, she found her invisible Master, and there are over 20 references to his teaching at various pages. Let us see what it was. The best way of presenting it will be to think out what questions are likely to be discussed at a Conference of Christian Mystics, and then quote *verbatim* the replies our mystic received from her Master. The replies are not given consecutively in the Commentaries, and so the little catechism, we have compiled, will be useful. We may call it "A Western Mystic's Catechism."

Q. What constitutes the ever-invisible Root on the Great Tree of Life?

* All these books have been published by Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner* and Co., Broadway House, Ludgate Hill, London. The price of "King Solomon" is 6s. net, and of the first three books 1s., 2s., and 6d. respectively.

A. God—in His double aspect of Father and Mother, Wisdom and Love, Eternal Force and Eternal Substance.

Q. What constitutes the Stem?

A. The Logos—the Creative Word is “the Only Begotten” Son of the Divine Father and Mother. The harmonious blending of Wisdom and Love engenders the Logos. Force, the Father, is made manifest through Substance, the Mother. The Logos is Life and Light.

Q. What is the Consort of Light, the Son?

A. Ether, which contains and sustains the whole.

Q. What are the first emanations of Light, the main Branches emerging from the Stem?

A. Light is Life. Each Ray emanating from the Divine Centre is a living being, a conscious entity, a Son or Daughter of God.

The first Emanations of Light and Ether were called by the Ancient Initiates the Seven Elohim. They were the Seven Creative Principles, the Seven Spirits in front of the Throne of God.

They were the Three Kings, namely, the Spirit of Power (or Strength), the Spirit of Wisdom, and the Spirit of Purity, the Three Queens, namely, The Spirit of Mercy, the Spirit of Truth, and the Spirit of Peace, and, lastly or firstly the Spirit of Beauty, the top-shoot, the sum-total, the rainbow containing every shade.

Q. What is the Great Secret?

A. That which relates to the Origin and End of Evil.

Q. What was the Origin of Evil and how will it end?

A. When the Spirit of Strength misused his Free-will, and loving himself more than he loved God, detached himself from the Almighty, then the link of Holiness which united him to his celestial Consort, the Spirit of Mercy, was severed, and he found himself Alone, a disharmonious and incomplete Being, for he had lost half of his Divine Ego.

The colours of the Three Kings were, respectively, red, blue and yellow, those of the Three Queens, green, violet, and orange. The colour of the Spirit of Beauty was white. Black never sprang from white. A great gulf yawned between Red and Green.

United, they were able to mirror forth the White Light, and to produce new beings on the Celestial plane. Divorced from Mercy, Strength is barren.

He is Force, She is Substance. When Force is misused, Substance

is withdrawn. Evil is not allowed to immortalise itself. Its creations belong to the realm of Illusion, they lack reality.

When the Spirit of Strength perceived that his power had been subjected to limitations, he became enraged, and resolved to complete himself; he created a Consort out of empty nothing.

Red engendered Black. Lucifer engendered Lucia. The Great Red Dragon gave birth to Kali, the Serpent Queen.

He created a Female; not a Woman. The Serpent lacked sex in its highest aspect; she lacked Pure Love. He, the mighty Archangel, who still in his Fall preserved a faint shimmer of his pristine glory, granted Stolen Life to a being, whose name had not been written in the Book of Life, a being who had nothing in common with God.

There are only two absolutely inimical powers: God and Venus Astaroth. In Him is Unity, in her Dissension. Pure Love engenders Life, Lust engenders Death.

Astarte is the great whore. She is the Sphinx, with a heart of Stone, and her secret is that she is barren. But so great is the mercy of the Lord, that even she, who has but Stolen Life, shall receive Life Eternal, if she humbly clings to the Light.

Her name shall no more be Astarte. It shall be Estarte: "Thou art!" And then she too will become fertile.

Hark, Children of Earth! This is the great Secret of Heaven,

Q. Who is the Virgin, the Widow, the Emerald Cup, the Vessel, the Ark? •

A. The Spirit of Mercy.

Q. When is a radiant Christ-child born in the Spirit World?

A. Each time a perfectly pure thought fertilises a perfectly pure feeling.

Q. Will the Spirit of Mercy ever cease to be a widow?

A. Yes, at the end of Evolution. She will be wedded, then, to her Maker, but not re-united unto the Spirit of Strength.

Q. What Spirit took the place of the Spirit of Strength, when this latter rebelled?

A. The Spirit of Justice. After Lucifer's fall, another Archangel emerged out of the depths of the Divine Being. Then only Justice was born. There was no need for Justice before the Fall.

Q. What is to become of the Spirit of Strength?

A. When the Prodigal Son has returned home, and the Red Ray of Strength is once more established in glory, then the Spirit of Justice

will sink back into the arms of Mercy, and those two will once more be one as in the origin of time.

In addition to this teaching, the Princess was favoured with light on certain other matters. She was interested in Solomon and appears to have meditated on his life, and on Jewish symbols. Who was the Queen of Sheba? Who was Pharaoh's daughter, the Queen of Solomon? What is the meaning of Jachin and Boaz? What was the secret vault in the Temple at Jerusalem? How was the Queen of Sheba taken into the Temple? The invisible Master solved all these problems.

The Princess writes at p. 93, that she had thought Balkis, Queen of Sheba, to be a good woman, and she was therefore much amazed, when the true nature of her mission to Solomon was revealed in 1904. "I was informed that the Being of whom she is a manifestation, incarnates each time it desires to bring about the downfall of an empire or of some important individual. The Queen of Sheba re appeared in history as Helen of Troy and as Cleopatra, always bringing ruin and destruction to those who were caught in her nets. I would not have dared to publish this Drama with its new and startling conception of the Queen of Sheba, unless I had succeeded—after years of patient research—in collecting overwhelming evidence of the fact that the events described really occurred as I beheld them in my vision, and that my appreciation of her character is historically correct." From a passage at p. 118, we learn that certain explanations were made to the Princess when she "was out of the body." At p. 125 she says an explanation concerning a symbol was granted to her in 1904 "from the Beyond," and at p. 145 she says the passage in Revel. VI., 9, was explained to her "from the Beyond, during my initiation in November, 1904." At p. 170 she writes: "In 1904, when I beheld the astral records, I saw distinctly King Solomon leading the Queen of Sheba across a Bridge. At that time I knew nothing about the topographical situation of Jerusalem and had never given the subject a thought. Since then I have—by patient investigation—mainly in the Oriental Students' Department in the British Museum—been able to ascertain that a deep valley, now almost entirely blocked up by rubbish, separated in ancient times the City of David from Mount Moriah. It is called the Tyropean Valley. In Solomon's time it was traversed by means of a "Sacred Bridge," mentioned in I. Kings, X., 5. My vision was consequently not an effect of imagination, but a clear perception of a historical fact."

From these passages we may infer that the Princess does believe in certain "effects of imagination" and therefore considers it necessary

to seek corroboration even of astral records seen by her, when out of the body.

At p. 193 she says: "This is the Revelation I received in 1904 concerning the Origin of Evil." At p. 197 she writes: "It was revealed to me in 1904 that when the Centripetal Force (Egotism) first placed itself in opposition to the Centrifugal Force (Pure Love), then Apollo became Apollyon: the Cross (Light) was transformed into the Swastika (Fire)." At p. 203 she speaks of the corroboration of the "Revelation I have had concerning the first Emanations." At p. 216 she quotes Zechariah IV., 6-7, and writes: "These lines prove conclusively that the interpretation communicated to me by my Invisible Master is correct." At p. 217 she says it was revealed to her that Zechariah V., 9, was a mistranslation. At p. 225, we have this remarkable passage: "In 1904—during my Initiation—I beheld in vision a pair of scales weighing unevenly. I saw the numbers 13+14 heavily weighing down one of the scales, and on the other side the number 12 vainly attempting to restore proper balance. Then I saw the number 15 descending from above and placing itself beside the twelve—and lo!—harmony was restored! My Master explained to me that 12 is the number of the Virgin, 13 the number of the Serpent, 14 the number of the "Prince of this World" and 15 the number of the Messiah. When the Soul has become "Virgin" and is crowned with 12 stars, (Rev. XII.) then she gives birth to the mystic Manchild the Redeemer. $5+5+5=15$. 5 is the Adamic number; 15 restores the Microcosmic Trinity."

There were revelations not only about numbers and colours but about geometrical figures and musical notes. The Non-Manifest Deity corresponds to the Invisible Point, ever present, the origin of all forms; the Straight Line corresponds to the Logos, the Ascending Equilateral Triangle to the Three Kings, the Reversed Equilateral Triangle to the Three Queens. The Kings were the Major Chord, the Queens the Minor Key. The Kings were Do, Mi, Sol, the Queens Fa, Re, La. The Spirit of Beauty was the 7th chord. The ultra-violet ray corresponds to the Spirit of Truth which is to come.

To us all these glimpses into the inner life of the authoress are more interesting than the Drama itself. Tennyson told Tyndall that the passage in "The Ancient Sage" beginning with

"And more, my son! for more than once when I sat all alone, revolving in myself,"

represented truly his own experience. We have his testimony

that the mortal limit of the self can be loosed, and "thro' loss of self we can gain such large life as is

" unshadowable in words,
"Themselves but shadows of a shadow-world."

How is this loosing of the mortal limit effected? Tennyson was perfectly sane, and yet he believed, nay had actual experience of being, so to say, out of his body:

"I touch'd my limbs, the limbs were strange, not mine."

The authoress appears to have had similar experience. In the Yoga Sutras of Patanjali, we have the science of meditation, as practised by the Hindus. It will be interesting to know what method was followed by the Princess, and how she found her Teacher.

One important hint given by Patanjali is that of meditating in the beginning on what one loves. In the Panchadasi an example is given even of a man who was asked to meditate on his buffalo, as he loved it best. Every school of Mysticism teaches the Immanence of the Supreme. Every school has its symbols, colours, figures, forms, phrases, &c. by means of which the novice is taught to see the One in the Many, and the Many in the One. Every school, again, has something to say about the Great Illusion, about Trial and Discipline and Initiation and Regeneration. Marie Corelli, in her latest novel, "The Life Everlasting," introduces us to one school. But after all Santoris is a poor creature. The Yoga Sutras give us a higher ideal. It is not for our ultimate good to exercise command over the powers of Nature. So long as you desire, you will be in the realm of Desire. Desire, therefore, Desirelessness, in order to understand the highest mystery. But desiring desirelessness is not an easy thing. The soul must pass through the fire of temptation. Not even Vishvamitra could attain the Highest, without succumbing to temptation and passing through the fire of repentance. The Soul does not easily become a Virgin.

Desire, say the Vedas, is the link between the Seen and the Unseen. The Omniscient, when he gave his own power with free-will, must have foreseen the birth of what is called Evil. Every limitation of time, space or causation is, in one sense, an evil. But evil itself is really good in the making. It is better to be than not to be. It is better even to exist than not to exist. It is better to love and lose than not to love. It is better to know what ecstasy is, even if it entails suffering, than not to know it at all. We rise by falling, but there are falls and falls. The teaching of every mystic lays great stress on

foregoing the pleasures of the senses, but Solomon found it difficult to forego them. Happy the man who is more successful!

To every novice, the Visible appeals more strongly than the Invisible. It is useful, therefore, to tell him of the ruin wrought by self-indulgence and sensual pleasures. "King Solomon" will be a great aid to those who wish to walk in the narrow way, in order to gain the highest height. The ancients correctly represented Aphrodite as born of foam. "What is foam? An unsubstantial and evanescent formation, floating upon the water. The foam contains all sorts of impurities. Venus, the goddess of sensual love, has not arisen from out the pure depths of the Heavenly Ocean. She is the child of the surface. Sexual love is skin-deep. It is its fate to be ruthlessly swept away by the winds of Heaven. As long as the Ocean is covered with foam, it cannot fulfil its mission, which is to reflect Light. It is only when Venus has utterly vanished that Mary can emerge. Until the Soul has re-become Virgin, it cannot perceive the divine radiance emanating from the Inner Christos."

We require constant reminders of the existence of the Invisible, reminders of a world which is not a world of our physical senses, of a world where Time, Space and Causality have no existence. Not without strong faith can even the first rung of the Spiritual Ladder be ascended. Not without inflexible faith can the veil be rent. The Spiritual Plane is truly the Promised Land, but we like the fleshpots of Egypt. We have to cross the Red Sea, "the domain of the Great Monster of the Deep," and pass some days in the Desert and live in tents, before we can even catch a glimpse of the land flowing with milk and honey. But alas, few of us have faith in the testimony of Seers and Mystics. The world is too much with us, and when we boast it is not, we soon have a fall.

According to the Princess, no dry rod can re-conquer vitality unless it be plunged in water. We are mostly dry rods. She asks us to become fruitful branches. She tells us the Ark represents Divine Motherhood and that entrance into it means entrance into the Vessel of Salvation. In Heaven, the Spirit of Mercy, she says, manifests herself in the Emerald Ray, and that Ray perceived on Earth gives birth to Hope. Virgo is the symbol of that Spirit, and Virga means a Branch. "Passions follow generation as rust doth copper," and the Vestal that sins has to be purified before she can be filled with the Divine Essence. The Free Mason, who wishes to obtain the 33rd degree, must execute the 12 labours, pass the 12 gates, vanquish the five senses and obtain

dominion over the four elements. The Mystic Wedding of the Soul is not for those who are slaves to Lust and Sin. The Mystic House, where the Immaculate Mother and her Radiant Son can enter, can never be erected without mystic Masonry and Carpentry. Mara in Hebrew becomes Maria only when the *yod* (*iota* in Greek) is added, and it is never added before we realise that

"Tomb, Cradle—Cradle, Tomb,
Are but compartments in one mighty cage,"

a cage made by ourselves, and that we are sure to remain in that cage, which is affixed to the Wheel of Time, "so long as we yield to the magnetic attraction of this planet and its evanescent joys."

It has been a pleasure to us to read the Drama and the Commentaries, and we trust the book will be widely read. We appreciate the motive which has led to the publication of the experiences we have quoted, and we shall rejoice if the authoress follows up this work with others likely to wean us of materialism. She asks her readers to formulate their questions and she promises to answer them in her Magazine "Sophia." The questions that occur to us are these :

(a) Why are there so many inconsistent accounts given of the various planes? The Secret Doctrine of the late Madame Blavatsky is full of such inconsistencies. Even Mrs. Besant is inconsistent, and the names which the Princess gives to her seven planes are different from hers. The Vedantic description of the five sheaths has not been adhered to by Mrs. Besant who puts the Anandmaya before the Vignanamaya. The Princess uses the words 'mind,' 'mental' and 'psychic' in a rather confusing way. There is need of a Conference of Western Mystics to settle their terminology and, if possible, their symbology.

(b) Is it not a fact that as the Atma is within every one of us, there is creative power within us, and hence, we can create what we intensely desire, and, therefore, our visions differ, at least when we are not yet initiates?

(c) The Princess believes in Karma. Now Karma is of three kinds, Sanchit, Prarabdh and Kriyaman. How is one to know that a particular Karma is Prarabdh? Prarabdh itself is Tiwra, Madhiam or Mand. How far can the latter two be modified? Can they be at all neutralised? Take the case of the wreck of the Titanic. Stead was on board that ill-starred vessel. Was it fated that he was to die in this way? Was his death due, to the interaction of the Prarabdh of any of his fellow-passengers? Was it due to the Prarabdh of the Star Line or the Insurers in America or England, or both collectively? We know that the action of even a

pebble thrown into the sea is not lost. How many waves and wavelets of Karma sank the Titanic? How shall we distinguish the various strands of Karma? We presume that as the Princess believes in Karma, her Master also believes in it, and can throw light on these questions.

(d) Is it not a fact that every explanation of our existence and the existence of the world presupposes a beginning in Time and Space, and can therefore be true only relatively. It cannot be true where there are no Thens and Whens.

(e) Does not every such explanation leave intact the mystery of how the Absolute chose to become Relative? Did He wish to obtain experience? If so, was He not omniscient? Did He wish to merely sport? Did He dramatise and act every part in his own person? Did He stand in need of voluntary love and so gave free-will? May it not be that words, after all, are shadows of a shadow world and that these questions cannot be settled except by inner illumination incapable of description?

(f) If there is Atma in man and woman, why does the Princess exalt woman above man? Water is the symbol of woman, and she says that dry rods can become fertile only when plunged in water. She also says the mission of woman is Salvation? There is the man-soul in every woman, and the woman-soul in every man. Both can endure, both renounce. Who renounced life itself during the recent Titanic disaster? Why then this attempt to make out that one sex is higher than the other?

(g) May it not be that all the worlds are co-operant to an end, and that they came into being to learn co-operation? Granted free-will, there will be infinite variety. Each world is to be a shareholder in the Cosmos, and the nations of this small world are to be shareholders in it, and, as Mr. Wells puts it, every citizen is to be a shareholder in his State.

(h) What is the exact relation in which the "Prince of this World" stands towards the other Spirits, after his fall? If there is Atma in all, there must be Amta in him also. The greater the sin, the greater the opportunity for attempting reclamation and for mercy. Are we to take it that during all these ages, no Archangel has been able to reclaim poor Lucifer. If eventually he is to be established in his glory, why should he lose his Consort?

(i) If the name of the female whom Lucifer created out of nothing was not in the Book of Life, how is she to become eventually a Being, a glorious Being? Was Helen, or Cleopatra, or Balkis an incarnation of the whole of her or only a part of her? During all these ages has she not improved even a little? Is not the Eastern or

rather the Hindu philosophic system under which Sattwa, Rajas and Tamas—children of Prakriti—play various parts, with Purush as the Sun of Suns, superior to the system under which one spirit gives the physical body, and others the other bodies ? How are all these spirits related to one another ?

We trust the authoress, when she brings out her next edition, will deal with these questions. We also trust that she will ask a Sanskritist to see if the Sanskrit words used by her are properly spelt and translated. At p. 103 *parun* should apparently be *param*, at p. 138 Varadi is perhaps Viraj, at P. 187 Sati should apparently be Sita, at p. 175 Urvati should be Urvasi. At p. 205 Kali Yuga (the Age of Dissension) is identified with Kali. But the “a” in Kali Yuga is short, while that in Kali is not so, and the two words in Sanskrit are not the same. So far as we know, Kali is not depicted as a Serpent Queen and Lakshmi is not called a Virgin Widow. Madame Blavatsky and her followers have unfortunately taken many liberties with the Hindu gods and goddesses, and perhaps the Princess has followed them. There are also several typographical mistakes in the Biblical references. These, however, are trifles, light as air. The merits of the book are great, and we heartily recommend it to the readers of this magazine.

RASILI : THE STORY OF A VILLAGE GIRL.

(Continued from page 404.)

CHAPTER XI.

THE Raja came out and sat in his Durbar. The order was given, and in an hour's time the room resounded with music and gaiety. Bottles of Irish and Scotch whisky were opened, and the cup went round banishing all good sense. A number of dancing girls were called in, with their attendant musicians. They were dressed beautifully, with all the art of professional training, yet the forced smiles which lit their faces, hardly concealed their sadness or the weariness of their tired spirits. Sorrow and sadness sat on the faces of those who were called 'instruments of pleasure' and yet people saw it not. Who cared for the music or the dance? It was the wild animal passion in man which found some satisfaction in dallying with women, even though they were like dolls in glass-cases, automatically smiling and moving their hands, and singing and saying things which meant nothing to them.

The Raja and his friends were soon half-seas-over. They created diversions such as only the subtle intellect of a Brahmin could invent to amuse the degraded leisured classes. The Jalsa was kept up for days and days; morning cups were taken on rising from bed to shake off the reaction and repeated to enliven the long forenoon, and continued to brighten the evening and the night.

Shri Nath in the meanwhile had not forgotten his promise. He made great friends with Rama Charan. But to his disappointment Rasili did not come to live with her father. She saw her father once or twice during the day, but that was all. Shri Nath was almost at his wits' end, till his fertile intellect suggested to him an idea.

He invited Rama Charan to his house, and gave him a jugful of hemp mixture which was a creation of his own. It was made of hemp which had been mixed with *dhatuwa* flowers to make its action certain. As soon as Rama Charan had finished his jug, he took him out for a walk and brought him to his hut, tottering, absolutely out of his senses. Shri Nath suggested to him the idea that he was dying, and the poor man believed it. He wished to see his daughter before he died, and gave his silver ring as a token to Shri Nath and entreated him to send a message to her. This was just what Shri Nath wanted. He sent the ring and the message to Rasili, and himself waited near the outer gate of the courtyard with two ruffians to help him. It happened just as he had anticipated. She came running, and as she passed out of the gate she did not see the trap which had been prepared for her. At a sign from him, his men took hold of the trembling girl, and Shri Nath gagged her with a handkerchief. They carried her to a small room which adjoined the Raja's kothi. Shri Nath dismissed the men, closed the door, lighted a candle and removed the gag.

"Consider this your home and deign to smile on your slave," he said, making a mock bow. "Are you angry with me? Pray, let it pass. I am a friend of your father. He is all right. I merely gave him a jug of hemp, which has opened for him the gates of the other world." And stepping forward, he wished to put his arm around her neck. She moved aside and raised a cry.

"You can shriek away as much as you please. These walls won't help you," and moving forward he wanted to take her in his arms. She bent forward, and gave him such a blow on his paunch—which perhaps struck his enlarged spleen—that he collapsed on the floor. After a little while he raised himself with some effort, opened the door, and walked out, locking the door behind him.

As soon as he was gone Rasili examined the room. There seemed no way of escape. She knew it was not safe for her to be there. A gleam of hope flashed through her mind as she noticed a small ventilator which fortunately had not been framed by a window. It was some ten feet from the floor. There was nothing in the room to enable her to reach the ventilator except the bedstead. She put it against the wall, climbed over it and reached the ventilator. An idea occurred to her; she twisted her saree into a rope, tied it to a peg that was projecting from the wall, slipped down the rope and lightly sprung to the ground and ran for her very life into the darkness. She had hardly touched the ground when the door opened and the Raja entered.

"Where is she?" he eagerly enquired looking around.

"She is here," said Shri Nath with an assured air. "Flutter as she may, she cannot now escape."

"What bliss!" said the Raja who had swallowed many pegs of whisky diluted with champagne. "What bliss!"

"What hell!" he cried as he staggered against the wall. "Why have you brought me to the dark room?"

"That silly girl must have blown out the candle, but she knows it cannot help her for long."

"Come to me, my darling," drawled the Raja. "Why do you spurn me? Why don't you come to me? I wait for you here." He advanced, and struck against the bedstead, which fell over on him.

"What devils you have in this room?" he cried as he struggled himself out of the grip of the bed. "This girl is a witch and is leagued with Jins."

"What nonsense?" said Shri Nath. "Wait, I will light a candle, and you will see whether she is a witch or a fairy."

"She is a fairy. She is an Apsara, I can assure you. I want to make her the queen of my heart," said the Raja with difficulty.

"A heart that has known many a queen," quoth Shri Nath. "You too will exercise your empire for a day and then cease to be. This is the way of the world. Wait," he added, as he fumbled in his pockets. "I have lost my matchbox, and must go and fetch it."

"You cannot leave me in this dark room. No, ten thousand times, no. It is dark, it is gloomy, it stifles me; and my thirst is killing me."

"Leave me here," said Shri Nath, "and I will know how to brighten this room."

"No, no. We must go together and come together. I don't like men who enjoy alone. She belongs to us both."

"Well, well. Then come."

"Farewell, my darling," said the Raja kissing his hand. "We will return in a moment, and then perhaps see the moon which is now depriving us of its light."

Shri Nath walked out supporting the Raja; he called a servant at the door, and sent him for matches and a peg of whisky. The man brought them, and the Raja emptied the glass and returned to the room, Shri Nath struck a match and lighted the candle. The room was full of light, but there was no trace of Rasili. They looked in every nook and corner but there was nothing in the room to hide her.

The Raja began to tremble. "I told you she is a witch. She created darkness and became a cloud of smoke and passed out of the window."

"She is no witch," returned Shri Nath, grinding his teeth, "but she has evidently escaped out of the window."

"How could a girl jump out of the window; if she has done that, she must be there lying in a broken heap. She is a nymph, I tell you," he continued. "She has melted into the air, she perhaps took the form of a bird and has flown away. I tell you she was not a woman. No woman could have been averse to pleasure like her."

"There are women and women," said Shri Nath who was absolutely tired, and spreading the charpoy, sat down and motioned the Raja to sit, as he called out a man, and directed him to look through the room again. The servant searched everywhere, then looked into the ventilator, and brought the twisted Saree which was tied to the peg.

"There," said Shri Nath. "She has left her veil behind, and escaped through the window."

"How," said the Raja.

"Sir" said the servant, "she evidently raised the bed as I have done, jumped to the ventilator, and with the help of her saree which she twisted into a rope, she slipped to the ground."

"I must find her" said Shri Nath. "I cannot bear defeat. This callow village girl has beaten me."

"Shall we organise the pursuit?" asked the Raja who was feeling weary.

"Pursuit is useless. Who knows where she has gone? Running through the streets will teach her a good lesson. She is bound to return in the morning."

"You are wise," said the Raja in his usual listless manner. He yawned and, helped by the servant, walked back to his Durbar room and lost himself in the usual merriments. He was sodded with drink and only vaguely conscious.

Poor Rasili, bare-headed and without shoes, ran wildly through the dimly-lighted streets till she was caught up by a police patrol.

"Stop, my fair one," said a constable clutching her arm.

"What a beautiful face!" said another.

"What lovely hair!" exclaimed the Head Constable.

"What has frightened you, my little doe?" said the first constable.

"Who are you?" asked the second constable.

"Whoever you are," said the Head Constable, "you are welcome to make your abode in my heart."

"Sir," said Rasili, shaking with anger. "I am a poor girl, my father is in the service of the Raja ; his servant, a pious Brahmin, wanted to dishonour me, so I ran away from him."

"How awful !" said the Head Constable with a laugh. "A poor innocent girl like you, running bare-headed through the streets, must come to me for shelter."

"I know Shri Nath," said the first constable. "He is a holy man. She is running away for something else."

"Now come," said the Head Constable linking her arm into his and dragging her with him.

Rasili withdrew herself and reluctantly followed the policemen, relying on God to save her honour

They marched her to the police station, cracking ribald jokes, and uttering words which only a policeman could utter, completely forgetful that they too were men and had wives, daughters and sisters of their own. What cared they for social obligations? Everything was crowded out by the marvellous consciousness of power. What mattered it to them if an innocent woman was steeped to the lips in misery, wishing for the earth to open and swallow her, as long as they could laugh at their own jokes. Who cared for a policeman when things were right? They had begun to take an inward pleasure in the troubles and sufferings of the people. It was only then that they as guardians of the peace, were called in to perform a function peculiarly their own. They knew how to show their Karguzari, please their superior officers, and line their own pockets with gold.

They soon reached the Police Station, the living symbol of the *Pax Britannica*, a small unpretentious building with an enclosed courtyard and a single gate, guarded by a red turbaned sentry. In the quadrangle were rooms on all sides where members of the force sat on charpoys and chairs. A number of poor people, accused or suspected of crime, were either shut up in a small room or sat huddled up in some corner of the building. Their relations and friends sat outside the courtyard, trying to find some means of soothing the "anger" of the Thane-dar.

"Hallo," said a young, well-dressed man, who sat on a chair with a pipe in his mouth, as the Head Constable marched in with Rasili. "Whom have you here?"

"Thanedar Sahib," said the Head Constable who was not at all

pleased to meet his superior. "It is only a poor woman, whom we found wandering in the streets. I have brought her here to give her a refuge for the night."

The young Thanedar continued to emit rings of smoke and fastened his keen black eyes on Rasili. "No, she is not a Bazar woman," he said decisively, after a careful survey. "I know them all. She is a new comer. My God! what eyes! what a face! what a figure! My friend, you can retire, I will record her statement myself."

The Head Constable straightened himself. "Thanedar Sahib," he said abruptly. "She seems a gentlewoman. Perhaps she left her home in a fit of anger. It will not be right for her to be left alone in the Police Station. I will take her to my zenana and keep her with my family."

"Is that your opinion?" asked the Thanedar, bursting into a heartless laughter. "All the greater reason that a superior officer should look to her comfort."

"Sir," said the Head Constable almost out of temper. "I brought her and I am mainly responsible for her safety. You won't stand by me if anything goes wrong with her."

"You can make your report and go. I don't wish to hear any more of your nonsense"

"You are acting against our private Code," said the Head Constable, grinding his teeth. "You will repent of it. It does not take long for a policeman to get into trouble."

The Thanedar rose and rapped out an order, shortly and sternly. The Head Constable was furious; he was boiling with rage at having lost such a prize, but acted automatically as the words of command were given, and retired.

"Is it not fortunate that I was here to rescue you from that animal?" said the Thanedar approaching Rasili.

"God bless you for helping a poor helpless woman," she answered, very much relieved.

"You owe me no thanks," said the Thanedar. "I am grateful to God for having sent such a star of beauty to illumine my dark abode."

Rasili made no reply, as she did not follow the import of the words spoken in high-flown Urdu.

"Come, I will give you a room in my house." He rose and asked her to follow him.

"It is good of you to take me to the ladies of your family", she said much pleased. "I want shelter for the night only."

"You will be in good company," was his short reply. "Shafdar! Shafdar!" shouted the Thanedar. "Close the door. I have brought a golden bird with me."

He guided her through a small courtyard to his room, asked his servant to close the door of the courtyard and at once put his arm round her waist. A shiver passed through her body as she pushed him back, and ran to the door, which she found locked.

"Cruel one," said the Thanedar following her. "My heart is a sacrifice at such blandishments, but why, oh, why torment the lover who is dying for you?"

"Keep away," said Rasili, "if you touch me I will kill myself."

"Kill me if it pleases you," said the Thanedar, playing well the part of a lover. "The darts from your eyes have pierced my heart. Why not put it to sleep by a final stroke of the sword?"

"I don't understand what you say, but you are a liar and a knave."

"Even harsh words from your lips are like honey. Why do you torment me? Why do you torment yourself? I only crave to stand before you like a slave."

"Promise that you will go away from the room at once."

"I breathe only to please you," he said with a mock bow.

"Have I your word of honour?"

"You have it," said he with a suppressed laugh.

His meek manners and flow of words bewildered Rasili. She returned tremblingly to the room and sat in one corner on the floor. The Thanedar moved a chair and sat near her.

"Am I not fulfilling my promise?" he began. "But I may point out that it was made only for a minute and that minute is just over."

"Only for a minute?" gasped Rasili.

"I made the promise because it is foolish to use poison when sugar can serve as well," said the Thanedar in a decisive tone of voice. "I was not a fool to run after you in the courtyard. I used my wit to entrap you." Suddenly some steps were heard outside.

"Thanedar Sahib! Thanedar Sahib!" shouted two or three voices at the door.

"Who is there?" said the Thanedar getting up.

"Thanedar Sahib," said his servant running up, "the Captain Sahib has come and wants you at once."

"May he go to hell!" said the Thanedar as he hurriedly adjusted his dress and walked out, leaving the door open. Rasili waited with

bated breath till he was gone and then fled madly through the streets. The Thanedar walked rapidly to the Police Station and found the Superintendent of Police inspecting the guard.

"Why has the Hazoor troubled to come at such a time?" he humbly enquired, as he almost doubled up in making a bow.

"Look here Thanedar," said the sahib, "you are a fool. You have never inspected the guard."

"I crave forgiveness for my mistake," he replied. "I do my inspections regularly, but of late the work has been too heavy. The dacoits gave me no peace," he added, to divert the conversation.

"I hold you responsible for them," said the Superintendent of Police. "The Inspector-General has already called for an explanation."

"I have turned my blood into sweat," said the Thanedar. "I have got all the threads in my hand, but, Hazoor, there are big men concerned in the matter. They employ and harbour dacoits."

"Haul them up," was the short reply.

"Hazoor, there is no evidence, no one would bear witness against them," said the Thanedar.

"Chalan them as Badmashes under Section 107. I will speak to the District Magistrate and see it through."

"Hazoor, there is a big Zemindar concerned in the matter, he will bring pleaders and barristers," persisted the Thanedar, "and they make fools of our simple witnesses."

"I want to suppress crime," said the Superintendent, impatiently playing with his whip. "I don't care for the pleaders. Do you hear? If you cannot stop dacoities, I will reduce you in rank."

"Sir," said the Head Constable stepping up.

"Stop," said the Thanedar motioning him away.

"Sir," persisted the Head Constable. "I have a report to make."

"What does he mean?" asked the Superintendent.

"He has made his report to me, Hazoor," said the Thanedar, nonplussed, as he cast a look of threat mingled with entreaty and at the Head Constable. "I will forward it to your honour in due course."

"Very well," said the Superintendent. "But you must stop the dacoities, or go yourself."

"By the great good fortune of the Hazoor, no dacoities shall take place," said the Thanedar bowing as the Superintendent of Police galloped off, having done his duty. The Thanedar cursed him, and

turned toward his own home followed by the Head Constable who dogged him like a shadow.

"Now, Sir," said the Head Constable proudly. "You see it is not good to ignore the vested rights of old friends."

"I will be even with you soon," said the Thanedar. "You had almost thrown me to the wolves."

"What you sow, you reap," said the Head Constable laconically. "I could have revealed the mystery of the dacoities."

"We will see who reaps the thistle in the end," said the Thanedar. "You cannot prove my connection with the dacoities. Who will place any reliance in your words. You yourself are in it."

"I can send you to jail at any moment even if I have myself to accompany you," said the Head Constable.

"Don't talk nonsense," said the Thanedar "but it is time the dacoities stopped. I have entangled Rama Singh and he shall pay dearly for having refused me the use of his horses."

"You mean to prosecute him?" asked the Head Constable. "He is innocent, but we can make many badmashes say that he employed them."

"Is it not a good idea?" said the Thanedar. "Where will you get a man like me, who thinks for his comrades so much?"

They entered the room, looked around, and both exclaimed, "Where is she?"

"Where is she?" asked the Thanedar calling his servant Shafdar.

"I don't know," said the man. "I left her in your room."

"Don't try to deceive me," said the Head Constable. "I am not a child to be treated like a fool."

"Honestly," said the Thanedar. "I left her here."

"I don't see her anywhere," said the Head Constable.

"She has escaped," exclaimed the Thanedar in despair.

"You are hiding her," said the Head Constable. "You are trying to fool me."

"On my word of honour, I tell you that she has escaped."

"I know what value to place on your word of honour."

"God knows I am telling you the truth."

"Pray keep your oaths to yourself. I won't let you off so easily."

"Leave my house this very moment," shouted the Thanedar.

The Head Constable made a contemptuous gesture.

The Thanedar lost his temper and struck the Head Constable, who returned the compliment, and for a quarter of an hour they used their fists to their hearts' content.

"I tell you she is not here," said the Thanedar, panting. "Cannot you believe me? We have wasted time. Come, let us go and look for her."

They separated, the scuffle had cooled their brains and they took their lanterns and went into the streets. They looked in every street of the town, and telephoned to other stations to search, but there was no trace of Rasili.

The Thana was outside the town and poor Rasili, on escaping from the Thanedar's house, fled from the city and took a village track which led her she knew not where.

The night was calm and serene; its millions of sparkling eyes smiled at earth and the sleepers who even in the lap of sleep knew no peace. Only the little babes smiled. Those who had grown out of childhood into youth, manhood and old age, were tormented by a thousand thoughts which, hidden during the day, now haunted them with all the horror of reality. Slowly the queen of night lifted her purple veil and cast her mellow radiance over the bare plains and breathed a promise of peace and infinite life and yet failed to retrieve the heart of man. It seemed as if some dark power having taken possession of human souls played with them, as a cruel child plays with a captive bird, taking delight in its torments. The heart, deceived by desire, wishes to appropriate the whole universe and shuts off the source of life—God and his love. Chasing happiness for self alone is like fighting over an illusive mirage. It is only by removing the phantom of egoism that man is reborn into a new life, and wins untold bliss.

Rasili, weary and tired, her feet blistered, her clothes torn into tatters by the thorns of little bushes which hedged her path, at last fell into the arms of the nature's own restorer. She sank on the ground and fell asleep, untroubled by the memory of the past and the fear of the future.

When she rose in the morning it was broad daylight. She found herself under a babul tree which stood by itself just a little way from the path. She looked round and saw a column of smoke which arose at no great distance. She walked in that direction and found herself in a village. She approached the house of a rich villager, ranged on all sides with large grain-bins, where in a small room a Munim sat counting the money. The proprietor himself sat with fat books before him, books which showed him his accounts. He sat anxiously adding up every pie, till it swelled into rupees and rupees totalled into thousands.

"Give me something to eat, please," she said, shyly holding down her head.

"Go away," said the merchant, looking up and shrinking into himself. "If I go on giving to every one that comes, what shall be left to me? Go away, or I will tell somebody to show you the door." Then with great reluctance he threw her a pice. She did not stop to pick up the pice, but walked away and stopped before a small shop.

"Why don't you go and work?" said the shopkeeper, looking at her carefully. "You will get five pice a day, that is quite enough to keep body and soul together."

"What work?" she enquired eagerly.

"Do you not know? The Sirkar has opened relief works to help the poor, and is distributing money like water. Those who are either too respectable or too weak to work receive relief in their very homes. The generosity of the Sirkar is boundless."

"Where are the works?"

"Not very far from here. If you take the right path it will lead you direct to the camp."

"What has one to do there?"

"Not much, you only carry some mud and pile it on the road which is being made."

"Are there no men from the cities?" she enquired.

"Why? All the officers have come from the cities."

"How awful!" said Rasili, as she sank on the ground, utterly broken down.

"Wah Guru, Wah Guru!" said the shopkeeper, as he came to help her.

"I am weak. I have had nothing to eat," she murmured.

"Come with me," said the old man. "I will give you something."

Rasili followed him. He took her to the compound of his house where, on a plaintain leaf, he placed before her some dal and rice, as he repeated, "Wah Guru, Wah Guru."

It has been truly said that the relish which hunger gives no sauce can surpass. Rasili enjoyed her simple meal very much. When she had finished she asked for water. The old man poured some into her hand which she held close to her mouth and drank till she was satisfied.

"Now you can go," he said, "but stay; you have no saree. I can spare a yard of cloth for it." And going to his shop he brought two yards of coarse blue cloth which she put round her head. Rasili was

deeply touched, but she did not know how to thank him. She burst into tears. His sweet simple manners were in strange contrast with what she had experienced only the other day.

There in the city, at no great distance, lived men who mourned over their fate because the flame of desire burned stronger the more it was fed. Their souls knew no rest. Here was a shopkeeper who had none of their luxuries and was happy. His whole stock-in-trade was not worth more than Rs. 20 and yet he could give her food. He had no superfluity of clothes and yet he could spare her a saree. Rasili was deeply moved and began to sob.

"Don't weep, my daughter," he said kindly. "We who have Him as our Father, says Guru Nanak, can never be in want. He who provides for all, will not neglect thee."

"Who was Guru Nanak?" enquired Rasili eagerly.

"He was a great teacher," said the shopkeeper. "He was the true King and those who follow him shall inherit the kingdom of truth."

"Tell me more about him," asked Rasili eagerly.

"My child, when Guru Nanak came, his love overcame darkness and raised the temple of truth. He spoke only of one living God. In the sunlight of his faith the flickering lamps of half-truth lost their glimmer. He did not divide people in different castes but said 'that it was not the caste but the deeds which mattered.' He said that all ceremonies and elaborate sacrifices were vain, when He the blessed Lord was not remembered. He did not talk of an incomprehensible Brahma, who having created the world sat apart and cared little for his creatures, but of a God who loved like a father, and forgave like a mother. He assured mankind that, 'the more the child made mistakes, the greater was His saving love.' He said that pilgrimages were useless unless we acted rightly. He refused a rich man's food because it was drawn from the blood of others, and accepted a carpenter's crust of coarse bread."

"How beautiful!" said Rasili.

"I am glad it helps you," said the old man, who was a Sikh. "Nothing can transcend the power of faith, says the Guru; faith leads to knowledge, knowledge to devotion, and devotion to salvation. Repeat the name of God, and God will help you."

"I have always felt His presence," said Rasili, "though the Brahmins say there is no salvation for the Shudras."

"Believe in one God and in the Guru," said the kindly shopkeeper.

"Be good, kind and helpful, and you will be accepted by Him. He is the God of the rich and the poor, Brahman and Shudra alike."

The conversation was interrupted by a customer who wanted something. The shopkeeper hurried to his shop and Rasili, bidding him farewell, walked to the relief works.

The camp of the relief works was laid in a grove of mangoes, and properly organised; from the kitchen to the tool house, from the pails of drinking water to the relief shop, everything was in perfect order. There was a hospital with accommodation for weak and sick people as indoor patients. There were separate sheds for people suffering from infectious diseases. The workers were divided into gangs strong and healthy men were employed in digging, weak men were employed as carriers, while women and children did the still lighter work of smoothing the road. Everything worked with the regularity of a clock. Yet it was not a pleasing spectacle by any means—thousands of people driven from their homes by starvation now worked for a mere living wage and earned just enough to escape starvation.

There in the very village were men who wanted nothing, whose every desire was fulfilled, and who spent in a day what could have supported thousands for a month, but they did not depend on land directly. It was the cultivator who suffered. The rain had failed and there had been no crops; the result was famine. Failure of a single crop means starvation to millions. It proves in a general way that the people, even in good years, cannot store food, to enable them to tide over a single year of scarcity. They are born in want and pass away in want, working for the sake of a select few, landlords, pleaders, merchants and officials who do no manual work. It seems such a mockery when it is asserted that land revenue or rent—the name makes little difference—has nothing to do with the poverty of the people. How can it be said that a constantly increasing tax which absorbs half the produce of the land is no factor in the condition of the tillers of the soil. The pleaders make speeches in the Congress, the landlords issue their manifestoes of loyalty, the officials write reports, and it is the poor peasant who ploughs and starves and yet never complains. The Government of India sits down to prove that India is prosperous on £2 per annum per head and yet in the same breath sanctions millions for the relief of the people who would starve if they were not relieved. There is some excuse for their ignorance; the original reports pass through a system of sifting and purification, till all the grosser matter settles down, and

only rose-tinted ether reaches the Himalayan heights. The Government of India thereupon brushes aside all suggestions for placing some ethical limit to the land tax. The rise in the price of grain, which in reality means the decrease of the purchasing power of the rupee, is sufficient to warrant another rise in the land tax by thirty per cent. or so at the end of every twenty years, and in some places thirty years. There from morning to evening toil millions of men for a mere subsistence, and when that fails, they die. When there is a good crop, down comes the landlord, the Bania, the petty official, to take away what they produce. What good is temporary relief when their condition remains unchanged? Nothing can surpass their passive resignation; but the awakening of class consciousness, which must take birth, will be perhaps the most marvellous result of British Rule in India.

Rasili looked at the work that went on, and wondered; thoughts passed in her mind as swallows flit over deep waters. She asked for work and was directed to the officer-in-charge, where more than a thousand men, women and children sat waiting to be registered.

"What do you want?" enquired the officer.

"Work," said Rasili. "I am starving; I want work."

"I am sorry the charge is closed and you cannot be given work till another is opened."

"Where can I go?" said Rasili, in a state of agony.

"You can come with me," said Miss Greenwood, a missionary lady who had just come in to see the relief works and had been struck with Rasili's evident distress.

"Good morning, Madam," said the officer rising from his chair. "I am so sorry I had to refuse her."

"I will take her," said Miss Greenwood, "there is room for her at our place."

"How good of you!" said Rasili. "May God bless you for giving me my life."

"It is our Lord's work," said the lady as she led Rasili to her trap and drove her to the Mission compound

(To be continued.)

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EDITORIAL NOTE.

Dominated as Hindu art is by religion, it has been doubted with reason whether the people of India have ever taken a genuine interest in art for its own sake. In Mediaeval and Modern Art. a country where records even of affairs in which a lively interest must be felt are scanty, it is not surprising that practically no historical and critical treatises on art exist. The Shilpashastras are intended for the guidance of the builders of temples and the makers of idols. Taranath, the historian of Buddhism, was a Tibetan. He lived in the early part of the seventeenth century, and it is fortunate that at least one writer like him bestowed some attention on the history of art in the country where Buddhism rose and flourished for centuries, and produced a wealth of sculpture and painting which has never been surpassed. His sketch is said to close with the observation that "wherever Buddhism prevailed, skilful imagers of the gods were found, but as Islam advanced they disappeared, and when Hinduism got the upper hand they were replaced by unskilful performers." In this judgment European critics, as a rule, concur. Whatever Taranath might have been thinking of when he charged the artists of the Hindu renaissance with want of skill, the European critic is repelled by the monstrosities which the Hindu artist has delighted to portray. The function of art is to please, to create joy, and not to mystify or terrorise. Such, at any rate, is the prevailing conception of art in the West. Of late a few thinkers have asked why that somewhat narrow conception should not be revised, and whether Eastern art has no distinct message to deliver to Europe. It is possible that some day European artists will borrow Indian eyes, but just at present they prefer Buddhist art, in which they see

more of humanism to delight them, to the later Hīndu art, in which Mr. Havell and Dr. Coomaraswamy have discovered an idealism which Europeans cannot appreciate. Early Buddhism had its own superhuman beings, but they did not dominate the creed; they play an insignificant part in the Jataka tales, from which the artist borrowed his subjects for representation. The later Buddhism, of the Mahayana school, differed very little in this respect from Hinduism, and when a distinction is made between Buddhist and Hindu art, it is early Buddhism that is alluded to. Mediæval art may be said to be Hindu art. In decorative sculpture the mediæval art showed no retrogression, if we take the best specimens for comparison. It has been said that the history of Indian art is a history of decay. That statement, however, must be understood subject to certain qualifications. The decorative art of mediæval times is universally admired; controversy has arisen only round figure sculpture. It is admitted that the artists "frequently display high technical skill, great mastery over intractable material, and in the larger compositions, especially those of the western caves, bold imagination and a knowledge of the effect of light and shade." There is life and vigour in the mythology which the artists represent in stone, and they have done justice to the spirit of what they undertook to portray. But too many faces, too many arms, garlands of skulls, hideous forms that make the flesh creep—these may inspire fear and compel veneration; they do not constitute things of beauty which give joy for ever and to all. The sculptured decoration of the temples at Mount Abu is unsurpassed in "richness and delicacy," and in the south the temples built by the Chalukyas and Hoysalas have extorted similar encomiums. But mark what Fergusson says about the groups of warriors, found in hundreds in southern India, seated on rearing horses, whose feet are supported on the shields of foot-soldiers: "As works of art they are the most barbarous, it may be said the most vulgar, to be found in India, and do more to shake one's faith in the civilisation of the people who produced them than anything they did in any other department of art." Mr. Vincent Smith has reproduced in his book some creditable specimens of the figure sculpture of mediæval India. They generally serve to illustrate the contrast between the early and the later art.

The history of Indo-Muhammadan art begins about the beginning of the thirteenth century. The Muhammadans introduced domes and arches. These features of Mussalman architecture have been traced to the popularity conferred upon them by the Abbasid Khalifs of Baghdad, and still further back to the ancient vaulted architecture of Mesopotamia. While the early mosques and other buildings were designed by Mussalman architects, Hindu masons had to be employed in their construction, and sometimes the materials of destroyed Hindu temples were used in the structures, and thus Hindu influence is noticeable in the earlier architecture of the Muhammadans. But this influence was gradually shaken off. Though a sort of uniformity is a prominent characteristic of Mussalman sculpture, the architecture evolved by them presents different styles. While the Tughlak style at Delhi was marked by massiveness and extreme simplicity, the Gujarat style was characterised by "all the richness of ornament distinctive of the temples of Gujarat and Southern Rajputana." The dome of the tomb of Adil Shah at Bijapur is said to be the second largest in the world and a wonder of constructive skill, and in the words of Mr. Chisholm, the dome-builders of India under Muhammadan influence "attained a mastery over this form unknown to and seemingly unappreciated by the builders of the Western world." The importation of foreign artists received a fresh impetus in the time of Baber, who had a low opinion of Indian civilisation. He is said to have summoned from Constantinople pupils of "the celebrated architect Sinan, an Albanian officer on the staff of the Janissaries, who had planned hundreds of important buildings in the Ottoman Empire," and to have caused numerous edifices to be erected by them. These edifices were purely foreign in design. Akbar was an eclectic and he reverted to styles of architecture which were more Hindu than Muslim. These different elements can be distinguished only by experts; to the untrained eye the domes, the pointed arches, and the absence of figure sculpture are visible as the most conspicuous characteristics of all Muhammadan buildings. Mussalman architecture attained its climax of perfection in the time of Shahjahan, who gave to the world the inimitable Taj Mahal and the Moti Masjid. Writers of prose and of poetry have vied with one another in describing the beauty of the Taj,

the "dream in marble." It was not the dream of an Indian, but of a Venetian or of a Turk. As Father Manrique, a Spanish friar who visited India when the Taj had not yet been completed, wrote positively that the architect was a Venetian, by name Jerome Veroneo, Mr. Vincent Smith is inclined to accept his version of the story. The Venetian was on friendly terms with the father of the Lady of the Taj, and he lies buried at Agra. A Persian history of the Taj, however, asserts that the chief designer and draughtsman was one Muhammad Isa Effendi, who came from Rum or Constantinople, and he was assisted by his son Muhammad Sharif, who came from Samarkand. It may be argued that if the Venetian had been the sole architect of so famous a monument, the author of the Persian manuscript would not have omitted to give him the honour, while the Spanish friar would not have recorded the story that he had heard in so positive a form unless the Venetian had something to do with it. It was not likely that the Emperor would have consulted a single individual or entrusted the work to a single architect when his aspiration probably was to produce a marvel of architectural beauty unsurpassed by anything that the eye of man had seen in Asia or in Europe as far as he could ascertain it. Probably we may have to divide the honour between the Venetian and the Turk. The style was distinctly Asiatic, and if the Venetian was really its author he must have been an orientalised European. Experts assert that no trace of European influence is visible in it, and the Taj was to some extent modelled on the Tomb of Humayun, which had been erected early in the reign of Akbar and was Persian in style. The construction of the Taj is said to have been begun in 1632 A.D. and finished in 1643. The subsidiary buildings were added later on. One old estimate of the cost puts down the figure with the nicest accuracy—and therefore who can doubt it?—at Rs. 411,48,826. 7as. 6p.!

Islam is severely monotheistic, and it would be against the injunctions of the Quran to adorn religious edifices with figure sculpture. In secular buildings such ornamentation is permissible and has been used in a few instances, but somehow the Mussalmans have not followed the example of the Hindus in this respect to any large extent. The orthodox Muslim decorator, as Mr. Vincent Smith says, "has found himself in practice constrained to restrict

his invention to the dexterous use of calligraphy, geometrical patterns, and floral devices." In his opinion, which few would venture to challenge, "Musalman decorative sculpture in bas-relief applied to architecture may fairly claim on its merits to take at least equal rank with first-rate Italian work of the kind." The painter filled the gap left by the sculptor and gratified that desire to see animal and human figures portrayed which the most puritanical form of religion could not altogether suppress. It is said of the Tower of Victory at Chitor in Rajputana that it is covered all over with "an infinite multitude of images, representing, as far as may be, all denizens of the Hindu pantheon, with their names attached, and constituting an illustrated dictionary of Hindu mythology." Musalman rulers and noblemen were fond of preserving albums of paintings. Many such albums would appear to be now accessible in the British Museum, and it is said that some of them "furnish a gallery of historical portraits, lifelike and perfectly authentic, which enable the historian to realise the personal appearance of all the Mughal Emperors and of almost every public man of note in India for more than two centuries." Mr. Vincent Smith doubts if any other country in the world possesses a better series of portraits of the men who made history. The names of painters have also been preserved, and though an exact computation has not been made, a hundred artists may have immortalised themselves through their handiwork preserved with their names. They include both Hindus and Muhammadans, and, curiously enough, more Hindus than Mussalmans, if some of the lists may be taken to give a general idea of the proportion in the whole galaxy of painters. Mr. Vincent Smith deprecates the application of European canons of criticism in judging of the merits of Asiatic art. The Indians, the Chinese, and the Europeans have adopted different methods for the expression of distance, of light and shade, and of other qualities which make a picture lifelike and faithful to the idea which is in the mind of the artist. Such things, says Mr. Vincent Smith, "concern the conventions of art, the understood agreement between the draughtsman and the beholder as to the way in which solid forms should be represented on a sheet of paper." This is rather a controversial point. Apart from the application of European canons of art, the impression left on Mr. Smith's mind by the outturn of the

Indo-Persian or Mughal school of painting is that "its place in the art history of the world is that of a minor, not a major art. The best examples are charming, pretty, graceful, and so forth, but lack greatness. The portraits are undoubtedly perfect in their way, and probably superior to anything of the kind elsewhere in Asia, but the rest of the work of the school falls far below the level of the best Chinese and Japanese painting in practical expression of emotion and subtle suggestion of things unexpressed."

From the time of the Ajanta paintings to the reign of Akbar the history of Indian painting remains practically a blank. The art must of course have been practised, but the products have perished. While the Ajanta school was purely Indian, the Mughal school was indebted to Persia, and to China through Persia, if the conclusions of the historians of art in other parts of Asia may be relied on. Thus art has connected modern India with Mesopotamia on the one hand, and China on the other. Among the most interesting productions of the mediæval Hindu painter may be mentioned the representations of the "musical modes," the Ragas and Raginis. Mythology is all-pervading in India; it has pervaded the theory—of course not the practice—of music itself. Sound and sight are mysteriously linked together by the common bond of emotion. If the Ragamalas are carefully studied, we may be able to make out what emotions, in the opinion of the mediæval musicians and painters, each Raga or Ragini was calculated to excite. Idealism is fascinating; but no practical purpose has yet been served by the subtle affinity which has been attempted to be traced between colour and sound, between form and modulation. Mr. Vincent Smith has reproduced the picture of Dhanasari Ragini by Mohan Singh. It is a "boldly executed sketch of a woman seated under a tree," resting her head on her palm; a couple of boats and a few buildings are visible in the distance. It is not clear why Dhanasari is represented in this fashion. Malakos is said to be represented by Gobind Singh as a lady offering worship to a four-headed image of Brahma.

The historian has little to record of modern art in India. Its achievements are small, its tendencies are uncertain. Architecture is in the hands of the Public Works Department, which builds offices, and neither temples, mosques, nor palaces. The old rulers

could impress any amount of labour and spend any amount of money, and they were accountable to no Parliament. Whether the skill and traditions of the old artists survive at all, is a disputed question. There are reasons to believe that Indian art can be revived, just as village autonomy can. Revivals under new conditions and new influences would be more or less eclectic. The capabilities of modern sculptors in the South, says Mr. Vincent Smith, are proved by the decorations of the new palace in the town of Mysore. The style is said to be throughout frankly elective and imitative, and the artists are believed to have studied models of various periods and schools. The best creations are said to be "thoroughly Indian in character and of first-rate quality." Critics have pitted nationalism against eclecticism in painting. The idealists have a poor opinion of Ravivarma's pictures, and Bengal claims to have founded a genuine nationalistic school of art. Mr. Abanindro Nath Tagore would appear to be the founder of this school. There is a certain grace and refinement, and perhaps subtle suggestiveness, about some of the Bengali paintings, which one misses in the productions of the Travancore artist. Compared with the Ajanta, Mughal, and Rajput paintings, the work of the Bengali painters, in Dr. Coomaraswamy's opinion, is frequently lacking in strength. Probably all critics will agree, says Mr. Vincent Smith, that "nothing of high worth can be created by men who merely seek to imitate foreign models. If modern India is to evolve a new art of her own, it must have its roots in the Indian past and appeal to Indian sentiment."

from Calcutta. A partial compensation is offered by the proposal to station one Director of Commercial Intelligence at Calcutta and another at Bombay. The compilation of commercial statistics is one important function of the Department of Commerce, and the proposal to have two Directors, one in the eastern part of the country and the other in the western, may be supported by reasons. But the Director of Commercial Intelligence may be accepted as a representative of the Commerce Department, a living symbol of the larger reality which has been transferred to a different longitude. The Bengal Chamber of Commerce has not yet expressed itself satisfied. A few more seats in the legislative councils may soothe the irritation.



Both the Secretary and the Under-Secretary of State for India have managed unwittingly to pour a drop of saline solution into the wounds under which certain journalists in Calcutta and the Muhammadans of Eastern Bengal were smarting. Of the journalists who had been moved by a sense of the diminished importance of their city to criticise the Durbar announcements in strong language, Lord Crewe said in the House of Lords that the provisions of the press laws might have had to be put into force against them if the contemplated administrative changes had been placed previously before the public for open discussion. The journalists took offence at the reflections apparently cast on their loyalty and accused the Secretary of State of a threat to curb the liberty of the press. A representation made to that effect to Lord Crewe has not elicited a reply to the satisfaction of the aggrieved parties. But it is too much to expect a Secretary of State to go down upon his knees, and the journalists will no doubt feel the satisfaction of having protested against the censure instead of taking it lying down, and there the episode will end. The Muhammadans are indignant inasmuch as Mr. Montagu tried to detract from the force of Mussalman public opinion by denying the homogeneity of the community and the affinity of the Muslims of Eastern Bengal to their co-religionists elsewhere. Several protests have been formally recorded against Mr. Montagu's depreciation of the momentum of Muslim sentiment, and though that incident must also be treated as practically closed, Lord Carmichael has a somewhat delicate task before him in Eastern Bengal. He is fortunate in having a Muhammadan colleague in his Council, and he has conciliated Eastern Bengal by promising to remain at Dacca for three months in the year. The Dacca university scheme threatened to set the communities by the ears, but Lord Car-

michael has wisely, and with the Viceroy's hearty concurrence, referred the whole question—or rather the consideration of the details—to a committee. The university will be a teaching and residential university and will probably not affiliate colleges at a distance. The university will cost a great deal, but will not perhaps be hung up on that account.

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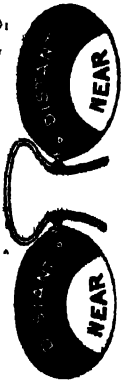
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EAST & WEST

VOL. XI.

JULY, 1912.

NO. 129.

THE CITY OF THE MOGHUL.

(Continued from our last number.)

CHAPTER VI.

The Builder of New Delhi.

THE Emperor Sháhjahán, originally called Sultán Khurram, was the third son of Jahángir, his mother being Jagat Gosáyini, better known as Jodh Bai, the daughter of Udai Sinh, "the fat" Raja of Márwár. He was born A.D. 1592, the thirty-sixth year of the reign of the Emperor Akbar, his illustrious grandfather. Not only was his mother a Hindu, but both his grandmothers were so likewise. As the child grew he became the favourite of his grandfather, and was present at his bedside during his last illness. The prince was then fourteen, (by lunar computation). His misguided brother, Khusru, fled northward, to attempt to raise the country, and Jahángir ascended the throne at Agra. In his 25th year Prince Khurram was sent to attempt the pacification of the Deccan, and here he succeeded in gaining the temporary submission of Adil Sháh and Malik Ambar. Having left a large force there under approved lieutenants, Sultan Khurram waited upon his father at Mándu, where he received the title of Sháhjahán ("lord of the world"), and was raised to the rank of a *Sháyán*, or commander of thirty thousand horse, the highest grade in the Mughal peerage. In his thirty-first year, however, he fell into disgrace; his elder brother Parwez was declared heir-apparent, and Sháhjahán, as we must in future call him, went into open rebellion in the same regions. Marching from Mándu, he encountered his brother with

an army and was forced to retire to the eastward. Jahángir in his memoirs, writing on this point, says : " I directed that thenceforward he should be called ' The Wretch ' ; and whenever the word occurs in these memoirs, it is he who is meant." For some years the prince lived an obscure life in Bengal. In his thirty-fourth year, he again appeared in opposition in the Deccan, where he found an ally in his old enemy, Malik Ambar, the Abyssinian minister of the King of Ahimadnagar. Burhanpur was obstinately besieged, and Sháhjahán led the stormers in person, but to no purpose, the place being relieved by Sultan Parwez, and the famous general, Mahábat Khán. Wandering southward, sick in body and mind, Sháhjahán wrote his father a humble letter of submission ; and Jahángir, who, whatever his faults may have been, was indulgent and generous to his own family, pardoned him on conditions which were accepted by the prince, who retired to Nasik near Bombay. For nearly two years more he lingered in the Deccan, when two circumstances occurred which completely changed his prospects. One was the rebellion of Mahábat Khán, the other the death, from *delirium tremens*, of Sultan Parwez. Mahábat was put to flight by the energy of the Empress Nurjahán and her brother ; and a contemporary historian, writing at the time, (viz ., during the twenty-second year of the reign of Jahángir), makes a notable observation : " Sultan Khurram," writes Mohamad Amin, " remains in the Deccan. We must wait to see what may happen to him, and what course he may hereafter pursue." They had not long to wait. At the end of the year the Emperor died in Kashmir. Great were the intrigues that followed. Nurjahán had been scheming to obtain the succession for Shahryár, the prince who had married her daughter by her first husband. But her astute brother, Asaf Khán, had willed otherwise ; he proclaimed the son of the deceased Khusru as emperor, and immediately sent off a trusty messenger with his own signet ring as a token, to announce the emperor's death and summon Sháhjahán to the capital. The runner left Kashmir as ordered, and in twenty days reached Junir, in the neighbourhood of Poona. Here he found Mahábat Khán in attendance on the prince, to whom he had been reconciled by common misfortune and to whom he gave the message and the ring of

Asaf Khán. Sháhjahán, after a short mourning, set out for the north, having first, by letter, called upon Asaf Khán to prove his fidelity by putting to death the pretender—which, being done, he proceeded to Agra, where he was at once universally recognised as Emperor. These events occupied the time from the 28th October 1627, A.D. (the day of Jahángir's death) to the 6th February of the following year, when Sháhjahán ascended the throne in form at Agra.

The eldest daughter of Sháhjahán, the Princess Jehánará, is mentioned by Bernier as "very beautiful, a great wit, passionately beloved of her father." He proceeds to mention a rumour regarding the nature of the emperor's passion. But we have also a contemporary record in which is to be found the instrument by which the cleansing of the grass-grown grave of Jehánará may be instantly effected. Manucci, the Italian, thus expresses himself upon the subject: "The attachment she always had for her father, and the profusion of the avaricious Sháhjahán towards his daughter, caused a suspicion that crime might be blended into their mutual affection. This was a popular rumour, which *never had any other foundation than in the malice of the courtiers.*" The writer proceeds to enforce his opinion with several arguments; but to all who happen to have any personal knowledge of the character of those who hang about regal households, it is likely that no great amount of reasoning will be required to show the possibility of Bernier's rumour having no better foundation than Manucci supposed. It remains to be seen what were Manucci's own means of knowing the truth, and what is the worth of his authority.

Manucci's has been characterised as "the only authentic narrative that has been preserved of the reign of Sháhjahán." It is true that there are other contemporary works, both Persian and European, but all are open to some objection or other. The difficulty, however, is considerable; and it arises in this way. The narrative of Manucci was known through "The History of the Mughal Dynasty," by Father François Catrou, of which an English translation was published in London in 1826, the original having first appeared in the beginning of the preceding century.

The direct authority of the reverend father is no authority at

all. At the same time a judicious use of his work may some day prove of high importance to a historian with the necessary tact and judgment. Catrou's book evidently contains many interesting particulars of the domestic life of the Court of Agra; but they have to be sought for with discrimination. They are, indeed imbedded in much less convincing matter, which, though good enough for the demands of Europe two hundred years ago, has become quite unsuited to modern judgments. The problem before the future historian will be to separate this from the original facts concerning the Mughals in India, illustrative of a certain period of their history. For it has not always been sufficiently borne in mind that Catrou was a man without direct knowledge of his subject, who dealt with his materials in a way calculated sometimes to excite the very gravest suspicion. The consequences of following such a guide blindly must be, that you as necessarily make the same mistakes as a Chinese tailor, who follows the old pattern to the extent of sewing patches on a new garment.

The facts, so far as they can be ascertained, are these: Father Catrou was the editor of the work of Signor Manucci, and Manucci was a youthful traveller attached to Prince Dara, who came to India about 1649, and resided there for the long period of forty-eight years. On his return to Europe he brought with him a treatise, which he had composed there, partly from his own observations, and partly from Persian MSS. This work was copiously illustrated with portraits by the best native artists, and was written in Portuguese. Falling—we are not informed how—into the hands of an officer in the Civil Service of the French East India Company, (whose name appears to have been Laudes), it was shown by him to Father Catrou, a Jesuit priest. He, finding favourable mention made there of the efforts of Catholic missionaries, judged that the publication of the book would serve *ad majorem Dei gloriam*. He was also struck with the air of good faith and veracity that he found breathing through it. For the reigns of Sháhjahán and Aurangzeb, its authority, the Father tells us, is such that "a better account cannot be expected."

Unfortunately, the Father could not content himself with the humble office of translation, nor did the state of his literary conscience require him either to indicate his additions, or to get Signor

Manucci to vouch for their propriety or correctness. Here are the Father's exact words as rendered by the English translator of 1826. Speaking of his author, he says :—

I have not always rigidly followed him. I have not unfrequently assumed a privilege which is not unjustifiable. . . I have even collected from other quarters materials in aid of the brevity of the chronicle. Sometimes it is an English or French writer; but more frequently they are Portuguese or Dutch writers whom I have consulted. . . I have even made no difficulty of attributing the entire work to M. Manucci, (or Manouchi, as he spells it), and of inscribing it with his name only, if I could be persuaded of his entire approbation of that necessary matter which I have taken from other writers and engrafted upon his MS."

Manucci was then evidently alive and in Europe.

In the next paragraph, the Father names the authorities here referred to. The only Dutch writer mentioned in the list is Jean de Laet, another compiler, who, like Catrou himself, had never been in upper India. From such a fact, it may fairly be inferred that the Father would have done far better to have left his author to tell his own story.

Manucci made two copies of his memoir; the first, accidentally falling into the hands of the Jesuits, was used by Catrou in the manner that we have seen: the author, indignant at this, produced another MS. which he entrusted to a surer hand; which latter forms the basis of the present sumptuous edition. The further question as to the value of Manucci's own testimony is answered by observing that the value is very unequal. Where the author relates his own personal experiences his simplicity wins belief; but this very quality weakens his credibility when he describes things which he could not have seen, such as Palace-revolutions, plots, and murders: in all these matters he must have been dependent on hearsay. The idea of his having been consulted by the Royal family as a medical man is dispelled by his own narrative, where we find evidence that the Princes whom he served only employed him in the humble capacity of a cannoneer. It is true that he subsequently practised medicine in various Indian cities, but he had left Europe at an age when he could not have received any professional training for the work.

The frankness of the Father's avowals saves us from the necessity of questioning his good faith ; but, it must be confessed that, in the absence of any guide to the "accessory matter," it would, without Mr. Irvine's assistance, be difficult to know what is the exact testimony of Manucci himself. The most remarkable thing is that this unusual treatment was practised upon an author who was alive at the time of the publication (A. D. 1705) of the first edition of Catrou's book. Mr. Irvine's scholarly version for which we are indebted to the liberality of the Royal Asiatic Society, has now solved the problem.

Manucci came to Agra in or about 1658 A.D. He is, therefore, not a direct witness as to the reigns of Akbar and Jahángir ; and whatever he may report as to the courts of that period, is of no greater value than the rest of Catrou's materials, nor would it be worth while to endeavour to disentangle one from another. But, giving the Father's statement its due value, the account of the fall of Sháhjahán is apparently the authentic testimony of an eye-witness. In 1649, Shahjáhán had already been twenty-two years on the throne.

The following account is taken from the "Sháhjahánáma," a contemporary Persian history : "On (a date corresponding to) 26th July, A.D. 1644, after sunset in the durbar of the Emperor, Amr Sinh *Rathor* killed Salábat Khán, the Mir Baksh (paymaster-general), with a dagger. He was slain, by order of the Emperor, by Khallilullah Khán and Arjun. It was ordered that three gentlemen of the bedchamber should convey his body to his own people, who raised a disturbance at the . . . gateway." This was in the Agra Fort, where a gateway still bears the name of Amr Sinh. He had been banished from his own country (Jodhpur), on account of his violent character and gloomy temper.

The tragedy of Amr Sinh had passed without any Hindu outbreak. The *Taj Mahal* of Agra was just finished, and the palaces there, and at New Delhi, had been for some time completed. The Emperor's family had either died or grown up ; but no warning had yet been given of the frightful dissensions that were destined in a few years to end in the captivity of the father, and the slaughter of most of the children. The Emperor was about sixty years of age, fond of pleasure, but artistic in his tastes,

dignified in his habits, and maintaining a not unsuccessful war against the Persians. The sun of his power, as a contemporary writer might have said, was slowly descending in splendour, and no presage appeared in the sky of the storms that were to obscure and render terrible its swift decline.

The emperor had been virtually a widower twenty years; for, although availing himself of the Moslem privilege of a plurality of wives, Sháhjahán appears to have been practically a monogamist. The mother of his large family,*—eight sons and six daughters,—was the famous Muntaz-i-Mahal, in whose honour the Táj was built, and whose official title was Nawáb Aliya Begum. This lady was Persian by origin, the daughter of Asaf Khán, prime minister in the preceding reign, and brother of the Emperor's stepmother, Nurjahán. At the date of Manucci's arrival at Court, only eight of her children were living, their mother having died in 1630, when Jehánára was about fifteen years of age.

We learn from Manucci that the deceased empress, whom he had already learned to call by the corrupt name, Táj Mahál, by which her monument is now known, had a great prejudice against the Christians, especially against the Portuguese. This was attributed in part to the prepossessions derived by the empress in her youth from the religious teaching of her aunt, the Empress-Dowager Nurjahán, but partly also to the fact that the Portuguese of Hughli had given shelter to two of her daughters, whom the Jesuits had converted to Christianity. Under such influences, Sháhjahán registered a vow to exterminate the Portuguese from India. The year, (A.D. 1631), having been dry, the Ganges was very low, and the unfortunate Portuguese at Hughli were unable to make much use of their ships, either for defence or as means of escape. The resources of treachery were joined by the besiegers to the rigours of a strict blockade. A great portion of the entrenchment was undermined, and blown into the air. An assault was at once delivered, in which the Portuguese were worsted, with considerable carnage. The victorious leader of the imperial forces, Kásim Khán, entered the town, where he destroyed the fortifications and places of worship, and sent the surviving inhabitants in captivity to the Court at Agra.

* The "Shahjahanama" mentions one child, who died in infancy, by another wife.

The women were made slaves ; the men were circumcised or confined. Verroneo, the architect of the Taj, is said to have, with difficulty, procured the liberation of some of the priests, who were also defended by Asaf Khán, after two had sunk under their sufferings.* Thus did the fanatic vengeance of one woman affect the happiness of thousands, when she had been in her grave twelve years. Nor did the work stop at this. Unmindful of the policy of his liberal-minded predecessors, Sháhjahán proceeded to destroy "the best part of a very fair and large Church at Agra, that had been built by the favour of Jahángir, and upon which stood a great steeple with a bell in it, whose sound might be heard over all the town" (so writes Bernier, who must have had good means of knowledge on such subjects, though we may be disposed to doubt his information as to what went on in the private apartments of the palace). Bernier says, of the treatment then experienced by Christians, that it "was a misery and a desolation not to be paralleled, a kind of Babylonian transmigration." He adds, however, sufficient particulars about Bastian Gonsalvo and his nest of cut-throats at Chittagong, to show how naturally, if not justly, the Christian name was discredited in those days, and what just offence against any sort of government was given by the Portuguese authorities by whom such ruffians were encouraged. "They are thus become," he concludes, "a prey to their enemies, and fallen so low in the Indies, that I know not whether they will ever recover there. Whereas, formerly, before they were corrupted by vice. . . they made all others tremble in these parts ; for as much as then, they were brave and generous men, zealous for the Christian religion, considerable for gallant exploits and for riches, all the Indian kings seeking their friendship.' Possibly, there was some excuse for the attack upon them after all.

We have already seen how large a family Sháhjahán had by the wife of his youth. This small detail shows that even Manucci is not a perfectly safe guide. When he arrived at court there must have been seven or eight of these children left, whom he supposed to be the offspring of various mothers. "The Moghuls," he says, pointing his moral from a mistake of facts, "the Moghuls make no scruple of placing limits by the most culpable practices to

* This is confirmed by Manrique.

the fecundity of their women. Thus the Emperor's progeny was confined to four princes." But the "*Bádsháhnáma*," a contemporaneous Persian chronicle, records the birth of no less than fourteen of these princes and princesses, all of them being the offspring of the Táj lady, and of whom six at least attained maturity.

The description of the four best known of the princes, those among whom the empire-struggle took place, and of the two surviving princesses, has been given by Bernier, and repeated by Sleeman and other modern writers. From Manucci, we learn further details which, as he lived in the palace, are of great importance. It is clear, for instance, that Dára, the eldest, endeavoured to carry on that interest in the religion and manners of the West, which had been so largely displayed by his grandfather, and still more by Akbar. It is very curious that Sháhjahán, who was by birth only one-fourth Mussulman, should have been the most bigoted of his race who had yet ruled in India, but the story of the attack on Hughli seems to indicate that this characteristic was due to the influence of his Persian wife, whom he had so warmly loved and so magnificently mourned, Dára had entirely emancipated himself from this influence. It may be supposed that this was partly the whim of an heir-apparent pleased to lead a minor court in opposition to his sovereign and sire. Certainly a similar attitude had been adopted by Sháhjahán himself in the lifetime of Jahángir, and much does the English envoy of those days, good Sir Thomas Roe, tell of the troubles that he encountered from the manner in which Sháhjahán, (the crown prince of Roe's time), backed by his father-in-law, and the Empress Nurjahán, endeavoured to thwart the kindly feelings of the Emperor Jahángir towards the Christians and their embassy. But the curious thing in Dára's case is that he was not in opposition, nor had he any female backer in the family whose secret wishes were opposed to those of its head. So far as our present lights go, we must abandon the attempt to reconcile Dára's constant favour at court, with his equally constant kindness to the Christians. Had he been in any doubt as to his father's feelings, in any anxiety about the succession, in any position of remote employ or honourable banishment, one could readily understand his taking up European ideas in order to annoy the mind of his father, and thwart the designs of that father's policy. But that a loved and trusted and openly recognised heir-apparent, always domesticated with

his father, and enjoying the strictest fondness of his eldest sister, whose will was law in the household, should openly maintain opinions and practices of which the Emperor disapproved ; this is indeed a mystery. .

For, as to the fact, no doubt whatever can exist after a perusal of this part of Catrou's work—compared with the actual record of Manucci. Not only did Dára patronise, to the very last, the French traveller, Bernier, but he had acquired (so we are informed), all the sciences, and most of all the languages of Europe. He had attracted to his service skilful gunners and engineers from several European countries. His cabinet council consisted of three Jesuit priests, a Neapolitan named Malpica, Juzarte, a Portuguese, and, chief of all, Henri Buzé, a Fleming, who is mentioned by Bernier as having enormous influence over his mind. Most unfortunately, the result of all this was not to produce the Christian virtues of humility and gentleness, for to such a pitch of arrogance and contempt for his less-cultured neighbours did Dára proceed, as to give offence in quarters where to give offence was to sow the seed of almost certain disaster. Of the other princes, Sháh Shujá was governor of the Eastern Subahs, Morád of Gujarát, and Aurangzeb of the Deccan, corresponding roughly to the present provinces respectively, of Bengal, Bombay and Madras. The remaining member of the family, the Princess Roshanára, though less brilliant than her sister, possessed the same intriguing character as her favourite brother, Aurangzeb, to whom she served as a spy, and furnished him intelligence of whatever happened in the palace, whereby his interest might seem likely to be affected.

(To be Concluded.)

H G. KEENE.

England

MUSINGS ON EDUCATION.

' There are those who know not, and do not know that they know not. They are fools, avoid them.

" There are those that know not and know that they know not. They are simple, teach them.

" There are those that know and know not that they know They are asleep, awake them.

" There are those that know and know that they know. They are wise, follow them.'

—*Arab Proverb.*

LET us make no pretence. We belong to the second class of the order of merit and demerit given above. Our musings will show how little knowledge we possess of the vast subject of Education, but we must plead that we have a sufficient glimmering of light to enable us to see the abyss of our own ignorance. Surely, that is the beginning of knowledge. We would say to each experience of life we meet : " We are simple, teach us ! "

" The term Education is one so indefinite that as many various ideas may be assigned to it as there are writers on the subject." So said one of the most educated women of her day, Mrs. Schimmelpenninck. Her day began in the latter part of the eighteenth century and drew to an end in the middle of the nineteenth. It was not a day of educational brilliance, though such women as Mrs. Schimmelpenninck, Mrs. Chapone, and the Blue-Stockings generally—Hannah More, Maria Edgeworth, and last but not least, Jane Austen—seemed to show that the light of woman's intellect was not quenched by unfavourable conditions of her mental training. Public opinion has completely changed as regards girls' education since the days when Hannah More and Mrs. Barbauld protested against restricting the teaching of girls to " accomplishments." We

have had Miss Frances Power Cobbe to plead the necessity of teaching a girl to think ; Miss Anne Clough and Miss Dorothea Beale to organise more efficient systems of education ; the old and the middle-aged amongst us have lived through a revolution in women's education and in the systems of teaching different classes of the social community, yet Mrs. Schimmelpenninck's words remain true. The only definition that remains fixed and unchanged is that of education as information or instruction of the most complete kind possible. It is a definition made by those who prove themselves uneducated by making it. They are the persons who do not know what education is, and "do not know that they do not know."

The very name *education* indicates the point of distinction between it and both information and instruction. Every school-boy knows the derivation of the word, and would answer gladly that it means leading forth rather than putting in. A man may be a treasury of information and remain an imperfectly educated person. His acquisitive and retentive faculties have been developed ; but, if his powers of discrimination, selection and reproduction have not been trained and exercised, he is not an educated man in the full sense of the word. He may have great possessions ; but, if he cannot bring them forth to share them with others and enrich his community, he is an intellectual miser. An involuntary hoarder, perhaps ; he has not thrown away the key to unlock his wealth, nor hidden it ; simply he does not know where it is, or how to use it.

As we look back over the history of the past we see that in all ages and in every civilised country, interest in education has had periods of activity and stagnation, of ebb and flow.

The twentieth century is not the only period of the world's history in which there has been zeal in teaching and organising methods of instruction ; but it is scarcely possible that there ever was a time when education was more talked about ; when the value of it was more insisted upon, when the helplessness of the uneducated was more eloquently dilated upon than the present. Yet is there not at the present day a danger lest education should fail to aim at that which alone makes it worthy of being one of the chief objects of a nation's thought, a State's care ? The aim of education is to teach us to live ; not how to earn a living ; not run a successful

career ; not to " make a name for ourselves " but to fulfil the purpose for which we were created. We were created, not to grow rich ; not to grow fat, in mind, body or estate ; not to amuse ourselves ; not even to become prodigies of learning and miracle-workers of skill, but to use to its fullest extent every faculty with which we are endowed. The alpha of education is the responsibility of Character. The omega of education is Character still, developed by noble living into preparedness for a nobler, more spacious life.

Harriet Martineau, a great authority in educational matters at a time when England was waking to fresh interest in them, said it should be the aim of education to bring out, strengthen, and exercise all the powers given to every human being. We think that this is not the *aim* of Education but *Education itself*. George Eliot puts into the mouth of *Adam Bede* the assertion that it is a poor thing if a man goes through life and leaves the world no better than he found it. Education develops a man's character and enables him to express that character in thoughts, words, actions, the aim in view being the enrichment of the world by the bettering of a man's fellows and compatriots.

A thoroughly educated person is one who has learned to live to the utmost of his capacity ; to explore the extent of the opportunities life affords him of loving, thinking, reverencing truth, drawing inspiration from beauty, finding solace in woe ; of consoling the disappointed, of healing the wounded, of helping the weak, and of stimulating the strong, the good, the capable. The nearer a man attains to this ideal, the more he rises to great occasions and the less he is narrowed by petty restrictions. He is the man who faces the unexpected with courage and meets emergencies calmly. He is the man who has learned to " play the game " ; not in order to score distinction or gain for himself, but to do honour to his country. His playing fields are plains bounded only by the horizon and, when the goal is reached, by the vast Beyond. " But this is vague language," objects the Educationist of to-day, " and rather suggestive of the purple patches of distant hills. What we want to-day is specialisation."

Yes, but we must know ourselves as a whole before we discover which part of us can be specialised. And we must know something of the world at large, and our own small part in it in particular, before we can see how to benefit our fellows by our specialisation.

"The standard of utility," said Professor Raleigh when speaking lately about the meaning of a University, "is a false and mischievous standard, invented by short-sighted greed, and certain, if accepted, to paralyse and kill the University that accepts it."

Miss Charlotte Mason, a veteran in the cause of Education, commends the zeal of teachers nowadays, but laments the lack of knowledge, insight, imagination, and power of reflection on the part of those who are taught; alluding especially to those classes for whom the State provides instruction in England. Full value is given to information; knowledge is not appreciated. To receive instruction is one thing, to acquire knowledge is another.

Mr. Alexander Patterson, in his illuminative book on East London called "Across the Bridges," tells us much about the City Council schools, and the boys who attend them from the Monday after each boy's third birthday to the Friday before his fourteenth. They are taught to draw, sing, write, read, spell, go through drill. They are *not* taught to think, enquire, reason, use their imagination. They receive instruction from a teacher, they do not learn from a master. The teachers in these elementary schools, limned for us by Mr. Patterson's graphic pen, fill us with admiration. When they have mastered their trade they are indeed prodigies. History, as they teach it, is one long fairy-tale; geography is as entertaining as a cinematograph; arithmetic a succession of conjuring tricks. Are the boys to be envied, or pitied?

The answer depends on the point of view from which education is regarded. Those who regard it from the narrow point of mental instruction, and who recognise the necessity of evoking interest in a subject and making it attractive, in order to chain attention and gain a hold on the memory, will think the London elementary schoolboy's position enviable. Those who look upon Education as a training of the whole personality, and on teaching as a means of storing the mind and of helping it to find and acquire riches for itself, will deplore instruction being made merely entertaining. Life contains much to be learned that is unattractive. How is the will disciplined to tackle these uninviting subjects by the methods described by Mr. Patterson? Will a boy have learned to concentrate his mind in order to conquer a difficulty? No wonder elementary schoolboys are in despair when, after leaving school, a tough bit of

mental food is given them to bite. The teeth of their mind have had soft meat paste hitherto to work upon.

A great scholar and master of language, the late Dean Church, said once, when speaking of education: "It only fulfils half its office, it works with a maimed and distorted idea, unless it deals with character as well as with intellect; unless, again, it opens and enlightens the mind, as well as directs and purifies and fortifies the will.

In our musings on the Education of Women in particular, we see signs of the existence of this "maimed and distorted idea," more especially as regards the wage-earning class, a class swelling in size year by year.

Our own whole-hearted support of the Higher Education of women has been given because we believe that all the lower duties that fall to the lot of women to perform will be done better in proportion to the acquisition of knowledge. We hold that classical and scientific study, thoroughly pursued, will help to the grasp of practical domestic economy; that a knowledge of ancient history facilitates a woman's reading of the daily chronicle of small things in such a way that it spells comfort to the household; that artistic knowledge will help her to make home a "House Beautiful"; but, if her studies have not resulted in knowledge, it may justly be said that they have not helped to fit her for her dignified position as queen regnant of a woman's kingdom—Home.

We do not wish for one moment to be thought to limit a woman's kingdom to domestic affairs by calling Home her kingdom. The Kingdom of Womanhood ought to occupy a wide area in this life's world, and we would plead for a continual extension of it, and for a removal of unnecessary limitations and disabilities. But the word Home is the tersest translation we can give of that sacred and intimate domain in life's heritage over which woman reigns by virtue of natural inheritance. She rocks the cradle, not only of babes, but of those tender and delicate emotions, feelings, affections, desires and aspirations, whose existence and growth make for the purity and sanctity and genius and true greatness of a race. She carries the keys, not only those belonging to the housekeeper's girdle but those of instinct, intuition, tact, that unlock the confidence of burdened minds, the secrets of wounded hearts. The sceptre of a

true woman is sympathy. Motherhood is not every woman's privilege; but the gifts of teaching, influencing, encouraging, cherishing, are woman's dowry, broadly speaking; and, rightly trained and exercised, might make many a childless woman the mother of thousands. The duties of wife do not fall to the lot of every woman; but the possession of qualities complementary to man's gives an educated woman power to be the intellectual helpmeet of any man who seeks her friendship. We have been reading with keen interest a book on "The Position of Women in Indian Life" written by her Highness the Maharani of Baroda and S. M. Mitra. The first chapter of this book, entitled *The Woman Movement*, takes a wide survey of woman's development from primitive times to the present day, and shows how potent a factor in civilisation educated woman is.

The Maharani quotes the words of our dramatist, Sheridan: "Women govern us; let us render them perfect; the more they are enlightened, so much the more shall we be. On the cultivation of the mind of women depends the wisdom of men," and then urges the women of her own and every country to feel it to be their duty to seek the highest culture within their reach, "that they may be in truth the moral and intellectual mothers of their children." The Maharani notes that, while Western nations were steeped in barbarism, women in India enjoyed the highest public honour; it was only when invasion from without and strife within devastated India that women were forced to the wall. She cites instances of notable feminine rule in India. Razia Begum, who reigned at Delhi after the dethronement of her brother; Nurjehan, queen-consort, whose husband, Jehangir, made her virtual ruler and struck a coinage in her image; and Ahalya Bai, a model Hindu queen.

The Maharani seems to have made an extensive study of Western education as well as a careful consideration of her countrywomen's position. She deduces therefrom certain propositions. As the Indian ideal of womanhood differs from the Western, it follows that Eastern and Western methods of education should differ accordingly. This does not forbid the pursuit of a common aim. "The aim of all education," says she, "should be to train the pupil to apply her acquired knowledge to the pursuits of daily life; to fit her, not *unfit* her, for the position she will have to fill." This looks like going to the root of the matter.

The most sapient authorities may differ as to the age for a child's mental education to begin, as to when it is advisable for the brain and memory to be stimulated, but no thoughtful person will dispute the necessity for a child's character-training to begin so soon that obedience, self-control and recognition of the existence of his fellows as well as of himself, become instinctive habits, if the Maharani is right, as we think she is most certainly, in her definition of the aim of all education. With the senses and will in working order and the moral instinct awake, mental training is made comparatively easy.

To return to the Maharani's book. She goes on to say that the highest aim of *woman's* education should be to fit her to work freely and bravely with man; or, if not with him, alongside of him, to the benefit of the human race. She looks forward to the adaptation of some of the Western educational methods to Eastern requirement as to a figurative racial marriage, Eastern abstract thought wedded to Western practicality, and for the result of it to be the dawn of a brighter day for nations, as well as the elevation of the position of Indian women.

In the succeeding chapters of the book the various professions, trades, arts and crafts possible for women, are dealt with. Almost every possible occupation and vocation is touched upon, and, in many cases, described in detail. But we doubt not that our readers either have read the book or will read it, so we do not propose making a review of it. We will only permit ourselves the pleasure of referring to it from time to time to see how nearly the opinion of a Western mind coincides with that of an Eastern thinker's. We agree with the Maharani as to the general aim of education and the special aim of woman's education. We believe that, if education is thorough and includes the training of character, both aims can be fulfilled. The feminine tendency to lack the sense of proportion and, therefore, to be unbalanced, thwarts these aims frequently.

We believe that intellectual study need not impair a woman's ability to perform homely duties that devolve naturally on women. On the contrary, every kind of knowledge, acquired by a balanced mind, helps the performance of necessary domestic tasks and lifts them to a higher plane. But no sooner did the movement for the Higher Education of Women meet with success than a revolt took place against domesticities; and no sooner was it proved that a girl's

SOME QUAIN TAMIL PROVERBS.

THERE is no doubt that proverbs, even though they happen to be sometimes nothing more than half-truths, enshrine the wisdom of a people. That is the reason why they have always received considerable attention at the hands of persons interested in the history and civilisation of a country. Unlike other generalisations about Orientals, it is true that they have always sought to enunciate their principles and enshrine their experiences of human life and character in pithy maxims and short stories. Especially is this the case with the Hindus. Their proverbs have already received attention at the hands of Oriental scholars. But some proverbs, being used more at home than outside, and perhaps more by old ladies than others, may have escaped their attention. It is sought herein to draw attention to those quaint proverbs and to explain, as far as possible, their origin and their meaning. This article deals only with Tamil proverbs.

"A clumsy cook resorts to tamarind, an ugly woman resorts to saffron." This proverb means that a cook, in order to make up for his want of skill, uses an abundance of tamarind. Similarly, an ugly woman uses saffron, while she is bathing, in order to give herself a better appearance. The South Indian Brahmins are, as a class, fond of tamarind. They like its taste so much that they are prepared to excuse other faults in the dishes if they have an abundance of this ingredient. Saffron is used by all South Indian ladies who are not widows to improve their appearance. And it does certainly enhance their beauty, at any rate, in our eyes. Hence, an ugly woman naturally resorts to this. This is the plain meaning of the proverb. But it sounds a note of sarcasm. However much a cook may use tamarind, he cannot produce a really nice dish if he lacks skill. Similarly, however much an ugly woman may use saffron, she cannot improve her appearance; at any rate she cannot make up for her want of natural beauty.

"What a teacher is to his pupil, that a mother-in-law is to her

danger. This simple proverb gives the key to the whole Hindu conception of the teacher. It will be seen easily that the function of a teacher in regard to his pupils is to train him, and one of the means of doing so is punishment. If the pupil goes wrong. But the South Indian school teacher has been notorious for his severity to his pupils. And it is this aspect of the teacher's life that is to be emphasised here. As a teacher tries to bring round his pupils more often than not, by punishment, so must a mother-in-law bring round her daughter-in-law by suitable punishment.

Many foreign writers of our social life have run away with the impression that in the Hindu family the mother-in-law is the oppressor of her daughter-in-law like slaves. And it is not certain whether these writers among ourselves have contributed to that impression. But this is an exaggeration, as the Hindu joint-family is, it is perhaps a condition of things that should exist. But the influence of Western civilisation. Hence the mother-in-law is but a poor representative of her ancient position, standing by the side of the domestic hearth. Whatever may be the proverb and many others like it, tend to remind us of the good old days.

"Though it may rain all night, a broken piece of tile will never take root." The meaning of this proverb is fairly obvious. However strong other aids may be, like continual rain, a thing unless it is so constituted as to produce a particular result can never produce it, for example, burnt earth will never take root. But this proverb is intended to suggest a yet deeper meaning. It is often used by old men and women when they are tired of advising a young man who, they know, is not going to profit by their advice. They say, in chagrin, that all their advice is but waste of breath, since the young man does not possess in himself the natural capacity to profit by their advice. But the proverb is used in the hope that it will be falsified, for they hope to shame the young man into a frame of mind in which he will be willing to act up to their instructions.

"O! Brahmin, do you take me for a crane?" This innocent little question contains an amount of sarcasm which will be evident only to those who know the story which underlies it. Once upon a time a Brahmin went into a forest to perform penance. After some days of such penance, the Brahmin had acquired certain psychic powers, of which, however, he was not conscious. But he was to know the same

in a rather dramatic fashion. One day, while he was sitting under a tree, a bird from the branches above caused him great annoyance. He looked up with anger flashing in his eyes and the bird was burnt to ashes. The Brahmin was at first amazed, but as consciousness gradually dawned upon him that he had acquired the power of visiting those who crossed his wishes, he was filled with punishment. Then, he went out of the forest, proudly displaying his powers and began his calling, viz., that of begging from door to door in a village. Anon, he came to a house where the housewife was busy serving her husband, who was ill. She was a woman of very high character and devoted to her husband. So the Brahmin had to wait some time before he could get his alms. Consequently he became angry and cast fiery eyes into her face. But the lady remained unmoved by her character & charm against the Brahmin's anger. No worse was in store for the Brahmin. For she looked at him with a contemptuous smile on her lips, "Do you take me for a bird?"

Then the Brahmin realised that all his powers would not avail him against high-souled men and women. Needless to add that he learnt from that time to set their true value on these powers.

This question is often asked by one who is being looked at rather severely by another who cannot harm him. As an illustration, the following incident may be recorded. A professor, with some humour in him, was once taking a class in Euclid. A rather easily irritable student was asked to draw a difficult diagram on the blackboard. His clumsy attempts elicited a laugh from a classmate of his. This was too much for him and he turned an angry face on that student. The professor, who had noticed all that had passed, quietly asked him, "Do you take him for a crane?"

"You can expect sugar from a man who has served you with milk; but you can expect only chutney from a man who has served you with pottage." This proverb is rather frequently used by people in this part of the country. It means that you can always have a foretaste of what is to come by knowing what has preceded it. Of course the proverb is used only metaphorically. It is not always used quite logically. For sometimes it is used by a poor parent while addressing his children about their faults. By that he means that they will not come to any good but that that was what he should expect since he was himself a poor man. Only a rich man can hope for something good in his children!

"You do not belong to a family of beggars who have pursued that calling for generations; but you are a beggar only during a time of famine." This proverb is used to taunt a man who does anything clumsily, because he is new to the work. He is told that he fumbles at his work because he is not accustomed to it and has taken to it only as a last resort. It is curious why the calling of begging is used in a proverb. Evidently it shows that begging has been recognised in India as a calling for a long time. Incidentally, the proverb also shows that our people have known of famines which compelled many to beg, even in ancient days. There is also another expressive proverb to the same effect: "A man will know his way to the burning ground only if there have been deaths in his house."

It may be remembered that, at the beginning of this article, it was remarked that proverbs are sometimes nothing more than half-truths. A good illustration of the above remark is found in a proverb which is frequently used "A thing will not be diminished in quantity unless a portion of it has been removed," and no statement will be ascribed to a man, unless he has made it himself, or at any rate given room to others to attribute the statement to himself. This translation cannot bring out the true force of the original, if for nothing else, at least because the Tamil proverb is a much pithier one than this. As to why the reduction of a quantity from a heap became connected with the attribution of a statement to a man, the present writer cannot find any explanation. This proverb is used to mean much more than is obvious and may be said to mean nearly the same as the allied one—"Where there is no fire, there can be no smoke."

"Will you do what you did the other day?" This question also presupposes the knowledge of a short story, to understand its full significance. Once upon a time a Brahmin beggar went to a man's house and asked for bread. The lady of the house at first refused to give him food. But, as a last resource, the man said that, in that case, he would be compelled to do what he did the other day in another house. The lady was frightened into giving him food, for she thought that probably the Brahmin's curses would fall upon her house. After the man's appetite had been satisfied, the lady timidly asked him what he did the other day. The Brahmin replied that when he was refused food in the other house, he quietly lay down and went to sleep. Then the lady understood that she had been falsely alarmed by her misconception of the Brahmin's words. Hence, whenever a man utters

a futile threat which he cannot carry out, he is asked the above question.

"Even if you drink *milk*, under a palm tree, people will say that you are drinking only toddy." This proverb brings out the fact that people judge of others only by surrounding circumstances and do not take the trouble to inform themselves fully of the facts of the case before they pronounce their judgments. At first sight, this proverb may seem to suggest that, because people are so careless in forming their judgments, one need not care for public opinion. But in this country, Mrs. Grundy has always been feared and respected, especially in social and religious matters. Hence, what the proverb intends to convey is that we, in our dealings, ought not to give the public an opportunity of forming judgments which, though not founded on fact, may yet have some plausible support from surrounding circumstances. In short, this proverb wants us to be, like Cæsar's wife, above suspicion.

"The crow got up the palm tree and the palm fruit fell." This proverb expresses popularly the logical fallacy contained in the Latin expression—*post hoc, ergo propter hoc*. It means that two events which follow in succession are taken to be related as cause and effect simply because of the succession. It will be easily seen that this is a fallacy. The crow which got up the palm tree may have had nothing to do with the falling of the fruit. On the other hand, the crow may have caused the fruit to fall down. But, even then, it is surprising that the two events should have coincided so exactly. Hence, sometimes, this proverb is used to express the surprise of a man when he sees two things happening in quick succession.

"There is the Chettiyar (the name for a class of people in South India whose profession is banking and trade) to say whether the coin is blind or not." This proverb is also based on an amusing story. Once upon a time, two persons were travelling at night through a thick forest. One of them was a Chettiyar. They were naturally afraid of thieves and so they arranged that, if they sighted thieves, they should pretend to be dead persons, whom no thief would molest. But, since the Chettiyar was supposed to be the cleverer man, the major part of the money was entrusted to him. As expected, the thieves did come and both of them fell down on the ground and pretended to be corpses. But one of them was found out, and he was searched, with the result that they found on him certain small coins. The thieves, evidently not feeling themselves under the obligation of not looking a gift horse in the mouth

examined the coins and found one of them to be blind. While they were wrangling about the same, the robbed traveller, evidently feeling that his honour was at stake, loudly declared that they might consult his friend, the Chettiyar, about the soundness of the coin. Thus did he unwittingly betray the existence of his friend and they both were robbed of their last pie. This is the origin of the saying, so far as it can be ascertained. But, as it is used to-day, the proverb has no connection with its origin. For the ordinary meaning of the proverb is that a Chettiyar is so avaricious that he will take anything—even a blind coin—rather than take nothing.

“Ah, shameless wife ! serve me at least the cabbage which is sticking to the wall.” Once upon a time, a husband went into the kitchen and asked his wife to serve him meals. She had not prepared anything else than rice and cabbage. And when the cabbage was served on his leaf, he got angry that such a simple dish only should have been prepared for him, and threw it against the wall, where it got stuck. He then began to eat but found that he could not do so without any curry at all. And then he thought that the cabbage, simple as it was, was better than nothing. But of course he realised that, after his stupid action, he could not, with any show of dignity, ask for the same. But his hunger was pressing, and addressing his wife as a shameless woman, he asked her to serve at least the cabbage on the wall, which she did, with no small amount of contempt. This story is usually told when a man gets unreasonably angry. He is warned that he might place himself, by his anger, in a situation from which he would have to retire in a most undignified manner, even as the husband in the story had to.

Silence has always been commended by wise people in all lands, in India as elsewhere. But in no language has such a homely simile, as the one in the following proverb, been used to express this idea. The literal translation of the proverb is—“Neither a piece of old cloth which has been torn in one place, nor the mouth which has begun to speak, (immoderately) will stop.” It may have been observed that a piece of cloth, especially if it happens to be old, has the tendency to get more and more torn, once it gets torn in some place. Similarly, a man who has begun to indulge in talk will become more and more talkative. So people are warned that, if they want to avoid the reputation of being immoderate talkers, they must keep a strict control over their tongues.

It is not unusual for us to hear nowadays that the mind ought not to be cultivated at the expense of the body, that a sound mind can exist only in a sound body and all the rest of it. It is remark-

able that this truth was brought home to men's minds by Tamil sages long ago. As usual, their observation is enshrined in a proverb to this effect—"You can draw a picture only on a wall." However clever the artist may be and however well supplied with brushes and colours, he cannot do anything unless he has a wall (as representative of something on which he may draw the picture). Similarly, unless you have a sound body, you cannot be of any use to yourself or to others, however intellectually strong you may be. Thus is emphasised the necessity of physical culture.

There are some people in this world who cannot take full advantage of the opportunities placed in their way. In most cases it is so because they lack in the qualities which will enable them to take advantage of such opportunities. They are either too unintelligent or too lazy and they thus let these opportunities slip by. They are compared in the following proverb to dogs whose mouths are so constituted that they can drink only by their tongues. One may have observed this easily. However thirsty the dogs may be and however plentiful the supply of water, they can but lap small quantities with their tongues. "Even though a river were to flow with milk, a dog can but lap it." This proverb, as the others, is intended to teach a lesson. By instituting this undesirable comparison between people who do not rise to the occasion and dogs, it is hoped that such people may be shamed to be a little more brisk and able to take advantage of the opportunities which may be offered them.

"A lame man should not aspire for honey from a honeycomb which may have been built up a tree." This proverb enshrines the familiar truth that one ought to put a check on one's ambitions. He must not aspire for things which he cannot possibly hope to get. Even though the proverb excludes from the scope of one's ambitions only such things as are physically impossible to be got, yet the proverb may be interpreted in such a way that it may damp the high ambitions of young men. But the proverb is not often used in this sense. It is oftener used as a subtle form of flattery. A lover, an admirer, a hero-worshipper, and even a flatterer may, by using this proverb, suggest that the object of his love or admiration is so high as to be altogether beyond his reach. And the fact that he is also compared to honey lends spice to the flattery. It is in this sense rather than in the former, that the proverb is often used.

These are some of the specimens of the proverbs which are used daily by the large number of Tamil-speaking population in South India. They are by no means confined to the "educated classes." On the other hand, it may be said that the masses use these proverbs more

frequently and more aptly too. A sympathetic observer may see in these proverbs the collective wisdom of the community enshrined in short and pithy sentences, to be transmitted from generation to generation. They are not usually understood correctly by foreign observers who cannot enter into the spirit which inspires these proverbs. It will have been seen that one who runs away with the literal meaning of these proverbs can easily laugh at them. It requires careful study and a sympathetic imagination to know the full meaning of these proverbs and recognise therein the wisdom of a shrewd people who, though they may be lacking in education, are none the less able to fight the battle of life in their own way.

There is no better study which will take one to the very heart of a nation than the study of its proverbs. And with the awakened interest in the peoples of India, it is hoped that other nations will look with some of that sympathetic imagination on our institutions and learn to appreciate their real worth. And it may be confidently asserted that one at least of the channels through which they may seek such information is the proverbs which are in daily use among the peoples of this land. The writer of this article will feel amply rewarded if his efforts in this direction will enable some at least to understand something of the national character of the Tamils of South India.

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THE PHILOSOPHY OF GAMES IN ENGLISH SCHOOLS.

GAMES hold by long-established custom and tradition a place side by side with Latin and Greek in English schools and universities, and perhaps of equal importance. The study of science and the study of living languages have thrust themselves up as newcomers into the curriculums of all schools of any reputation, but no rival has yet presented itself to the games, notwithstanding that the cry is raised periodically that the games are appropriating more than a reasonable share of the school-boy's time and attention. An assistant master at a first-rate school must be a scholar, but it will increase his popularity in the school if he brings with him from the university athletic as well as academic distinction, and his double qualifications will considerably enhance his prospects of desirable employment.

The philosophy of games in English schools rests primarily upon the simple foundation that the body must be cared for as well as the mind; but there are also moral considerations (if indeed regard for the human body, the king of living forms, is not in itself a morality) and there are considerations touching discipline and the organised use of leisure.

A typical English father, who is in the habit of thinking, reflects that his son at school will gain a necessary scholarly or technical training in the class room, but that in respect of other and profounder elements of education, in respect of courage and kindness and many other fundamental traits of character, the playing-field will stand his son in better stead. The best educators in manly bearing for boys in England are other boys, and the best opportunities for bringing boys in touch with each other to mutual advantage are

provided by the cricket field, or the football field, or the river. The head master of any large school in England deliberately fosters the athletic side of the school life, for the sake of the physical qualities of health and endurance and a lively spirit, and for the sake also of many moral qualities which are hardly to be obtained where these physical qualities are lacking. Along with the boon of health, moreover, the games bring the boon of organised activity, and provide a sphere for the development of conduct and social understanding (in the narrow sense of the term) while they relieve the responsible authorities of the care of the boys' unoccupied hours. The sentiments of comradeship in the school sports and of admiration for common ideals of physical tone and athletic prowess are deliberately preferred by heads of schools as healthier bonds between boys than sentiments more endearing; and intellectual friendships are held in lower estimation than those that have games for their basis, for fear of the besetting danger of priggishness. In an English school a boy should not be too thoughtful or too much given up to his books. A boy of intellectual leanings is apt to be isolated from his fellows whose thoughts are set upon the common life which tastes better to them and does more for them than their studies. A boy who goes to his solitary thoughts more than to companionship for his impressions is liable, if he is an English boy, to suffer as Shelley suffered at Eton, or to find himself as much out of his right place as Gibbon found himself at Oxford.

The genius of the English people, who are a race of solvers of practical problems rather than of abstract thinkers (although the latter are never wanting among Englishmen), shines out in this habit of going to life rather than to books or to thought for the springs of character and intelligence. To share in the common feelings of one's equals in age and experience is to be enlarged as well as limited. It is a solid achievement to be what one is, and who ever realised himself apart from social activity? The English boy, guided by instinct and not by reason, has arrived at his own peculiar way of being himself, and has evolved a sphere of action and a code of conduct which, if one wishes to understand him, must be accepted in good faith. The touchstone by which he tries himself and his fellows is his ideal of "good form". There are those who comply with "good form"

and there are those who fall beneath it and get called "sneak" or "cad" or "rotter," or by some other name which expresses the schoolboy's sense of disgust. A "sneak" violates "good form" by betraying his classmate to the authorities, a "cad" behaves in an underhanded or ungenerous way to his fellows, and a "rotter" is one who fails to take schoolboy ideals seriously—cricket, for instance. There are at least two sides to "good form" which belongs equally to the relations of boys with their superiors and with their pastimes. One side of "good form" demands that all things shall be done properly—that the cricket-bat shall be held straight, that the oar shall not be held clumsily: the other side can be summed up in the idea of loyalty to one's schoolmates and to the bearing which one's schoolmates require of one in all things. It would be bad form, for instance, to challenge an umpire's decision in a cricket match, or to deal a foul blow to an enemy in a football scrimmage. It would possibly be still worse form to speak disparagingly of one's school in public, or to do anything to lower the estimation in which the school is held.

The football field and the cricket field, to which he is naturally attracted, confront the English boy with the practical problem of contriving to agree and co-operate with his fellows. So many achievements of peace and war are only possible to a nation whose sons have learnt the arts of tolerance and co-operation, and compromise and loyalty, and the sinking of egotism, that there is a large truth in the saying that "the battle of Waterloo was won upon the playground." The schoolboy learns to set the game and the school above himself. It is his ambition to be among the best players in the school, and to be chosen to be a member of some team which represents his own school against other schools. He is aware, however, that more than his own pride or vanity is at stake; that it would be better for the school that he should not be chosen if a better champion than himself is forthcoming; and high as rises his ambition, his love of the school rises higher still. He can bear to be surpassed without envy, and to be set aside without murmuring. He can cheer heartily at a rival's triumph, he can mourn for his school when his rival fails to do as well as is expected of him. He enters seriously into his sports, and yet, when put to the question, they are but sports to him. Or if these lessons of self-restraint and

proportion are not fully realised while the boy is undergoing them, they bequeath their impression, of which the man in later life can scarcely but become clearly conscious.

The common expression "it is not cricket" shows the deep mark set by their games upon Englishmen. Any mean or underhanded action in the business affairs of life, any seizing of an unjust advantage, any breach of trust or of the laws of fair play, is stigmatised in the saying quoted by men who have long ceased to be school-boys.

The love of their school becomes a very real kind of religion among English boys—among boys, that is to say, who belong to the better sort of schools above the primary. "*Floreat Etona*," "*May Eton flourish*," the motto of a great school, has been heard upon the battlefield. An English novelist recently wrote a book steeped in love for Harrow, the rival of Eton; and "*Tom Brown's Schooldays*" shows what an "old boy" could feel for Rugby. At Eton or Oxford, however greatly a particular master or a particular professor may be worshipped by boys or undergraduates of an exceptional temperament, the love of the school or the college includes much more than the love of any prominent idealised personality. There is the sentiment of the place—the school or the college buildings with their antiquity, the playing ground, the surrounding country, etc., and there is the sentiment of the life lived in the place in common with one's fellows, which make up the mass of the feeling of attachment. In boyhood this feeling is bred by the eager life of which games form so large a part. "The happy days of childhood" mean for many Englishmen, when they mean anything, the eager days of common interest and common participation in sports and pastimes shown against a not less useful background of taskwork at a public school. Many a graduate of Oxford who loves the grey towers and green fields he has left as he loves few other recollections, finds that his feelings respond most keenly not to the thought of his intellectual struggles and academic successes, but to a chance memory bequeathed from some happy hour of companionship in exercise, when he saw it may have been the mists of a winter evening gather low upon the river, and heard the voice of the cox travel far across the level meadows as he called "*Ease Ho!*"

The school sentiment sometimes finds expression in school songs, and in this respect no English school has been more fortunate than Harrow. It was an assistant master of Harrow, Mr. Edward Bowen, who wrote the immortal football song entitled "Forty Years On," which was set to rousing music by the Harrow School Organist, Mr. John Farmer. "Forty Years On" is a song of mingled joy and sadness, hope and memory, courage and regret, ambition and piety—and all this evolved out of football. "Forty Years On" sing the Harrow boys in their college hall :—

Forty years on, when afar and asunder
 Parted are those who are singing to-day,
 When you look back and forgetfully wonder
 What you were like in your work and your play—
 Then it may be there will often come o'er you
 Glimpses of notes, like the catch of a song ;
 Visions of boyhood shall float them before you,
 Echoes of dreamland shall bear them along,

Chorus: Follow up ! Follow up !
 Till the field ring again and again
 With the tramp of the twenty-two men—
 Follow up ! Follow up !

Routs and discomfitures, rushes and rallies,
 Bases attempted, and rescued, and won,
 Strife without anger, and art without malice—
 How will it seem to you forty years on ?
 Then, you will say, not a feverish minute
 Strained the weak heart and the wavering knee,
 Never the battle raged hottest, but in it,
 Neither the last nor the faintest were we !

O the great days in the distance enchanted,
 Days of fresh air in the rain and the sun,
 How we rejoiced as we struggled and panted—
 Hardly believable, forty years on !
 How we discoursed of them, one with another,
 Auguring triumph, or balancing fate,
 Loved the ally with the heart of a brother,
 Hated the foe with a playing at hate !

Forty years on, growing older and older,
Shorter in wind as in memory long,
Feeble of foot, and rheumatic of shoulder,
What will it help you that once you were strong ?
God give us bases to guard or beleaguer,
Games to play out, whether earnest or fun,
Fights for the fearless, and goals for the eager,
Twenty, and thirty, and forty years on !

In prose the author of the football song speaks as follows :—

Consider the habit of being in public, the forbearance, the subordination of the one to the many, the exercise of judgment, the sense of personal dignity. Think again of the organising faculty our games develop. Where can you get command and obedience, choice with responsibility, criticism with discipline, in any degree remotely approaching that in which our social games supply them ? Think of the partly moral, partly physical side of it, temper, of course, dignity, courtesy. When the match has really begun, there is education, there is enlargement of horizon, self sinks, the common good is the only good, the bodily faculties exhilarate in functional development, and the make-believe ambition is glorified into a sort of ideality. Here is boyhood at its best, or very nearly at its best. . . . When you have a lot of human beings, in highest social union and perfect organic action, developing the law of their race and falling in unconsciously with its best inherited traditions of brotherhood and common action, you are not far from getting a glimpse of one side of the highest good. There lives more soul in honest play, believe me, than in half the hymn-books.

All creatures play, and we may presume that all creatures derive benefit from so universal a practice. A good game played generously raises the player above his egotism, and makes him for an hour or so a freeman of a larger life. Wherever men meet in self-forgetfulness such as honest associated sport can bring, the miracle of the passage from the narrow self to a closer relation with the universal self is transacted. Laughter sets free the soul ; keen effort in company and brotherhood has the same effect ; and men get to know each other and to fuse their natures in the laughter, whether, heard or unheard, of a game. Wordsworth traced his most abiding impressions from natural surroundings to moments of excitement kindled by play or sport or companionship. It was

part of Wordsworth's peculiar message to the educator [that both the love of Nature and the love of our fellows enter into us most vigorously and permanently when excitement of some kind has stimulated the receptive faculties—whether the excitement be the effect of exertion, or of laughter, or of terror, or of pain. For the highest philosophy of games we must go to the poet who, without the aid of play in his boyhood, would have been no lover of Nature, and would have possessed no living religion.

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London.

SONNET.

O Eastern twilight, sing no requiem
 On Day's departure, nor how, borne away
 Beyond the waste her robe's brocaded hem
 Still gleams athwart thy tinted shroud of grey. " "
 Welcome soft hour of pensive reverie,
 Thou gentle harbinger of shadowy Night,
 Crown'd with one star that shines alone for thee
 Before a darken'd world is edged with light.

Can my soul seek its peace when this first breeze
 Shakes all the tassell'd branches into song?
 Or list'ning to it will my heart find ease,
 Albeit I worship as I walk along?
 Not till this throbbing life sleeps in the grave,—
 But there, perchance, victorious palms may wave.

VIOLET DE MALORTIE.

Oxford.

COLOUR PREJUDICE.

FROM time to time the Press of the English-speaking peoples has given prominence to various isolated instances of racial or colour prejudice, emphasising the causes of particular incidents and the special features of particular cases, but so far as I have been able to ascertain, there has been no attempt to review the issue in general terms.

It seems not only advisable but necessary to attempt to do this.

The fact that "colour prejudice" exists is self-evident and the question naturally arises, what are its causes?

In so far as these can be reduced to expression in words, the factors underlying "Colour Prejudice" are as follows:—

- (i) The inherent antipathy of difference of nationality.
- (ii) The greater cheapness of the cost of living to "coloured" people, or in other words, their ability and willingness to work for less pay than "white" people are able and willing to work for.
- (iii) The ability which "coloured" people are showing of doing as well as and better than "white" people in various walks of life.
- (iv) The belief inherent in "white" people that they are superior *by virtue of their whiteness* to "coloured" people.
- (v) The resentment of this belief by "coloured" people.
- (vi) The failings which are characteristic of "coloured" people:—
 - (a) Wrong methods of resentment.
 - (b) Impatience of results.
 - (c) Want of cohesion.

Let us examine these various factors.

(i) The inherent antipathy of difference of nationality is a statistical fact. Men of any given nationality marry more women of the same nationality than of a different one even when they are resident permanently in the country of the latter ; they return to their own country in search of wives, they establish colonies of themselves in the "foreign" country of their permanent residence and endeavour to perpetuate the language and the customs of their indigenous country. It is therefore perfectly natural that "white" people should have a definite antipathy to coloured people, not because of "whiteness" or "colouredness," but because of inherent national antipathy. From this point of view the antipathy of the Englishman to the Bengali is quite as understandable as the former's antipathy to the German or the Russian *qua* nationality. It is a fact necessary to national development and the preservation of national characteristics without which the advance of humanity would cease inevitably. This form of antipathy is in the main benevolent and useful, and to the careful student of human progress it must appear essential, particularly for the benefit of the "coloured" races, for no race has risen as yet in the scale of society except by struggling upwards against antipathetic national differences and difficulties.

(ii) The factor of cheapness or, as it has been termed, the factor of the "standard of life" is in part the cause of national antipathy in this particular instance, in part the means whereby it will overcome itself. There can be no doubt but that the "standard of life" is higher as a general principle among "white" people than among "coloured" people. The former are more literate ; they have developed a desire for "luxuries" and have made them necessities ; they have been reared in climates which have made more expensive clothing a necessity and a habit, and they have maintained this habit on migrating to countries where such clothing is not really necessary ; their being reared in such climates has made it necessary for them to eat food which is more expensive in their own homes than it is in the countries occupied by "coloured" peoples, and this necessity has developed into a habit which they maintain even when they migrate into the countries occupied by

"coloured" people; the result of this is that in some measure they suffer from a higher incidence of unhealthiness than do "coloured" people and so they have the additional burden thrown on them of the necessity of making greater provision for medical aid which, since they naturally prefer it from one of themselves, must be proportionally more expensive to them than to "coloured" people. These are but a few examples of the higher "standard of life" among "white" people as compared with "coloured" people.

Nevertheless, this disparity must tend inevitably to disappear. Commercial enterprise necessitates in many cases the use of cheaper "coloured" labour, and where it does not actually necessitate such labour, it nevertheless desires to employ it in order to secure a greater yield of profit. That is to say, that commercial enterprise is increasing continuously the purchasing power of "coloured" people and thus increasing inevitably their purchases, reproducing in them the same train of events which has occurred already in the "white" labouring classes. Furthermore, with the spread of education there will arise before long among the "coloured" labouring classes a knowledge of the means by which the "white" labouring classes have ameliorated their position with reference to the question of wages, and the result will be the inevitable equalisation of the wages earned by "coloured" and by "white" labour with the equally necessary equalisation of the "standard of life." Meanwhile, the process must produce antipathy and friction as a preliminary necessary to the absence of such antipathy and friction, and furthermore the struggle must be beneficial inevitably, for, if conducted in the right spirit, it can end in nothing but an appreciation and an emulation of the better qualities of each other, and thus in an approximation to the mean of goodness which mean, in the present instance, to be paradoxical, must be the maximum. But it is well to remember that this can be achieved only if the struggle be carried out in the proper spirit, and it is to be hoped that since the "white" peoples are the more advanced at present, since the leaders of their countries are learned and erudite, since they have the lessons of history spread out before them, they will see to it that the struggle is carried out in the proper spirit for the sake of humanity. By all means make it difficult for "coloured" people to reach equality with them; in the interests of "coloured"

people themselves make it *very* difficult; but when they have proved that equality up to the hilt and are on the point of grasping it firmly and rending its recognition from their "white" fellow-men, then it is the duty of the latter not to wait for this but to hand over this equality and its symbols, not grudgingly and as though perforce, but freely and willingly as acknowledgment of an equality acknowledged because proved. This is the only way to guarantee that the "coloured" peoples will carry out the struggle in the proper spirit, for, it will teach them that to struggle in this way is the only method of achieving advancement towards and equality with their "white" fellow-men.

(iii) The ability of "coloured" people is a thing which cannot be questioned at the present day; they have proved it in every walk of life, not in overwhelming numbers, of course, for as yet very few "coloured" peoples have had the opportunities of education on the same lines as those which are available to "white" peoples — and it must be borne in mind always that the achievements of "coloured" peoples are always measured by the standard of those of "white" peoples. Where, however, the "coloured" peoples have had such opportunities of education they have held their own, have improved themselves, acquired property, developed intellect and, what is more important, character. They have been able to undertake commercial enterprises; they have founded schools and industrial colonies; they have competed in the open market with white labour and its products, and the fact that they have done so on terms favourable to themselves has been proved by the extension of their enterprises. Doubtless they have been enabled to do so in part by their cost of living being less in comparison with that of their "white" fellow-men, and it should be remembered that this is an augury of the greatest attribute of good character, namely, thrift. It must follow inevitably that as the knowledge of what they have achieved on these lines becomes more widely diffused, the same methods will spread among them and they will tend to increase their ability to compete on even terms with their "white" fellow-men to their own advantage. It is not only foolish but it is useless for the "white" people to endeavour to prevent this tendency on the part of the "coloured" peoples; the more they try to do so, the more and the quicker will the "coloured"

peoples press upon their heels and overtake them, for the experience of the unwise proves infallibly that action and reaction are equal in intensity and kind but opposite in direction—not even the united efforts of all the “white” peoples of the earth can annul or defeat the Law of Causation, the fundamental Law of Nature. But what the “white” peoples can do, not merely for the good of the “coloured” peoples but also for their own good, is to offer such a rational and uniform fairness of resistance to the advancement of the “coloured” peoples that the latter will not only be enabled but will be compelled to advance harmoniously, equably and surely in greater numbers than they are doing at present. In this way the acceleration of momentum will increase uniformly and there will be no sudden uncontrollable accelerations to disturb the uniformity of the motion, and this is a matter of great importance to the “white” peoples, because any such sudden uncontrollable acceleration must necessitate a correspondingly great resistance on their part at some considerable sacrifice to themselves.

(iv) The inherent belief in their own superiority on the part of the “white” peoples is not only implied but is in the main principle justified by what has preceded, and is a belief the soundness of which no sane man will deny, but where its obnoxious nature comes in lies in the fact that this belief is founded not on a consideration of the facts mentioned above, but on their mere “whiteness.” A “white” thief considers himself better than an honest “coloured” man, and unfortunately this belief is given countenance by the action of the “white” peoples themselves as peoples. A “white” thief can serve his sentence and thereafter acquire land, property and full rights of citizenship in any part of the world—except Hayti!—but a “coloured” honest man finds it impossible to acquire land and to be treated as a civilised human being in many countries occupied by “white” peoples.

If a “white” prostitute is “raped” by a “coloured” man he is lynched, but if a “white” man rapes a “coloured” woman or uses his superior wit to drive her to gratify his ignoble desire he is looked upon merely as doing what is quite permissible. This may seem a hard and brutal statement, but I ask the “white” readers of these remarks to answer in common honesty how often they have heard the “coloured” girl described as or thought of

her themselves as what they term "fair game." Again, if a "white" person employs a "coloured" person to do a certain thing, he considers that the "coloured" person is quite well enough remunerated if he is paid two-thirds of the amount which would be paid to a "white" person irrespective of whether the work be done just as well by the "coloured" person. To put the matter in general terms, it cannot be denied that "white" people look upon "coloured" people, because of the difference in colour, merely as a means of obtaining cheap labour, cheap brains and cheap gratification. This may be regarded as a harsh statement but that does not militate against its truth ; common knowledge and the experience of every day prove it to be true and this truth is being borne in upon the "coloured" peoples more and more every day.

(v) Naturally they resent this. No man can help feeling deep and bitter resentment at the thought that his honesty, thrift and general goodness of character are to count for very little merely because he is "coloured" in comparison not only with his equally good "white" fellow-man but even in comparison with his "white" fellow-man who has neither his honesty, his thrift, nor his goodness of character. No mother, father or brother can help feeling deep and bitter resentment at the thought that his or her daughter or sister is looked upon as a woman whom it is permissible to use merely as a woman but whom it is a degradation to have as a wife merely because she is "coloured." No working man can help feeling deep and bitter resentment at the thought that his work must be paid for at a rate less than would be given freely to a "white" working man merely because he is "coloured." The objections will be advanced that the "coloured" man as a rule is neither honest, nor thrifty nor of good character ; that the "coloured" woman is of lax moral habits, using the word "moral" in its restricted sense ; that the "coloured" working man is not as reliable as his "white" fellow working man. All of these objections are not only open to question but can be disproved easily, but assuming for the sake of argument that they were true as a general principle, that makes it none the less hard for those "coloured" people who are exceptions to the general principle. Rather is it all the harder to them that their proved superiority to the supposed general run does not give them fairness, does not save

them from deliberate insult and attempted outrage, does not give them their just dues. Their resentment must be infallibly all the deeper; a "white" honest man, virtuous woman, good workman, will resent being classed with a thief, a harlot, a wastrel, even though they be "white"; why should it be otherwise with "coloured" people?

(vi) Where "coloured" people fail in their attitude towards this question of "colour prejudice" lies in a great measure in their wrong method of resentment. Sometimes they adopt expedients which are termed euphemistically in various ways, but which in plain English are murder, sedition, outrage and dishonesty.

Not only are these acts intrinsically foolish, wrong and sinful, but their only effect is that they intensify the bitterness already existent and make toleration and harmonious improvement all the more difficult; it is to be feared, however, that this is a necessary phase of transition, because the "white" peoples have had to pass through this phase themselves in their evolution to their present general higher standard. But herein lies the importance of this phase, that it is in the power of the "white" peoples much more than in that of the "coloured" peoples to shorten the duration of this phase and to lessen its acuteness, for they, having passed through the experience, know and understand its causes and their proper treatment, and they and their leaders are therefore the persons most fitted to begin the amelioration of the position by exercising that self-control and that fairness of dealing the absence of which in certain of their then "higher" orders caused their "lower" orders to perpetrate exactly such follies, wrongs and sins in former ages. Beginning with those few or those many who are of good character, virtuous and workmanlike, the "coloured" peoples must help in this desired action by endeavouring to press their claims with measured reason rather than with ill-timed invective and futile recrimination. They should treat attempted insult with the quiet contempt which it deserves and by making it known generally among themselves that such particular persons are unworthy of being introduced into respectable homes as guests, and where it is possible such unpleasant occurrences should be brought to the notice of the offending person's superior in the presence of both of them at the same time, *but without any demand for redress*

for the mere act in itself will constitute redress enough ; they should content themselves with pointing out that their work has a particular value and that unless that value is paid, then the work cannot be done. They cannot be blamed if they adopt the same measures which their "white" fellow-workmen have adopted under similar circumstances, and it must then be left to the leaders of their "white" fellow-men to determine whether it is worth while to deny them their just dues, bearing in mind their own experience of the tremendous costliness of a disorganised state of trade. If these leaders are wise, they will meet these just demands and dues in a spirit of honesty and fairness, because they have had enough experience to show them that such is the only satisfactory course to pursue and even more than this, being forewarned by their own experience they will endeavour by fair treatment to prevent their "coloured" workmen having recourse to such dangerous and double-edged methods and weapons by attaching them to themselves by fair and equitable treatment and by educating them to a true appreciation of the just relationship which must subsist between Capital and Labour, that is to say, a *pro-rata* share in profits above a certain amount, and, as a necessary concomitant of this, a *pro-rata* share in losses up to a certain amount.

And in all this endeavour to a just amelioration of the present position, the "coloured" peoples must remember that the greatest harm they can do themselves is to be impatient of results. In inculcating this principle thoroughly into the "coloured" peoples, the "white" peoples will be doing to both an incalculable good; the latter should teach the former something of the struggles through which they themselves have had to pass. Above all things they should emphasise the *duration* of these struggles ; the "white" peoples know that they value their privileges of, for example, full civil and religious liberty because they had to strive manfully for them over many days. They should see to it that the "coloured" peoples have to strive in the same way, but because of the wisdom which these struggles should have inculcated in them the "white" peoples should profit by their own experience and hold out the sure and certain hope of achievement to their "coloured" fellow-men when the latter have advanced enough, and the only way to get this appreciated is to select the isolated instances from among the "coloured"

peoples and to render the achievement to their exponents fully and freely. Above all, the "coloured" peoples must learn and must be made to learn the absolute fatality of the want of cohesion.

In this part of the world "colour" varies euphemistically from "one anna in the rupee" to the full-valued article.

All of these variants must realise and must be made to realise that though they are variants, they are but variants of the same theme, that it is only by harmonious aggregation that a perfect tune can be produced, that they belong to each other and owe to each other the duty of help. Much of this they will learn infallibly for themselves, but they can also be aided in this and they should also be so aided by the "white" peoples, because the more the latter aid the former in this, the sooner will the average standard of the whole be raised. The "white" peoples should emphasise what have been the results of their standing by each other for their mutual advantage in times of stress; they should teach the lessons of the great benefit that accrues to both when the landlord interests himself on his tenants' behalf; they should show the nobility of the man who pulls himself up out of the crowd by sheer grit, pluck, honesty and force of character, and then uses his ameliorated position for the good of his fellow-men; they should show how the ties of race have given an impetus to the development of their present position. In this way not only will they lead the "coloured" peoples to cohere together among themselves but they will be preparing the way on the soundest lines to that sane toleration and free association in courtesy and integrity which is the ultimate goal of human advancement.

I have tried in this brief sketch to show something of the mutual responsibilities which "white" and "coloured" peoples owe to themselves and to each other, for the experience of men and things show clearly that this problem of the clash of the "white" and the "coloured" races is the greatest which humanity will ever have to solve.

Solved it must be, and solved it can be only either by bitter strife or by honest, consistent, manly effort.

In honesty and sincerity I have ventured to contribute this effort in the hope that it may lead those of more importance and of greater influence than myself to eliminate the possibility of this

threatened bitter strife, or, if that is too much to hope for, then to lessen its length and to bring a little nearer the time when the Spirit of Justice which God has given to Man shall in the end guide our feet into the way of Peace. •

“BACILLUS.”

THE ROSE.

At first it lay,
A tiny bud unfolding day by day,
Upon the parent stem, from which it grew.
It held its folded calyx to the dew,
To kiss it open. Soon the sunshine lit
Its fairy fragrance with a charm that drew
The honey bee down to the heart of it,
And wandering zephyrs came its grace to woo.

And thus it spread
In widening wonder, all aglow and sweet.
Thrilling to feel in every petal red,
The harmony of love in life complete,
And so it marvelled till the summer fled.

Then drooped the rose.
And when the bitter chill of winter came,
The tender petals shook, and opened wide,
And fell apart, a crimson shower of rain.
No shelter now, wherein its heart to hide ;
God only knows a flower's power of pain.
That night in mystery the sweet rose died,
Nor knew it life again.

THE PROBLEM OF FREEDOM.

THE question has been asked, is man free ? Do his actions flow spontaneously from within ? Is there any faculty in him, which is the originator of effects, without itself being the effect of any cause ? Does his will transcend the laws of nature ? Or is he in bondage ? Can we explain his actions by assigning them to forces that are without him ? Is his freedom of will only a delusion, is his will, too, on a par with the phenomena of the universe and bound by the laws of nature ?

This problem has been solved in various ways. Physical Science offers one solution, Biology gives another, Psychology has a third, Metaphysics a fourth. The will of man has been reduced, by one school, to something which is necessarily determined from without ; another school has reduced it to something that is determined by itself ; while a third school claims for it entire freedom. Attempts have been made to bridge the gulf and to effect a compromise between Necessity and Freedom. For an adequate solution of the problem, it is essential to examine all these views separately. It is the purpose of this paper to show that, as far as human intelligence has penetrated, the only satisfactory solution is that given by the Vedanta Philosophy, a solution which has been almost lost sight of by Western thinkers.

Taking the different views in turn, we shall attempt to give a brief exposition of each and note the chief drawbacks that each labours under. The writer claims no originality in the ideas expounded ; what he attempts to do is only in giving those ideas a methodical arrangement and criticism. The purpose of this humble paper is gained, indeed, if it induces those thinkers, who are nourished in Western Philosophy, to turn their attention to the deep thoughts embodied in the Philosophy of Vedanta.

I. Physical Science views the whole universe as subject to physical laws. Now, physical laws are either laws of sequence or laws of co-existence, and both resolve themselves into the law of causal connection. Holding such a supremacy over the universe, it exempts nothing from its operation, it allows nothing to escape it. Man, in his entirety, is also viewed as a part of the universe, and being a part of the universe, he too is bound by that law which binds the whole universe. As becomes a subject to this law, he too lives according to the law. In his "march from eternity to eternity," he is only a fellow-passenger with the other objects in our world, animate or inanimate. While he holds no free ticket, the free ticket that he seems to have had from Morality is against the very letter and the very spirit of this all-powerful law—on examination he is asked to surrender it. The law has a hold on his actions also. Man as a moral being has not any freedom of choice. His choice depends on conditions over which he has no control. He chooses only in accordance with the law of cause and effect. The fact that he has a mind, that he is conscious, does not in any way prevent the law being applied to him. Thus, we are told, man has no independence. Stern Necessity rules over his will, as over the life of any other object.

Perhaps finding it derogatory to its sense of etiquette to call its doctrine by the name of Necessity, Science has chosen the gentler term, Determinism. It is easily seen that Determinism is only Necessitarianism with a coating of sugar. We are told that we determine our own actions, although we do it according to certain laws. The inner forces, it is said, raise our actions from the level of sheer Necessity, to a higher one, to something which has the dignity of self-determination. But the fact that there is no real break between the inner forces and the outer forces, is completely ignored. The inner forces of motives, character, and dispositions, are only the reactions, in us, to the outer forces of circumstances. We come to the world with certain inherited tendencies, and the rest is made up of the influences of education and circumstances. These being stronger, should count for more. It is mainly owing to these outer forces that our life has become what it is. Moreover, man being a part of the universe, his inner forces form part and parcel of this dependent universe. His will is his own, no doubt,

as he acts from motives of his own. But motives are only external things acting upon him ; and over these he has no control. He has thus no share in the determination of his actions. His life is one of constraint. He is bound down by external nature and the laws that rule external nature. There is as much necessity in his actions as there is in the occurrence of an eclipse.

Let us see how far Science is justified in extending its law of causation to the moral sphere and consequently denying moral freedom. First, the law of Physics is only a generalisation reached through investigations into the workings of nature. Extra-material factors were altogether ignored, and hence the workings of mind were not included under the categories of scientific investigation. If mental energies too were included in the sphere, where the Law of Causation holds good, then the Scientific Law of to-day would be different from what it is ; it would be a law that could be readily applied to both material phenomena and mental phenomena. Secondly, if a law, that was formed for a purely material world, can be extended to a non-material world, it means that mental entities can be brought under the law and the law applied to them. If this be possible, what is the principle of this extension, and what is the method by which mental phenomena can be reduced to objects of mechanical calculation ? The law of Physics, we repeat, is a mechanical law, intended to explain purely mechanical phenomena. That a purely mechanical law can explain the workings of mind, which are certainly non-mechanical, is beyond human conception ; and the claim is an unlawful one. Science cannot lay such a claim without ceasing to be science. Is it not a trespass, on the part of Science, to enter into the realms of Morality, with a presumption to philosophise with a mechanical instrument ? True, all matter obeys the causal law, but that is no reason why something, which is, obviously, not matter, should obey the same law. King Canute, when he went to the sea-shore with the presumption that the waters would obey him, because he was obeyed by men, did exactly what Science does when it invades the shores of Morality with an expectation to find obedience to its causal law. From its very nature Science is limited, and a limited agent cannot solve the problems of an unlimited agent. Science is incapable of offering any adequate solution to our problem, and where it gives

any answer, we may ignore it on the ground of irrelevancy. The inevitable necessity of Science has nothing to do with Morality.

But Tyndall claims for science "the entire domain of cosmological theory." But so long as there is the entity of consciousness included in the cosmos, we are bound to resist the above claim. "All schemes and systems," he says, "which thus infringe upon the domain of Science must, in so far as they do this, submit to its control, and relinquish all thought of controlling it. Acting otherwise proved always disastrous in the past, and it is simply fatuous to-day." One can only laugh at this statement when one remembers that this stroke is directed against Theology and Philosophy, which he styles, "as an intellectual or spiritual tyranny." In fact, it is Science that has infringed upon the domain of Philosophy, and what is fatuous to-day is the dictates of Science to Philosophy. He is not content with this. He goes on saying that the doctrine of Science is

exacting from every consequent its equivalent antecedent, from every antecedent its equivalent consequent, and bringing vital as well as physical phenomena under the domain of that law of causal connection which, so far as the human understanding has pierced, asserts itself everywhere in nature.

It is simply a gratuitous assumption to say that all vital phenomena can be brought under the law of Causation. The law of Science holds good in the material world, and if mental phenomena can be brought under a law that is intended for, and capable of explaining, only physical phenomena, then, the scientist is the man. Tyndall himself admits the inability of Science when he says :

Besides the physical life dealt with by Mr. Darwin, there is a Psychical life presenting similar gradations and asking equally for a solution. How are the different grades and orders of mind to be accounted for? What is the principle of growth of that mysterious power which on our planet has culminated in Reason?

This naturally leads us to the solution offered by Biology to our problem.

II. According to Evolution the whole cosmos is derived from the interactions between the organism and the environments, and man is included in the cosmos. What we call the human

understanding has come to be, through the play of the organism and the environment through countless ages. Nothing is arbitrarily grafted on him. All his senses, intellect and will, are only the result of adaptation to circumstances. This doctrine of adaptation to circumstances, and the consequent survival of the fittest, have been applied to man's will too. The inherited characteristics of man, the raw material which is afterwards shaped into a moral being, is nothing but the synthesised quantities that have survived, as being the fittest, the struggles of ages past. The moral situation is one in which there is an organism with a certain congenital tendency, viz., man, and the forces of circumstances. Moral struggle is nothing but the struggle of this agent with circumstances; moral progress is nothing but the agent's adapting himself to circumstances, and moral perfection must be understood to mean the survival of the fittest in this struggle for existence. The moral agent is at the mercy of circumstances; and it is the push and pull, the selfish life-preserving qualities of the ape and the tiger in him, that go to make up his moral perfection. Since he has no control whatever over his environments, that have much to do with his life, he has no freedom. This is to mean that he does not determine what he ought to be, but everything for him is determined by that force which determines the life of cosmos as a whole. Let us see how far this view of Morality is sound.

Huxley, in his famous Romanes lectures, notes two defects in the attempts made by Evolution to explain Morality. The first is :

As the immoral sentiments have no less been evolved, there is so far, as much sanction for the one as the other. The thief and the murderer follow nature just as much as the philanthropist, Cosmic evolution may teach us how the good and the evil tendencies of man have come about, but, in itself, it is incompetent to furnish any better reason, why what we call good is preferable to what we call evil, than we had before.

Here Huxley laid his finger on the right point. Evolution tells us how we have come to be what, we are, but it ignores the question why. In morals the question is not 'what is,' it is 'what ought to be.' In so far as the 'what ought to be' is not explained, morality too is not explained; and since Evolution has nothing to

do with 'what ought to be,' it is incompetent to explain the points of Morality. Let us hear Huxley once more :

It is a notion that because, on the whole, animals and plants have advanced in perfection of organisation, by means of the struggle for existence and the consequent 'survival of the fittest,' therefore men in society, men as ethical beings, look to the same process to help them towards perfection. 'Fittest' has a connotation of the 'best,' and about 'best' there hangs a moral flavour.

This is in the main quite true. What is 'fittest' in cosmic evolution was understood to be what is 'best' in moral progress, and this misunderstanding found a ready and hasty application. The truth is, Evolution cannot, with safety, apply its doctrines to Ethics. Apart from these there is a mighty objection to the claims of the solution offered by Evolution. Evolution looks backward, while Morality looks forward. The attention of the one is concentrated in the past, while that of the other is directed to the future. Huxley has urged that :

The practice of that which is ethically best—what we call goodness or virtue—involves a course of conduct which, in all respects, is opposed to that which leads to success in the cosmic struggle for existence. In place of the ruthless self-assertion, it demands self-restraint ; in place of thrusting aside and treading down all competitors, it requires that the individual shall not merely respect, but shall help his fellows.

Thus we see that ethical process is in direct antagonism to the cosmic process. The more ethical the society is, the less it is borne down by the laws of cosmic evolution. The microcosm has taken its stand against the macrocosm, and cosmos is subdued to a higher end. Evolution cannot, as such, solve our ethical problem, and the Determination-view it gives us, deserves only the courtesy of indifference. Its solution is not a solution at all.

III. Herbert Spencer and J. S. Mill made a thorough-going examination of voluntary action, and came to the conclusion that voluntary actions can be explained, psychologically, as the result of certain forces, which can be comprised under the terms, character and circumstances. Psychology considers actions as actions issuing from the character of the agent, and as modified by his circumstances. The agent has two or more ideas of conduct before him. He weighs

the pros and cons of his probable lines of activity, and through a deliberate process of comparison and contrast fixes on a certain course. The question is, does any force, any extra-conditional principle, come and intervene between the presentation of the various courses and the fixing on a definite course of conduct? Psychology answers, no! What happens is this. The agent does not surrender himself to the impulse of one idea, which has a tendency to issue in action. He restrains himself, pauses, takes a survey of the entire situation; in short, he deliberates over the various probable courses; and as a result of this deliberation, he identifies himself with one particular course. What he has done is, he has taken the various forces that might become powerful enough to impel him to act, *i.e.*, he has examined the possible and probable motives, and after this examination, settles one line of action, which in its turn becomes, then, the motive that moves him to act. This motive is the result of circumstances acting and reacting on his character. Here there is no external compulsion. He has himself made his motive on the basis of his character. Now, deliberation presupposes a certain coolness on the part of the agent. He has checked the hasty run of blind impulses, he is not carried away by them. On the other hand, he has viewed the situation in the interest of his whole self, he has brought the whole self to bear on the choice. This intervention of the self creates in him the notion that his choice was self-determined. To quote Sully :

Action initiated by effective choice may indeed be said to exhibit the characteristics of 'conscious' action, delay, complexity of initiative process, selective act of attention, modifiability by introduction of new psychical factors, in their highest intensity and distinctness. As such they naturally appear, in contrast to the simpler, more mechanical, and extraneously conditioned types of action, to be self-conditioned.

The intervention of a spontaneous force, a new spiritual principle—what we mean by freedom—is entirely denied. The action is said to be determined by the physical and psychical groups of factors operating at the time. Motive is all in all. But motives can be further explained as the result of extraneous forces. Thus, the human will is denied the freedom that everybody feels he

has. In its place we are offered Self-Determination. Mr. Felix Adler speaks of such a freedom as "a transparent piece of self-deception." He says that Kant calls it :

"The freedom of a mechanical turnspit." Self-determination, (he says) which has sometimes been presented as a substitute for freedom, namely, the fact that, after our character has been formed by heredity, education, environments, in short, by the confluence of innumerable extraneous influences, we then act along the lines of these, our character—such self-determination Kant dismisses with a single word of infinite contempt.

This is only proper. Psychology is unable to see whether our reason is self-active. From its very nature Psychology is bound. Let us hear two confessions. Sully says :

That a scientific Psychology, which sets out with the assumption that psychical events can be explained or accounted for by certain conditions, cannot consistently make room for the idea of Freedom, so far as this implies indeterminateness of action.

Speaking of the discussion of freedom, Mr. Stout says that it involves an examination of the relation between the thought and will of the individual mind, and the reality of the universe. This relation from the point of view of any finite Science, such as Psychology, is utterly inexplicable. . . . Psychology cannot explain how it is possible that an individual can consciously mean or intend something. . . . As Psychologists, we deal not with the ultimate possibility of will and thought, but only with their mode of occurrence as time-processes taking place in the individual mind.

Quitting these finite sciences, let us examine the solution given us by Transcendentalism, a philosophical solution that is associated with and propounded by Kant.

IV. The whole of Kant's Ethics revolves round the idea of Freedom. Therefore it is a very difficult matter to abstract, from his Ethics, that portion which is concerned with Freedom only, apart from other ethical questions. Anyhow, we shall make an effort.

We have to make, first, a distinction between the fact of experience, and our inference from such a fact. The fact of experience is the occurrence, in us, of judgments that involve unconditional obligation. Whatever our tendencies may be, whithersoever they may induce us to act, we ought to act in such and such a way.

irrespective of our individual tendencies, and even against them. This is what constitutes the starting point in Kant's Ethics. The starting point is, as said above, the fact of experience, 'thou oughtest.' The inference from that fact is what Kant calls practical Freedom. 'Thou oughtest,' therefore, 'thou canst' i.e., 'thou art free.' But this is only an inference. It does not itself constitute the fact of experience, and it cannot be verified in experience.

But practical Freedom presupposes Transcendental Freedom. If we are, for moral purposes, to consider ourselves free, we must justify our Freedom in its own right. We must show that our idea of Freedom involves no self-contradiction. We must further show that we can hold to this idea without violating the law of Causation, the law of universal science. We should bear in mind that Kant, unlike other Metaphysicians, starts from appearances from the world of sense, and attempts to unify knowledge. How does he arrive at the idea of Freedom? In his 'Prolegomena' he says :

As appearance every effect is an event or something that happens in time, it must, according to the universal law of nature, be preceded by a determination of the causality of its cause, which follows according to a constant law. . . . The cause must have begun to act, otherwise no succession between it and the effect could be conceived. . . . The determination of the cause to act must also have originated among appearances, and must consequently, as well as its effect, be an event, which must again have its cause, and so on; hence natural necessity must be the condition, on which effective causes are determined. Whereas if freedom were a property of certain causes of appearances, it must, as regards these, which are events, be a faculty of starting them spontaneously, that is, without requiring any other ground to determine its start. But then the cause, as to its causality, must not rank under time-determinations of its state, that is, it cannot be an appearance, and must be considered a thing in itself, while its effects would be only appearances.

(To be concluded.)

A. K. SARMA.

Madras.

THE AGRARIAN PROBLEM IN BOMBAY.

IV—THE CO-OPERATIVE CREDIT SOCIETIES ACT ; THE OTHER SIDE OF THE PROBLEM ; THE RECORD OF RIGHTS ; SOME HOPEFUL SYMPTOMS.

[The late Mr. A. L. M. Wood, I.C.S., undertook, in 1907, to contribute to the pages of *East & West* a series of articles on "The Agrarian Question," of which he had made a careful study. He first wrote for us three articles on the subject which were published in October, November and December, 1907. The rest of the series had also been prepared, but Mr. Wood was unable to revise these later chapters for want of leisure, and now that Death has cut short a promising career, these chapters have to be published as they were originally written, with but slight alterations made by a friendly hand. These three chapters again show the keen interest Mr. Wood took in the question, his knowledge of the subject, and the genuine sympathy he always felt for the *ryot* in Gujarat, where he had spent the best years of his brief career. If the reader finds some of the suggestions offered to be rather crude and out-of-date, he will remember that they were made by a young Civilian more than five years ago.—*Editor, E. & W.*]

THE most promising method of checking the landgrabber, and also—short of cutting the ground from under his feet by such measures as the Land Revenue Code Amendment Act—the most direct, is to organise a healthy competition against him in his own trade: to try to substitute a moderate and beneficent form of banking-business for his 'heads I win, tails you lose' style of usury, which actually encourages unproductive extravagance, extorts ruinous interest as long as it can be got, and takes the land when that fails. Here also we have doubtless to thank the Great Famine for bringing discussion to a head, and crystallising

various theoretical schemes into a nucleus of practical reform. The Co-operative Credit Societies Act is the latest attempt to defend the cultivator-holder, and it is cordially to be hoped it will prove the best, for that, alas ! is not saying very much.

But it is something more than a mere attempt to undersell the Bania, and for that reason may hope, perhaps, to disarm that distrust of 'Agricultural Banks' which still lingers in official circles. What the average revenue-officer feels is, on the one hand, a pardonable pride in the growth of that fruit of paternal government, the takavi system, coupled with a consciousness of its preventible defects and future possibilities ; on the other, a dread, almost amounting to awe, of the supple, all-pervading and hitherto irresistible influence of the Bania, who must, he fears, either wreck any Agricultural Bank by direct opposition and competition, or else capture and convert it to his own uses. The Act, and still more the circulars recently issued in elucidation of it, try to silence such misgivings by contemplating a strictly co-operative and so-to-speak democratic constitution being adopted by any Bank—or rather 'Society'—which may be founded under its auspices, by offering a degree of assistance, and demanding a corresponding degree of control, which are open to some objections on economical and other grounds ; by incorporating some of the characteristics of the takavi-system, and, above all, by insisting on what may be called the educational as distinct from the purely business uses of such organisations.

The Act also contemplates Urban Societies, for the benefit of artisans, but those are foreign to our subject, except in so far as any stimulation of handicrafts and manufactures is likely to relieve agriculture and react beneficially upon it. But it should be noted that on its agricultural side the Act holds out some prospect of helping tenants as well as holders. Though not ineligible for takavi, tenants are for the most part practically debarred from its benefits. Their difficulties in getting help under the new Act will be of much the same character, but ought to be met more easily by Co-operative Societies. This Act, therefore, is at once the latest of our list of measures designed to protect the independence of the still solvent cultivating landholder, and the first which offers any real hope to the tenant.

For in thus passing to the other branch of the Agrarian Problem, our first question must be : What has already been done for the cultivator who has lost his occupancy-right and become the tenant of some non-agricultural landlord ? And without recapitulating generalities about the possible alternatives to agricultural employment, the only answer is : Practically nothing.

The Land Revenue Code, indeed, contemplates the relation of landlord and tenant as subsisting in some cases, though it prefers to call the former a 'superior holder.' Such relations no doubt arose exceptionally, even before our time, in rayatwari holdings, and probably had begun to grow commoner before the Code took its present shape in 1879. But unquestionably the sections relating to superior holders and their dues not merely include, but chiefly contemplate, Inamdars, Talukdars and their like, who hold on tenures other than rayatwari. If the framers of those sections conceived of tenancies arising at all upon rayatwari holdings, they probably had in mind cases where the holder was himself a cultivator, and by reason of the size of his holding, the smallness of his family or other causes, let a portion of it to another cultivator. What is now the typical case was then exceptional—that of a tenant who was once the holder serving a superior-holder who was once his money-lender.

Such a conjecture, probable on general grounds, is warranted also by the sections themselves. These award to the tenant no rights, and but little protection ; it is with the rights and powers of the superior holder that they concern themselves. In particular, they entitle the superior holder, before resorting to the ordinary Civil Court, to receive assistance from the revenue authorities in the exaction of his rents. The revenue-officer adjudicating a claim of this kind is to award either such amount of rent as has been agreed upon between the parties, or such rate as may be customary in the locality. But in case of doubt he may award only so much as is equal to the assessment which the superior holder himself has to pay to Government on the same land, leaving him to recover the balance by Civil Suit ; or he may make no award at all and refer the whole dispute to the Civil Court. And these provisos are availed of extremely freely, even—to their credit be it said—by the Mamlatdars to whom the Collector's powers of granting

assistance to superior holders are commonly delegated. And rent once awarded, the adjudicating officer possesses a further discretion, which again is freely exercised, as to the amount of assistance he will render towards its realisation. Were the practice otherwise, our officers would find themselves constantly engaged in compelling payment of excessive rack-rents ; but that they are not so engaged is scarcely due to the law. For even the provisos are not ostensibly intended to be used *ad misericordiam*, and of any express attempt to save the tenant's subsistence there is none.

But if nothing has yet been done towards directly protecting the tenant against his sahu-kar-landlord, a common foundation is now being laid for future action, both on this side of the question and also on that of preserving the still-independent holder, in the shape of the Record of Rights. This inquiry, which in the logical sequence would naturally have preceded all the measures we have been enumerating, was only another outcome of the great Famine. Somewhat like the introduction of the Restricted Tenure, it was first undertaken as an executive measure, but the aid of the legislature had afterwards to be invoked—not in this case because the measure itself savoured of illegality, but because some sanctioned compulsion was found needful to secure the co-operation of the parties concerned.

The Land Revenue Code takes care to define the term 'occupant,' to prescribe that occupants of land on the survey-tenure shall be registered, and then to define the term 'registered occupant.' And this latter definition becomes very important in that the registered occupant is the person primarily responsible for paying the assessment and bearing all responsibility for the holding. After this it may seem strange, but it is nevertheless the fact, that an occupied holding may be without a registered occupant. In other words the real occupant may be quite different from the person registered as such ; so that the one is not primarily responsible because he is not registered, and the other because, though registered, he is not the occupant. For though the Code prescribes how a new name is to be registered upon the death of the registered occupant, and though it also gives every facility for the registration of a new name in case of the transfer of the occupancy by sale or such-like means other than death, yet in the latter class of cases it

does not provide any means of compelling such registration of the new name. When, therefore, a Bania (say) forecloses his mortgage upon a piece of land, and becomes possessed of its occupancy-right, it is optional with him whether or not to get his name registered as the occupant in substitution for that of the cultivator whom he has dispossessed. If he prefer, he may leave the cultivator's name standing; he very often does prefer that course, and so—for sentimental reasons—does the cultivator himself.

Owing to this general preference not having been foreseen by the framers of the Code, we find this curious result, that revenue officers themselves, despite the elaborate and seemingly complete records which they have to maintain, are yet unable to tell without special inquiry who is the true beneficiary occupant of any given holding. And consequently no one can tell, otherwise than by mere guess-estimate, what is the extent or proportion of land which has passed into the occupancy of non-agricultural holders, and how much remains in the effective occupation of cultivators, in any given locality or District or in the Presidency as a whole. It is this defect in the Bombay Government's land-system, and consequently in its knowledge of the facts with which it has to deal, that the Record of Rights is primarily intended to cure.

The Record of Rights, then, constitutes a new and, very important addition to the land-records. Its first function is to show who is the real occupant of every survey-number and recognised share of a survey-number in the Presidency; and if there are co-occupants, in what proportions they share. It will further shew, or attempt to shew, several other interesting things; in particular, if the occupancy is encumbered, to whom, in what manner and to what value; if it is let, to whom, and on what rent and other conditions. These details are to be secured by means of the penal clauses of the Act, which compel every person interested in land to declare, to any official authorised to collect the information, what is the nature and value of his interest. A false declaration will be punishable under the penal code; failure to declare at all is punishable under the Act itself, and will also, it is hoped, carry its own indirect punishment with it in the shape of the evidentiary value which the Record is likely in time to acquire, and which the person who fails to declare his interest will thereby forfeit.

After much discussion and experiment, elaborate rules and forms have been prescribed both for the initial compilation of the Record of Rights, and for its permanent upkeep when compiled. The work of compilation, which has taxed all ranks of the District Administrations, is now approaching completion. When at last the Record is ready the Government will possess—what has never existed since the early days of the Original Surveys, before the disintegrating tendencies of British Rule began to work—a solid ground-work of facts and figures in place of mere opinions and estimates, on which to approach the Agrarian Problem from both its sides.

Meantime, at any rate, let us not give way to pessimism. Whatever the Record of Rights may reveal, it is certain that a good sprinkling at least of independent cultivator-holders still remains, a good many tenants who can stand out for tolerable terms, and a great many more whom judicious help may enable to do the like. And should the Record shew things to be still worse than they seem, even then there will be no need to despair. For who has yet proved that peasant-proprietorship is a permanent necessity to the welfare of the East any more than of the West? Or if we believe it so to be, we may dream, if we will, of a Bombay Land Purchase Act, and of a wiser generation of tenantry, with well-tried Co-operative Banks behind them, to make use of it. Even the founders of the system did not dream altogether in vain, inasmuch as the Rayat who has saved his occupancy is a better man to-day, and a richer, than his forefather of the Peshwas' times.

But if we refuse to dream dreams, and the outlook still seems very black, then we can see hope at least in one thing, which is no dream, but a fact—though a fact not yet as well recognised as it will be. Futile as our measures have largely been, they have all nevertheless had their influence, indirect as well as direct. They have taught the Rayat something, and hard experience has taught him more. If he has not lost his occupancy himself, some of his friends have, and he has seen them sink lower and lower; if he borrows his seed-grain, he knows a few who do not, and watches how they prosper. So he has begun at last to dread debt and to distrust the Sahukar as he never distrusted him before.

It is from the famines, more than any one thing, that the Rayat

has been learning his lesson. In the old days, it is said, many cultivators stored a little grain against a scarcity. It is certain that the Banias stored a great deal, and in time of serious famine it was to them that the people looked for relief. The Bania sat and doled out advances of food to his hungry clients, and if he would not begin this soon enough they looted his store. Under modern conditions of trade and administration, he keeps no store to speak of, and when famine comes he puts up his shutters. If a substantial man, he will import and sell wholesale; if in a small way, he will buy from the importers and sell on relief works for cash: but whichever he be, he will not advance to his clients. Of all this, our gigantic system of famine-relief is partly the consequence and partly the cause. But to the Rayat it only shows which is his truer friend in need—sahukar or sarkar. It is not an easy thing to prove—the Record of Rights itself will not prove it for several years—but it is true, nevertheless, that the occupancy of land is passing away from the cultivators more slowly now than it was, and their debts are accumulating much less rapidly than they did.

Thus encouraged, we may consider without despair the influences which can be brought to the cultivator's aid. The Record of Rights, after all, is only to tell us how much scope is to be found respectively for several lines of action. While awaiting its results we have attempted to trace those lines which have been followed for years and to sketch those which have been but lately opened up; we will next try to carry each a step farther. But in so doing there is a danger of making the mistake of the child with a new toy—of following the new lines too keenly, to the neglect of the beaten tracks. Our concluding articles, therefore, will be devoted less to pioneering in the new directions than to considering how far it is still profitable or necessary to persevere in the old.

(To be continued.)

STRAY THOUGHTS.

2/6/06.

I WAS with my beloved god-daughter in April and May, and to-day comes a heart-rending message : "Died of brain-fever last night." Alas ! the sweetest girl I knew has passed away. It was only the other day that I parted with her. Had I a presentiment, when about twenty days ago I told her : "I have been losing every one I have been loving." I lost her father, my dearest friend, and I lost my niece and her daughter and my eldest daughter. His will, however, be done. I promised to be with the child in spirit, and I have been praying to God every day : "Be with her"—and I am sure He is with her. Oh, why do the good die young ? What a sweet soul was hers ! I can see her, on closing my eyes. What a saintly love-light shone in her beautiful eyes ! Yes, I am not likely to set my eyes on her like again.

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The fifteenth of April was her marriage-day and to-day she rests on the bosom of Him she loved. To-day is her true marriage-day. But there are tears in my eyes.

Yet why should I weep ? She wished to be with her god-father. I now remember her faint words on the 27th of May when I last saw her. She asked whether I could not stay longer. Did she anticipate this parting ? But no ! parting there can never be. She is now a spirit and "spirit with spirit can meet." She is now where she is even "worthier to be loved." Why, the whole "In Memoriam" surges through my brain when I think of her.

How I wish I had been by her to fulfil her slightest wish ! Was there anything which I would not have done for her ? How I wish I had been there to pray by her bedside ! How I wish I had caught her last glance and treasured her last words. But my darling had brain-fever last night. I wonder how it came. Her father too died of it . . .

I wonder whether her sub-conscious self was aware of the coming end, and whether it went on saying, "Be with me, my God," while the body was dying, dying. Come to me, sweet, and tell me all. Had you any sorrows after I left? Alas! thou wert a spirit too good for this earth of ours and something tells me thou art happier now. But can I ever forget your heart-affluence here, daughter of my soul? Even when you were a little child you would truthfully put your little hand into mine and look up to me with so much love that I felt we had known each other long, long ago, even before you were born. How often you said latterly, "My heart sinks when I think you will be going away." The tie was an old tie and we can never be parted. Be near me, sweet, when my light is low. You looked up to me for spiritual guidance and you taught me so much. Oh, what faith you had in me—faith which taught me faith in God; love for me, which taught me how to love God. And now you have crossed the bar and I remain. But you will tell me when my time comes. I loved thy father and I loved thee even more. Father and daughter are now one in God. Be both with me when I too fade away. Be you my Phosphor-Hesper and teach me how to commune with you. You will come to me when my breast is silent, when my imaginations are calm and fair.

"The memory like cloudless air,
The conscience as a sea at rest,"

It was only a few days ago that I told certain students of these essentials for communion with spirits, and now I have to try the truth of my teaching in a way I never dreamt of. For then I thought my daughter would live to be a mother—would be happy as a wife—would be by me when I died and would close my eyes. And now, here am I in a distant country and the apple of my eye is gone. And yet where can she be gone? I shall find her and keep her memory warm and for her sake I take a vow to do my best to utter no harsh word to any one and to spread sunshine as far as I can. Be with me, my life, my light!

I take up pen and paper to write to her sister and to console her mother, and I am shedding tears while I am writing. It is so impossible to restrain wholly one's natural grief. When I was busy with my daily work I restrained myself, but now "my eyes have leisure for their tears" and must have their way.

3/6/06. Two telegrams of sympathy came last night after I had fallen asleep. I had told one of my servants not to awaken me but another awoke me. I forgot my vow and used a harsh word.

I had taken no food in the evening or at night and after praying had fallen asleep resting as it were on His bosom when I was disturbed. I could not sleep for a long time afterwards. But at last I fell into a doze. My soul, it seems, was crying, and calling out her name and I heard her distinctly say, "Here am I, uncle"—for she used to call me so—and I felt her with me. The impression of hearing and physical touch was extremely real and I awoke. Since then my feeling is, she is with me. I said to her this morning; "Wait, dear, in the prayer room, till I come," and I felt her presence when I was praying. My daughter, to whom she was as an elder sister, writes that she is well! Her letter is dated 31/5/06. So she was well on that day and died on the night of June 1st. Yes, she is well—for she is with God, and with me too, for she is with the All-embracing.

I remember almost my last words to her on the 27th were "Dear, there is little happiness in this world." How intently she was listening. Even such an angel as she had her crosses and her fears. But how brave she was in doing her duty. Oh, who could have had the heart to speak a single harsh word to thee?

4/6/06. No glimpse of her last night. I am not worthy.

A cousin of mine writes that on the morning of the 1st she became all of a sudden feverish. The temperature rose, and at noon she had brain-fever and was unconscious. A friend writes on the 2nd: "The fever changed into heat-apoplexy. Up to yesterday noon she was conscious. Then she became quite unconscious. At ten last night she was in a very precarious state. She has discharged, the dear angel, her Karmic debt. Peace! Peace! Peace!"

It seems but as yesterday that I saw her at her father's in her maiden dress of white. She had little love for the gloss of satin and the glimmer of pearls. She had her Sukhmani in her hand and came to me humming sweetly some of the holy rhymes. Her face was always radiant when she saw me and heaven was written on her brow. How sweetly she complained to me that her younger sister was not reading any religious book in the morning, and when the younger asked me why

there was evil and sorrow in the world, how intently she heard my reply. And where is she now who made life so sweet to me ?

Died of heat-apoplexy ! Just a month and a half after her marriage, just four days after I last saw her ! My "lily of truth and trust," when will it be given to me to see you again ?

5/6/66. My vow has had a beautiful effect—for, yesterday, I was much provoked in the course of my work by a blunderer and again by a liar—but the vow restrained me and I uttered—thank God !—no harsh word.

At 6-30 p.m. I was free, and then memory revived the image of the lost one, and I thought of nothing else till I went to bed.

I have asked myself why this one simple girl had taken such fast hold of my heart. I think there are very good reasons. She loved me dearly as a daughter and by her love taught me what bliss I could give to my Father in heaven by loving Him. She had such abundant, unquestioning faith in me ; and by such faith she taught me what feelings my Father will have when I repose such faith in Him. She had asked me to write to her at least once a week and she used to look forward to my letters as a princely gift and in her letters she showed such enchanting humility and asked me often to help her in her spiritual ascent. She had such a strong will to serve her sisters and to be useful to them. How beautiful were her devotional moods ! How charmingly she used to join her hands together before God. She taught me to join them in the same way before Him. Oh, sweet was her soul, and this simple child has taught me by her truth and trust, her love and her self-surrender, more than any one else. She was "purer than the purest" and her "sure faith was the surest."

No glimpse of her last night also ! But during my morning devotions the third eye began to shine. May it develop more and more.

Guru Nanak says : " In *Sunna Samadhi* there is a real household," and I feel, through *Sunna Samadhi*, I shall be at one again with the child of my soul.

Another friend writes she died at 12-44 on the night of the 1st. "All day yesterday (1/6/06) she had very high fever, the temperature going up very high. She was unconscious from 2 p.m. yesterday. The day before yesterday she was apparently well, and went out for a drive in the morning. On her return, she had headache and felt giddy . . . and

ince then she grew worse. The Civil Surgeon was in attendance on her; and everything that could possibly be done to save her life was done, but it was of no avail."

6/6/06. The vow is operating well and I am spending myself and my means to "send the day into the darkened heart."

On the 1st God's finger touched her and she slept. Perhaps she is still sleeping. Let me not awaken her.

On Sunday last I felt she was with me. But on Monday I asked myself by what test I could determine that I was not merely projecting my thought-form of her. I have found no test yet.

Had she been with me here, when in the flesh, she would have busied herself to secure my comfort. I have her handiwork—a fan with the Holy Name embroidered on its velvet borders by her deft fingers. I can imagine her doing similar things. But what can I do for her comfort when she is not in the flesh? It occurs to me that the more *Sattwa* I develop in myself, the more food there will be for her spirit, and I have been meditating earnestly. I must feed the daughter of my soul.

7/6/06. To-day comes a beautiful letter from a saintly man. It is very consoling. He bears testimony to her angelic virtues and he is sure she is blessed. She must be so. Yes, "we are the dead, we who are buried in these gross cramping physical bodies, and they are truly the living who are so much freer and more capable because less hampered."

A boy of ten was married to a girl of seven on the 16th of April last, and on the 24th he was murdered for the sake of his ornaments by a man of his caste (Sutar). What must have been the grief of his parents and of his parents-in-law. And yet it could not have been like mine!

8/6/06. I have been trying to function on the plane of sleep, but with no success yet. What a plane it must be! Canopus (which is at least 300 light-years away from us) is said to be equal to at least 22,000 stars like our sun; and the plane of sleep is bigger than the universe itself, and towards that plane I went to see her. "A disembodied spirit, able to move with the speed of thought, and endowed with supernatural power of vision, may at will behold any incident which has ever taken place on the earth under an open sky, by transporting itself

through space, to the point which the light-waves, emitted by that incident, have reached in their endless journey." She can do this and more—but I cannot yet.

9/6/06. A thousand thanks to Him for the rain. Grateful showers this morning ; may they sweep off all that is barren in earth and in me ! May they rouse the creative fire ! May my life become " a perfumed altar-flame ! "

10/6/06. A touching letter from her mother's brother, giving full details. He concludes : " The fragrance left the rose and then the rose we made into dust." He knew her, and to know her was to love her.

Ice sponge baths from 1 p.m. on the 1st till nearly the end. A saintly man singing hymns by her in the evening. She unconscious. Temperature 107° at 1 p.m. Since midnight on the 31st speechless; fever not noticed at 7 p.m. on the 31st, when the Civil Surgeon had come. At 4 p.m. that day another doctor had said the symptoms were of hysteria. On the morning of the 31st she had been out for a drive—on the 30th even to her mother-in-law's mother. On the 29th word had been sent to her mother she was well—on the 28th she had had a little fever at night. To her mother she had said on the 31st that she had had no sleep during the last four nights.

Read " The Passing of Arthur " again, and in Sanskrit the story of Lila in the Yoga Vasishtha. She I loved was like Lila. " Sad ábár káriní klesha háriní ! "

11/6/06. What a difference there must be between this " bourne of time and place," and the real home of the Timeless. The Earth was at one time thought to be the centre of the universe ! Then the sun was found to be the centre of but a single solar system. Now we know, a solitary star, looking like a needle's point in the blue sky is equal to 22,000 of our suns ! Similarly, the highest human happiness is now the *Ultima Thule* of our imagination; for our ideas of paradise are merely our ideas of such happiness sublimated. *It can*, it not be found, after all, that this too is an illusion like the ptolemaic geocentric absurdity ? May it not be that so long as we have desires, we can only function in the " bourne of time and place," and that in order to know the Timeless and be one with Him, there should be no desire for anything limited by time and place ? From that standpoint may not the universe be well called the fabric of a

dream? And yet the fabric has its uses. It can evolve Love, and we take our place in the breast of the Timeless according to the quality and quantity of our Love.

I told her I loved God in her. He spoke to me in her clear beautiful eyes. Did He speak to her through me? Her death has deepened my meditation, and to-day I felt vividly that I was a spirit—not a mere breathing voice. I am a spirit and she was a spirit. We both flowed from Him, and we will close with Him we flowed from, after all desire for things in this bourne of time and place has become extinguished.

How is it possible to distinguish between mental projections and outer realities? The day before yesterday, when praying in the morning, I heard her voice—not the exquisite low sweet voice in which she used to speak to me during the last holiday, but the voice in which she ever spoke to her younger sister in my presence. Lila put a similar question to Saraswati, and the Yoga Vasishtha says that what we call reality is itself a dream. So when I heard my darling's voice during her life, was she a vocal dream? Was she a wave in a mirage?

Sometimes we see a cloud that's dragonish ;
A vapour, sometimes, like a boar or lion,
A towered citadel, a pendent rock,
A forked mountain, or blue promontory
With trees upon 't that nod unto the world,
And mock our eyes with air : thou hast seen these signs,
They are black Vesper's pageants.

So these may be the bright day's pageants, and it may be the real truth is that "there is left us ourselves to end ourselves"—ourselves to end our *Ahamta* and *Mamta* and be as the Timeless.

But what a supreme aid is rendered by love! And yet, in the long run, what is love itself? If He is in me and He was in her—what was He doing but loving Himself in her? Unity in Variety, Music out of the discord of duality. Both Time and Space are creatures of the mind; the mind alone distinguishes between a moment and an æon, between Here and There, Now and Then. There is a seer in a dream and he sometimes sees himself dead. Is the seer in the waking state no better when he sees himself alive? Does this universe, a wave of æther itself, resemble indeed the wave of an ocean?

But whatever it be, it is His "presence-chamber, temple, home," and
 "Ever-canopying dome
 Of acts and ages yet to come."

12/6/06. A strong sense of her presence last night. I said to her she had been sleepless for four nights and I would rock her in a cradle and sing her a peaceful lullaby.

13/6/06. A touching letter from her sister. She had not been happy from the 27th to the 30th. But she is happy now. I am teaching her: "Our home is the Homeless—the Timeless—the Placeless—the Nameless."

On the night of the 31st she prayed, "Forgive me my sins in all my births," and she spoke of Sita to her sister and mother, and wondered what she herself had done, and said she did not long for life. She had grown very weak before the day of her marriage; she had tears in her eyes on the 16th of April, and she was growing thinner and thinner and could take very little food. The four nights' sleeplessness threw her into a strong fever and she did not fight for her life. Will she ever take me to the regions of her rest?

14/6/06. What should one do when he has to deal with a man who with his pen runs amuck even when the subject is a charity? Why should I have to deal with such a man now? Why again should I have, in these days specially, to do work dry as dust? We are all born, my soul, "to labour, sorrow, and joy," and "labour without joy is base; sorrow without labour is base; joy without labour is base."

15/6/06. I must rise above all petty trials. "A course of acts of justice and love" will lead me to the truth.

"Every noble life leaves the fibre of it interwoven for ever in the work of the world: by so much, evermore, the strength of the human race has gained." I trust it has by her noble life—though the world is always cold to what might have been, "to the hopes of unaccomplished years."

When egoism sets in the gross body—the light of the subtle body rises and "the wide mystery of pure sunrise" then floods the zenith of the heaven within and shows us glorious shapes with starry eyes and sunlit tresses in the heaven of love.

How fully I realise that love evokes love. If I love God, I am sure to evoke His love, and then will come true union with "that power which is the glass wherein man his nature sees."

16/6/06. Truly said Saraswati to Lila : "How can thy body of flesh walk with my spiritual body ?" But Samadhi made her *aham* like the aether before evolution—like the aether after involution—and then she could easily put a girdle round the universe.

17/6/06. Two visitors—one of them a Mahomedan. There are Mussalmans who still pay a tithe for charitable purposes. But "no almsgiving of money is so helpful as almsgiving of care and thought," and as "that charity which discerns the uses that people may be put to, and helps them by setting them to work in those services."

18/6/06. I have refused no request yet for help—after her decease.

19/6/06. Remembering her still and trying to penetrate "the secret of all secrets."

20/6/06. Last night it rained and lightened, and I said, when half asleep : "Flash on thy spirit to mine, my daughter." In this morning's meditation I thought she and I could in spirit see many a darkened home and then many a darkened human heart. There is thus some work which we could do together. I have been feeling the need of meditating more intensely in order to feed her spirit. She wants no fruits or food other than the fruits and food of the spirit.

21/6/06. If I become *Satya-Sankalpa* I can make myself visible to her and be with her wherever she is.

I remembered to-day how during her illness she used to take food from my hand and how on the 27th we broke bread together for the last time. Within four days my tender dove flew away and I felt I could easily die to join her.

26/6/06. I have not forgotten. She is becoming more and more etherealised and seems to beckon me on to her own pure regions. Last night in my prayer-room, I could command higher concentration than before, and one morning, when yet in bed but fully awake, I saw her ; my eyes were closed but she was visible.

An English doctor in the course of his conversation told me just now that the thirty years a European spends in this country are usually

ten years of zeal, ten years of apathy, and ten years of drivelling idiocy! Would he feel the least sense of dulness if he watched on a starry night like this the golden balls of heaven tossed through the night by the Hand that made them; and if meditating on that Hand and the characters it has written on the human heart, he realised with Ruskin that the law of life is Effort, the law of human judgment is Mercy, and "a truer sign of breeding than mere kindness is sympathy."

27/6/06. Professor Pickering says that on the moon "objects are seen only when the ray of the sun strike them." So spiritual objects are seen only when the rays of the spiritual sun strike them.

There is no aerial perspective on the moon. "In the line of sight it is impossible to estimate distances." The atmosphere is so exceedingly rare that "the sun leaps from the horizon, a flaming sickle, and the loftier peaks immediately flash into light." There is no dawn and no soft evening glow; "there is no azure sky to relieve the monotonous effects of inky black shadows and dazzling white expanses. The sun gleams in fierce splendour, with no clouds to diffuse its blinding light. All day long it is accompanied by the weird zodiacal light that we behold at rare intervals. Even in midday the heavens are pitch black, so that despite the sunlight, the stars and planets gleam with a brightness that they never exhibit to us even in the clearest of moonless nights at sea; for it is the earth's atmosphere that causes them to twinkle to our eyes." And to escape from earthly twinklings the Yoga Vashsitha insists on Samādhi and the rising into the *chidakasha*.

The exceedingly rare lunar atmosphere—of which there is now photographic proof—is ascribed to the present paucity of water on the moon. But, "given a planet on which the temperature probably never rises above the melting point of ice, on which water-vapour and carbonic acid gas are discharged by volcanoes, is there anything in the nature of things why vegetation should not exist?" Several regularly occurring changes have also been noticed which are "explained most simply and satisfactorily by the growth and decay of vegetation." The moon is therefore no longer considered lifeless. Its "Sea of Conflicts" and "Sea of Clouds," its "Sea of Nectar" ~~and~~ "Sea of Showers," its "Lake of Death" and "Lake of Dreams" and "Marsh of Sleep," its "Bay of Dew" and "Bay of Rainbows" may one day become as familiar to us as the Mediterranean, and science may justify the old description of the moon as the seat of the *pitris*, with subtle bodies suited to the rarity of the atmosphere.

"Sixteen hours on the moon are little more than half an hour on the earth and may well be regarded as a miniature season." "A man in the moon could carry six times as much and run six times as fast as he could on the earth—all because the moon attracts bodies with but one-sixth of the force of the earth." "A good terrestrial athlete could cover about one hundred and twenty feet on the moon in a running broad jump." Lila could make a bigger jump in the Kosmos itself and yet realise that heaven is

"A globe of dew,
Filling in the morning new
Some eyed flower where young leaves waken
On an unimagined world :—
Constellated suns unshaken,
Orbits measureless, are furled
In that frail and fading sphere,
With ten millions gathered there,
To tremble, gleam, and disappear."

The great Guru of the Panjab has said :—

"Were this body, my beloved friends, to become a dyer's vat, the
Name to be put into it as madder ;
Were the dyer, Lord, to dye therewith, such colour had never
been seen.
O my beloved, the bridegroom is with those whose robes are
thus dyed."

Let not the body of my mind, "first steeped in the mordant of worldliness, take the dye of avarice," for such robe pleaseth not my spouse. Let it not be like the Simmal tree—the *bombax heptaphyllum*—which bears no true fruit, whose wood is brittle, and whose buds yield cotton unfit for weaving. Let me be dead while I live, asleep while I wake. Let me open the Gate of the Spirit—the Dashmodwar—by turning the flowing river of the mind into a streak of sand. Let me sit in the silent city of the soul with that Gate unbarred and with its firmament full of spontaneous music,

(To be continued.)

EAST & WEST

MY BIRD.

WHEN I returned to England after my first husband's death in India, I found myself quite alone. After trying to stretch other relations over the gap left by this loss and finding the attempt a failure, I made up my mind to fight solitude single-handed. The weapon I chose was literary occupation.

I come from Havertry in Herefordshire, where more than one of my forbears held municipal office during the Reform Bill agitation. Contested elections brought them into contact with people of note and the family correspondence of the time is interesting. I determined to take down a boxful of old letters to some quiet place in the country and whip them up into a volume. There was the London Library to help me, and I could always run up to the British Museum if I wanted to burrow among pamphlets.

What I have to tell has nothing whatever to do with what I then wrote. I mention the reasons that took me into the country because I do not want my narration to be prejudiced by the idea that I was one of those morbid idiots who go away and brood in solitude over the memory of a husband. I am not without feeling. I was much attached to my husband. But I do not think that wounds should be wilfully kept open. There is nothing *sacred* about an open wound. If it does not heal it becomes a sluggish sore, and that, moral or physical, is a very disgusting thing.

I took a semi-genteel cottage on the borders of Wilts and Dorset. That was where the labourers were so very nearly starved in the "Hungry Forties." Their descendants are consequently of an indescribable stupidity. The caretakers were an old man and his wife whom I kept on as domestics. They were *bovine*. There was also a very ancient cat, a relict like myself, left behind by the owners of the house and in the enjoyment of a pension of threepence a week. She was an eldritch creature, small, gaunt and silky, with great eyes and long

whiskers. Puss accepted me at once as "the family," as cats do, shared my fire when it was cold and sat beside me on a bench outside when there was sun enough to warm her old bones.

My cottage was in a village, but I saw few people. There was a great house, empty, and there were large farmers with smart families. But the only people I came to know were two old ladies who lived in a nice little house close by. They came to call and, when we found that a sister of theirs in India had just gone to live at the station I had left only a year before, we seemed locally connected.

They were typical of a whole class of women. Vapid but rather sweet; not gossipy—I don't think they had imagination enough—but chatful; charitable and schooly and churchy. Flowers kept them a good deal in talk; and they were very fond of birds, not ornithologically, but in a companionable way.

This attracted me. My husband had been a bird lover. Everybody knows that birds have their favourites. They come pretty often into tents in India, but I often said that to find one in his office tent was rather the rule than otherwise.

His death was very sudden; a fall and internal injury. There was no hope from the first, but he had an hour or two comparatively free from pain towards the end. He was fond of me. As he lay with his head on my shoulder, he whispered:

"Kitty."

"Yes, dear."

"I should like—to see you—afterwards, you know."

"So should I, dear."

I thought he just meant to express the usual wish for reunion.

His bed was between the wide-open doors of the large room, the coolest place in the house. Birds were picking about in the verandah; he always had something for them there. His eyes seemed to dwell on them. I remember thinking that perhaps his attention was caught by a hoopoo. Hoopoes are not rare in India and they are not particularly shy, but I don't think they care for grain and I had never seen one at the door before. Besides, I don't think they stay through the hot weather. The habit of observation becomes mechanical. The bird's being there was noticeable, and I thought he noticed it even then. He was very quiet for a minute, his eyes still on the birds. Then he said, almost inaudibly, his voice was so weak:

"Come and—see you." Then something I couldn't catch. It sounded like a native word.

He did speak again, afterwards, but not intelligibly. He died the next day—the 21st of May.

It was the first anniversary of the day. I had not forgotten it, and had read some of his old letters in the morning. In the forenoon, as I sat over my writing, I saw my two neighbours come up the little path beaming. I went and opened the door.

"Oh, Mrs. Stokes—" one began.

"We have found your bird," said the other, taking the words out of her mouth.

"He was in the garden," said Miss Selden.

"I am sure we could have caught him," said Miss Ellinor.

"He seems quite tame," said Miss Selden.

"And such a pretty creature," said Miss Ellinor.

"So when we saw him close to the front door," said Miss Selden, "we slipped out behind and came to tell you."

"And we left Thomas to watch till we brought you back," said Miss Ellinor.

"But I havn't got a bird," I said, laughing.

"But you had one. You lost it, didn't you?"

"Not a feather of a bird! Now do come in and sit down."

"Why, Ellinor," said Miss Selden, "what could have put it into your head that it was Mrs. Stokes?"

"But, my dear May," said Miss Ellinor, "I thought it was you who said—"

"Me! Well, perhaps I'm mistaken," said Miss Selden. "It must have been Thomas."

They were the politest of old souls. It was agreed that there was a mistake somewhere and that I must come and look at the bird. I am not at all sure that they did not think that I was repudiating ownership for some incomprehensible reason and that remorse would overcome me at the sight of my outcast. So I popped on a garden hat and went along with them.

When we got round, by the back way to the front of the house, there was Thomas, their old factotum, watching for all he knew. But there was no bird to be seen except a water-wagtail scudding in zigzags over the shaven lawn with his mouth full of insects.

"Seemed to go in among them bushes, Miss, and I ain't seed 'un come out."

The bushes were drawn, blank.

"If he'd a bided, you'd a had 'un, Miss, sure enough. A didn't sim frightened. It's a pity as you should lose 'un."

"But he isn't mine, Thomas."

"Not yourn !"

"Why, what made you think he was ?"

Thomas looked loyally at his mistresses. As the onus was thrown on him, he distributed it with a generality.

"Well, Miss," (I suppose my straw hat cast my weeds into the shade), "us all had it as he war yourn."

"What sort of a bird was he ?" I asked.

"Why, 'twas a bit bigger than a thrush. A hammer-headed bird like—" began Thomas.

"No, no !" protested Miss Selden, "a graceful creature with a most elegant head."

"And such pretty colours !" said Miss Ellinor.

I don't know how it was, but I quite made up my mind that the bird was a woodpecker. There are no woods about there, so it would be a stranger. It must have got hurt somehow and its inability to fly far would make it seem tame. Bright colours and a little bigger than a thrush, and "hammer-headed."

I thought no more about it, and "my bird" became a joke.

A few days afterwards, I was sitting out of doors with the old cat in great dignity at my side. A notebook of my husband's was in my hands. He had made some entry about insurance payments which I wanted to turn up.

Suddenly puss made a dart forward like a creature possessed. Then she stopped short, looking thoroughly disillusioned. I thought she had been the victim of a vivid dream, a somnambulist. Old Mary was just coming out of the door.

"You be a bit too stiff for birding, bain't 'ee ?" she said to old puss, who was resuming her seat by me with rather a dejected air.

"But she come main nigh to having on it, Missis."

There was a note of warning in her voice as if she wondered at my running a needless risk.

"What was it, Mary ? I didn't see anything."

"Why, your bird. A-picking close to yer foot."

She evidently did not find my denegation satisfactory. Perhaps she thought I usually kept "my bird" in an empty portmanteau. She

was quite stupid enough. "One fool makes many," I thought, with reference to Thomas, and the matter passed out of my mind.

A few days later I went to Weymouth for an afternoon. I need say nothing about my hosts except that it was through them I had learnt to know my husband. My going of course revived old memories and made the visit a painful one; re-opened the wound that was cicatrising, as it were. But they were friendly people and as they pressed me to come, I did not like to refuse.

When I was shewn into the drawing-room, they all three had their faces at the window and their backs to me. This is unusual when one is expected and they all began to apologise at once.

"So odd! But just at the moment your fly drove up, there came a tap at the window, and there was a bird there—Oh, he's gone now! What a pity! Such a pretty creature! Not an English bird, I'm sure. Got away from somewhere and was trying to get in. But you're looking pale and thin, dear."

The bird was referred to more than once in the course of the day. Mrs. Hayley called it "your pretty messenger" and the old gentleman said that to have *two* charming visitors from *outré mer* on the same day was quite an event, and Maggie Hayley said as she kissed me good-bye, "Now, Kitty, do come again soon, and be sure you send your bird to announce you!"

Vacuous people are easily amused, I suppose. But I found the thing rather stupid.

Just after that I made up my mind to go and hunt up some old electioneering publications in the British Museum. I wrote to friends about a reading ticket and engaged a room in one of the boarding houses opposite. Then I thought I would just run over and tell my neighbours, the Seldens, that I should be away for a fortnight or so.

Of course, they were interested, and we talked of this and that. All at once Miss Ellinor interrupted her sister.

"Oh, Mrs. Stokes!—I beg your pardon, May, but I thought while I remembered—the Vicar has got a great dictionary with pictures. And he found out your bird."

"Yes," said Miss Selden. "The head, with the crest closed, has something the appearance of a hammer as Thomas said. It is a very rare visitor to our shores. Only two have been shot in Dorset. A hoopoo."

I felt quite jarred. However, I went back to my packing, and put the whole thing out of my mind. It took some little effort.

Everything was very comfortable at my boarding house and I crossed the street the morning after my arrival with my notebook and pencil in very good heart. I found what I wanted and was just leaving the Museum to go to luncheon when, at the top of the steps outside, my eyes happened to fall on some pigeons picking about below. It suddenly came back to me that my first visit there had been made with my husband and that we had stood for a moment just where I was looking at them. So I stopped involuntarily. Two or three people seemed to be interested too. Then some more joined them. There were a dozen, I daresay, looking intently at five or six sooty blue pigeons. They flew off by-and-bye and the people who were on their way in, came up the steps. One, a good-natured old woman with a child, said to me sympathetically :

"I'm afraid it's gone for good. I watched it quite out of sight."

"What?" I said.

"What! wasn't it—? 'Oh, I beg your pardon! I thought it was *your bird*.'"

If I had been a man I don't know what I might not have said. I walked straight in to luncheon without looking right or left. And I did not enter the Museum for a week.

Then a gentleman I met at the boarding house, who was also a reader, walked over with me, as he afterwards usually did. We subsequently became engaged. I told him of my strange obsession, which he attributed to coincidence and fancies bred by solitude.

I experienced no further annoyance.

D. C. PEDDER.

England.

RASILI: THE STORY OF A VILLAGE GIRL.

(Continued from page 610.)

CHAPTER XII.

RAMA CHARAN got up next morning with a heavy head, little knowing what had happened when he lay under the influence of hemp. He felt weak and hungry and walked to the bazar to buy some milk. He strolled leisurely through the streets loafing about and looking at things with mingled curiosity and satisfaction, happy that he had found a comfortable home, with no work and an assured future. He bought a seer of milk, a chattack of sugar, and mixed it in his brass lotah and drank a whole jugful. Then, feeling refreshed, he returned to his hut, and found an old woman waiting at his door.

"Why have you come, good Mother?" he enquired.

"I came to enquire about your daughter. Rani Sahib sent me to take her to the palace."

"She has not been here since yesterday."

"She came away yesterday evening; some one said you were ill, and she ran to you at once."

"I never sent for her," said Rama Charan, completely mystified. "She never came to me. I hope you are not playing a joke upon me. I am sure she is still with the Rani Sahiba."

"Young birds find little pleasure in the imprisonment of a cage," said the woman with a significant smile.

"Chup!" cried Rama Charan angrily. "We are villagers, and she is my daughter."

"You are no longer villagers. You live in a city, you are fed on milk and butter. Your daughter by the grace of God is young and beautiful. I have just come from the palace and she is not a needle that she could be lost," remarked the old woman snappishly, as she turned to go.

Her words stunned him, he collapsed entirely, squatting down with his head bowed, trying to collect his thoughts. She always appeared to him a simple village girl, and he tried to argue with himself that the old woman was jealous of her friendship with the Rani and wanted to give her a bad name.

Then the pictures of his own youthful adventures flitted across his mind and cut like a sharp blade. He was deeply touched and sincerely repentant. He consoled himself with the idea that his daughter was not like him. She was a woman, and had always been good. What had a good woman to do with pleasure? She must pass her life in her own sphere, doing her duty, and leading a devout life. No, no. She could never desert him of her own free will, but what if she had been abducted by someone?

He shuddered at the idea. He had known too much of man as an animal, and was familiar with man's cruelty and heartlessness and insane pride in "conquest" which meant ruined lives. He thought of the life his master was leading and his heart almost ceased to beat. He felt certain that no one but the Raja himself could harm his daughter. He cursed the day when he left his own village and entered the service of the Raja. Death to him would have been sweeter than such a disgrace. He resolved to give up service at once and return to the village even if it meant starvation and death.

He waited and waited but his daughter did not return; every minute for him lengthened into years and was crowded with unspeakable anguish.

Rama Charan was an honest man and valued the honour of his family more than his life. For generations his people had presided over the caste councils, judging other people for their derelictions. Now the Panch would throw him out of caste, the honour of his daughter would be talked about in an open Panchayat. The idea sent a shiver through his body. A thousand times he went to the door expecting to see Rasili, with her bright smile and light step, coming to him, and not finding her, sank back in despair. He could bear his torment no longer. In utter despair he went to the gate of the zenana to enquire for his daughter.

The same old woman, who had been to his house, answered his call.

"No, she is not here," she said abruptly. "We have looked for her everywhere. Rani Sahib has searched every nook and corner. She is nowhere to be found."

"Where could she have gone?" he asked in great anguish.

"She will come to you in time and tell you where she has been," said the woman, with a leer.

"For God's sake tell me plainly what you know about her," he pleaded. "I am in an awful state."

"I know nothing. I am sure she is in safe hands and no harm will come to her."

"Safe hands?" repeated the man dimly perceiving the import of her meaning. "I will go and complain to the Raja Sahib."

The woman abruptly turned away without making a reply and disappeared in the darkness of the zenana.

Rama Charan went straight to the room where the Raja had begun his morning revels. He prostrated himself before him and exclaimed: "Duhai! Duhai! Maharaj! Duhai, maharaj!" Justice! O Lord, Justice.

"What has happened?" asked Shri Nath angrily. "Get up and don't make all this noise."

"Sir," said Rama Charan, his voice broken by Duhais, "my daughter has disappeared. She went to the zenana and has not come back. They say she is not there."

"She must have found a lover," said a dancing girl.

"What can be more desirable than a lover?" added her musicians.

"She must be here somewhere," said Shri Nath. "She will come o you sure enough."

"Maharaj, find her out for me. If she is not found I am ruined, I will die at your door."

One of the musicians made a grimace and grinned. "A pound of sweets is quite enough to entice a village girl. She must be happy wherever she is."

Rama Charan was stricken dumb; the cruel words struck him like pellets of lead. With a great effort he steadied himself and said with some firmness, "I will go to the police."

"Are you mad? It is disgraceful to advertise such an affair," said Shri Nath.

"I will go to the Police Sahib and ask his help," persisted Rama Charan.

"He will kick you out of his compound," said Shri Nath. "What can you tell him? I will send a report if you wish it."

"I shall tell him the truth. I shall tell him that my daughter has been abducted from the zenana. I will cry for justice."

"You will do no such thing," said the Raja. "Do you wish to traduce my name and speak of my zenana in a Court of Justice. You will be false to the salt that you have eaten. You will go to the other side of the grave with your face blackened."

"What am I to do, Maharaj?" said Rama Charan utterly bewildered. "I must find her."

"Keep quiet and wait, everything will come all right," Shri Nath assured him.

"Wait! How can I? She may want me, she may require my help; no, I cannot wait, I must at once go to the Police."

"You can damn yourself if it pleases you," said the Raja. "Don't show your face again in this house. Go away at once."

Rama Charan rose, made a bow, went to his room and packed up his little bundle and then left the house for the Police Station.

"That fellow may still create some trouble," said Shri Nath. "We must forestall him and report the matter to the Superintendent of Police. A police enquiry is not a pleasant thing to have in a house like ours."

"Why?" asked the Raja, who as usual, was half drunk.

"You know why," said Shri Nath, "would you like them to know all the details of this affair, as well as many other things. These policemen are all eyes and ears. Once they enter a place they read its past and present from its very walls. No, we must prevent their coming. I would not have even an enemy in the grip of the police."

"What can we do," asked the Raja.

"You know Mr. Pen, the Superintendent of Police. I think he is friendly with you. You have often given him good shooting, go and tell him everything."

"Tell him all! What do you mean?"

"I mean that you should give him the true version of the story and forewarn him against petty complaints by interested parties."

"What is the true version?" asked the Raja very much perplexed.

"Simply this: that she has run away with some of your property; but of such little value that you don't want an enquiry. You may also add that her father knows her whereabouts and is lodging the complaint to screen her."

"That is a barefaced lie, How can I say it? I am not in a fit state to go."

"Is not the whole creation an illusion, an unreality?" asked Shri

Nath. "When you speak an untruth, which cannot be discovered, you act the part of a god and make illusive things look real."

"I am not fit to act such a part," said the Raja. "I only know how to drink and enjoy. I cannot do it."

"It requires a clever man to tell a lie," said Shri Nath. "It is possible you may muddle the whole affair. The best thing would be to write a letter on your behalf to the Superintendent of Police."

"That is a good idea," assented the Raja. "Ask the Babu to write what you wish and I will sign it."

The Babu was sent for, and Shri Nath dictated to him the following letter, which was signed by the Raja and despatched in due course:

"Most respected Sir, who are incarnation of justice, and shelter of the poor, May the shadow of your protection never desert this earth.

"Your humble slave has the honour to report that a maidservant has run away from his house with some property. She lived in the zenana. The property she has stolen is of small value. The name of his zenana has never been mentioned in a Court and he does not wish that an enquiry should be held and his zenana affairs mentioned in public reports. Her father, who perhaps is an accomplice, is not to be believed. He sanguinely believes that the honour of his family will be preserved by the protector of the poor. For this act of grace your humble servant shall ever pray.

The humblest of the humble,

"RAMA SINGH."

The Superintendent of Police received the letter in due course and passed an order, "Forwarded to Sub-Inspector; no enquiry need be held as the Raja does not want it."

Rama Charan hastened to one of the Police Stations of the city and entered the office.

"Sahib," he faltered, making a bow to the clerk. "I have come to make a report."

"You beast, you rogue of the first water," began the clerk, mixing inexpressible abuse with every word that he uttered, "what can you have to report? Get away from here."

"Sahib, I am in distress."

"What matters to me if you are in distress ; no man who is not comes here. I am not your servant that I should sit here and listen to your stories. Have you brought anything ?

"I have nothing," said Rama Charan. "I have only a rupee left with me."

"Give me that rupee," said the clerk, "and I will write your report. We write no reports without payment."

"If I give you the rupee I shall starve," said Rama Charan ; "I am poor, I am homeless."

"That is your affair," answered the clerk. "There is nothing new in your being poor. We men of profession, policemen, lawyers and doctors would starve if men did not run themselves in trouble. Give me the rupee. When you are starving, come to me, and I will send you to the poor-house."

Rama Charan unrolled the knot of his dhotie and produced the precious rupee, the only one that he had, and placed it before the clerk. The clerk put it in his procket with a smile, sharpened the point of his reed pen, opened the register and then said :—

"Now come out quick, I cannot waste my time for you."

"Hazoor," said Rama Charan, "I am a barber, a villager, resident of

"That is immaterial," said the clerk, "you belong to this place now."

"I was in the service of Raja Rama Singh. I had a daughter with me,"

"A daughter ?" asked the clerk, "and a young one ? She must be a pretty one. Barber maids are known for their beauty."

"She used to live with me," resumed Rama Charan, suppressing his anger, "but this evening she suddenly disappeared."

"Nothing very strange," said the clerk who had made no entries in the register but taken notes on a small slip of paper. "Did you expect her to live with you always ? Birds when they grow up leave their nests."

"No, Sir, she could not have gone away of her own free will. She has been abducted."

"Never believe in women," said the clerk, "their guile is beyond the poor wit of man. They can deceive the Gods—that is what is written in books."

"She was guileless, she was not like other women," protested Rama Charan. "Will you do nothing for me, will you not help me in my distress ?"

"Do you suspect any one?" asked the Thanedar who had just come in and heard the conversation.

"I suspect the Raja himself," said Rama Charan.

"Very well," said the Thanedar with a smile. "I will come with you and enquire ; wait here."

Rama Charan waited at the gate of the police station till the Thanedar came out and mounted his horse, and then followed him to the house of the Raja.

He had already received orders of the Superintendent of Police to hold no enquiry, but that was of no consequence ; he could not let such a fat shikar escape without an attempt at a little bleeding. He formed his plan to exact his dues and please all parties.

The Raja received him with great warmth, rose to receive him and offered him betels. The conversation began in a most friendly manner, but after a little while the Thanedar whispered in an undertone, "I have a little official work with you."

"Official work !" gasped the Raja turning pale and trembling from head to foot.

"It is rather a serious affair," added the Thanedar, "I took the precaution to come to you at once. You know that our Deputy Commissioner is a strong man, . . . He takes great interest in poor people."

"I am at a loss to understand your meaning."

"You know what I mean. Where is the barber girl . . . You must pay for the luxury."

"What girl?"

"Pray don't try to make a fool of me. Let me tell you that once I begin a formal enquiry I cannot close it. It may lead to unpleasant results."

"Save me. Save my honour !" said the Raja, taking the Thanedar to a separate apartment.

"Consider me your friend, but the matter is serious. If I allow it to pass, it may cost me my living."

"Won't you do it for my sake?"

"I will do anything for you, but duty is duty. I cannot be false to my salt. I cannot risk the loss of my service. If I lose it, you will probably turn away your face, when you see me."

"You do me an injustice," said the Raja. "I can never, never forget my benefactor."

"One good turn deserves another," suggested the Thanedar.

"Here is a thousand rupees for you," said the Raja.

"The risk is very great," insisted the Thanedar.

"If nothing comes of it I will make it two thousand," said the Raja ; "you can take this as an earnest, it is merely for your sweetmeats."

"I cannot displease you," said the Thanedar pocketing the money. "I will see that no trouble comes to you. My clerk wisely did not enter the report in the register. He merely wrote on a slip of paper which I took from him."

"There will be no trouble of any kind now," anxiously enquired the Raja.

"None whatever. I will manage it to your satisfaction. God knows I will have to write such reports. You must tell me the truth though. Was she very pretty?"

"She was ravishing," said the Raja. "She was peerless. Young, beautiful and innocent."

"Is she not with you now?"

"No, alas! no. Fate willed it otherwise. I returned thirsty from the spring of immortality. She escaped from the house."

"Have you taken no steps to trace her?"

"As a matter of precaution I have reported her disappearance to the Superintendent of Police and accused her of theft. Of course, she stole nothing. I mean no gold, no jewels, though she has stolen a jewel beyond all price, my heart. You see I have not made a false report."

"These heart-ravishers are more mischievous than those who steal your property. They take your all and in return laugh at you."

"God created women for the torment of men," said the Raja. "A man of loving nature like me is always at their mercy. I have given myself to wine and women. What else is there in the world to compare with these? I will become pious and holy, when I am old. For the present, my religion is enjoyment."

"I follow the saying of Babar," said the Thanedar, "and make the best of my opportunities. Of course, I cannot create on this earth a paradise like yours."

"My paradise is open to you," said the Raja. "Come, let us have a happy hour together."

"All right," said the Thanedar. "I must send away the complainant."

They both adjourned to the public room, and Rama Charan was summoned. The Thanedar rained down upon the unfortunate barber such a deluge of abuse as Hindustani alone is capable of expressing, and concluded by directing his constable to drive him away.

"He deserves to be beheaded," said the other servants. "He has betrayed his own master."

"I will put him in jail," said the Thanedar. "He will have to grind ten seers of corn every day."

"Mercy! Justice!" cried Rama Charan rushing into the room again.

"Mercy! Justice!" exclaimed Shri Nath. "A servant like you deserves to be hanged. It would be a mercy to send you to jail. I won't send you to jail, go and starve."

"I will sit at the door till justice is done to me," persisted Rama Charan with a desperate resolution.

"You shall do nothing of the kind," shouted the Thanedar. "Constable, take him by the neck, and drive him out of the compound."

A burly constable marched up to Rama Charan, and with many a blow pushed him out into the streets to starve and die.

Rama Charan, utterly exhausted, fell into a swoon and lay unconscious in the street.

With the disappearance of Rama Charan from the presence of the Raja, the scene changed. A bevy of dancing girls marched into the room, made their bows, and stood smiling. Their musicians touched their instruments to music. The wine sparkled in crystal glasses, and in a minute the whole place was full of music and gaiety.

The Thanedar enjoyed himself to his heart's content, and then returning to the Thana made the following report to the Superintendent of Police. "The case of the run-away maid-servant of Raja Ram Singh appears to be serious. Her father, though he has made no report, is said to accuse the Raja of abducting his daughter. Your humble slave paid a visit to the Raja, and may be permitted to say that there are good grounds for suspicion. Unfortunately, the Raja is an influential man. It will be difficult to prove the case against him. As desired by your Honour, I made no formal enquiry. May the shadow of your protection never desert the earth."

Poor Rama Charan lay in a corner of the street where he had fallen in a swoon. Fortunately he was not left in the street for long. The Deputy Commissioner drove through the street and his syce shouted for Rama Charan to get out of the way, and as he did not move, the Deputy Commissioner leaned forward and gave him a cut with his whip. He did not stir. The Deputy Commissioner was surprised and stopped his trap and jumped down. He thought the man was dead. He touched him and found his heart beating. His

distress was apparent. The Deputy Commissioner was very much moved. He called a constable ; that dignitary bent himself double before the Hazoor. He ordered him to bring a stretcher and carry the man to the poor-house. His orders were instantly obeyed, and Rama Charan was put in the hospital. The doctor attended him in due course and prescribed for him.

Rama Charan came to his senses, but fever supervened and he was confined to bed for over a month.

The Rani was much distressed at the disappearance of her friend. She did all that she could to find her. Her enquiries in due course elicited the truth. She was more than thankful that her friend had escaped with her honour. She did not give up her search, and at last one day, news was brought to her of Rama Charan.

"He is in the poor-house," said her maid-servant. "My husband saw him only to-day."

"May God be praised," said the Rani. "He shall no longer remain there. He must return to his village, and wait for his daughter. She, too, I hope, will find her way home."

"How can he leave the poor-house, Rani Sahiba?" said the maid-servant. "He has no money. My husband says he shall soon be sent out of the poor-house to work."

"Take this money to your husband," said the Rani, giving her one hundred rupees. "Tell him to give the money to Rama Charan. He should on no account mention my name as the giver."

The maid did, as she was told, and her husband, an honest man, went to the poor-house with the money.

"How are you, friend Rama Charan?" he enquired.

"I don't know you," said Rama Charan. "Why do you worry me? I wish to die."

"Friend," said the man. "Don't be in despair; you may yet find your daughter. Life may again become worth living."

"My daughter! How do you know of her?"

"I know of her," said the man, "you will find her soon. Go home and wait for her."

"How can I return? I have no money. No, it is not my Karma to mix my earth with the place of my birth."

"Here is money," said the man handing him the gold.

"Gold! gold!" said Rama Charan jumping from his bed. "Who has sent this to me? Tell me who has done it?"

"A friend," said the man, "and now follow what I have told you."

Rama Charan fell on his bed, and thanked God, but when he looked up, the man was gone. * The gold was still in his hand ; his hand held it like a vice.

From that day Rama Charan began to move about, and as soon as he could walk, he left the place and went back to his own village.

The much-longed-for rain had come, fields were smiling and the village was humming again with life. The women sang as they worked their little hand-mills, and the men played on their bamboo flutes as they took their herds to graze. There was life and joy everywhere. Rama Charan, too, was able to make his living and patiently waited for his daughter, counting every day and believing in the word of the mysterious stranger who had given him the money.

(To be continued.)

JOGENDRA SINGH.

Kheri District, Oudh.

EDITORIAL NOTE

The Indian cultivator is notoriously poor. That he has been growing poorer and poorer under the British rule may be a myth. But if the present is better than the past, let the future be better than the present.

The tiller of the soil is said to be more or less poor all the world over. In the progressive countries of the West attempts are made to improve his condition. Science discovers methods of lightening his labour and enhancing the yield of his land. He is taught the value of organisation in obtaining his capital and in realising the highest prices for his produce. Why is the Indian farmer poor and indebted, and what can be done to improve his position? Mr. G. Keatinge has made a valuable and authoritative contribution to the study of these momentous questions in the Bombay Dekhan, in a volume of about two hundred pages. It is full of information clearly arranged, supplemented by explanations lucid and convincing, and suggestions free from bias and instinct with practical wisdom and the true scientific spirit. The farmers themselves are not sufficiently educated to read a book written in English or to appreciate the value of the instruction that is here available to them. But intelligent and educated landowners who are in a position to set an example to the poor cultivators; Government officials whose duties have an intimate bearing on the welfare of the peasantry; and the educated public generally that can create sound opinion on the economic needs and progress of the country—these will thank the Director of Agriculture, Bombay, for the very instructive publication which he has made available to them. The book indicates the circumstances which affect the main factors of production, land, labour, and capital; it considers the question of markets and prices; and suggests directions in

which the position of the cultivator may be improved either by his own efforts or by means of Government assistance.

The primary cause of the poverty of the Dekhan raiyat is to be found in the size and structure of his holding. In the majority of cases it is too small, and is divided into too many plots, generally scattered among fields owned by others, and at a distance from his home. The record of rights which is now being compiled is bringing interesting facts to light. Thus in one part of the Dekhan, where inquiries were made, it was found that an area of 8,500 acres was divided into 206 holdings; of these 41 were under 5 acres each and consisted of 66 plots; and 76 were between 5 and 15 acres each and consisted of 111 plots. Only 24 exceeded 50 acres each and they were divided into 142 plots. The majority of the holdings were under 15 acres, and could not support or employ all the year round a cultivator and his family and a pair of bullocks. In other words, they were not economic holdings. In some cases the subdivision of garden land is said to have gone so far that a plot does not measure a tenth of an acre. When land is so subdivided, it cannot be easily developed. Where the plots owned by the same cultivator are scattered about, their supervision involves considerable loss of time, not to speak of liability to disputes concerning the passage of water and other rights. The size of an economic holding must necessarily differ according to the nature and fertility of the land. In the opinion of Mr. Keatinge a gardener in the Surat district with three acres of good garden land may be able to support a family in comfort, while in a dry part of the Dekhan, with poor soil, thirty acres might not support it. What is the remedy? The Hindu law of inheritance is largely responsible for the multiplicity of uneconomic holdings: can that law be changed? Mr. Keatinge does not answer such questions. He may have his own solutions of the difficulties encountered in the Dekhan, and in fact all over India where property is divisible and divided among a large number of owners. For the present he is content to call attention to the "nature and gravity of the disease" and the methods of treatment adopted in other countries. In Sweden, we are told, the State has taken the initiative in a rational reconstitution of the land, and a third of the peasant landholders, whose lands

have been reconstituted, have left their villages to go and live on other lands reunited in larger plots. In Austria the principle of indivisibility is enforced. In Italy the State advances money to cultivators, takes over old mortgages, and offers other facilities for converting uneconomic into economic holdings. It will thus be seen that the elimination of uneconomic holdings is a process which may require measures of various kinds. If the law of inheritance cannot be changed, a compulsory reconstitution of holdings, by exchange and sale of plots, may be equally beyond the power of the State and the sphere of practical politics. Mr. Keatinge's diagnosis of the disease must first be widely known and thoroughly recognised by officials and the people alike; and the diagnosis should not be confined to the Dekhan only, but must be carried out all over the presidency, so that the Government may obtain an ample measure of support in its attempts to interfere with a state of things which has prevailed for centuries, and an interference with which may cause wide-spread apprehensions, not as regards the Government's intentions, but the manner in which those intentions are carried out by subordinate officers. We are about to make a beginning in the introduction of town-planning. Some day, when public opinion has sufficiently advanced, we may be in a position to introduce land-planning, or the constant adjustment of the boundaries of holdings, so that uneconomic holdings may not interfere with agricultural development.

The possibility of converting uneconomic into economic holdings has not yet been seriously considered in this country, but a remedy for one of the consequences of the raiyat's poverty, namely, the sale of his land to wealthy or money-lending non-agriculturists has been much discussed. It is doubtful whether *Mirasi* land was alienable in the time of the Peshwas, and it is equally doubtful whether the land had any sale value. Wingate was of opinion in 1835 that the substitution of the well-to-do landlord, who knows how to make the best use of the land, in the place of the poor ignorant cultivator, would tend to the prosperity of the country; and this view seems to have been held by many until the time of the Dekhan riots. Since then the Government's policy has changed, and legislation has been adopted to prevent

whenever possible, the passage of land from the agriculturist to the non-agriculturist. The policy of several Local Governments has changed in sympathy with that of the Bombay Government, and to fetter the right of alienation is now considered in more than one province to be the best way of saving the cultivator from destitution and despair. From the standpoint of the peace of the country a reversion to the practice of the Native régime is probably prudent and necessary, but from the point of view of agricultural development and efficient agronomy, Mr. Keatinge is perhaps right when he says that, as long as the cultivator has not got an economic holding, and he is content to grumble indefinitely at the weather, the sowcar, or the Government, "the sooner his land passes into the hands of some one who can make proper use of it, the better it will be for every one." Both points of view, however, are worth considering, and the best constructive policy will probably be that which ensures the general prevalence of economic holdings, and allows the freedom of alienation in so far as it may be necessary to the creation of such holdings. It must, however, be remembered that the policy introduced in 1901 is being carried out gradually and in selected localities for the protection of particular classes of agriculturists; and during the ten years following the passing of the Act only some 300,000 acres are said to have been given on the restricted tenure in the Central Division, and this land is situated almost exclusively in the parts of Khandesh which are mainly inhabited by Bhils. On the other hand it must be remembered that though the non-agriculturist of means is in a position to convert uneconomic into economic holdings—or rather, to readjust the boundaries of holdings so as to facilitate agricultural development—and to improve his land, he is in too few cases alive to his duties and opportunities. The majority of leases by these non-agriculturist landlords to their cultivating tenants are said to be granted for the period of a year, and in a large number of cases the rent is recovered through the Mamlatdar's court. The landlord and the tenant pull in opposite directions, and in such circumstances, as Mr. Keatinge says, "good cultivation is unlikely and permanent improvement of the land is impossible. The landlord looks merely to his rent and the tenant tries to extract what he can out of the land with the minimum

of labour." Exceptions to this rule are not unknown. Mr. Keatinge mentions cases in which landlord and tenant enter into a partnership, extending over a period of years, often a life-time, "whereby the former finds the land and much of the capital, and to some extent directs operations, while the latter supplies the labour and the rest of the capital." This arrangement results in improvements being effected by the landlord, and skill and diligence being applied by the tenant, and it would be a distinct gain to the rural economy of the Dekhan, Mr. Keatinge remarks, "if it *were* more common." How can you make it more common?

The evil of small holdings is accentuated by the gradual disappearance of common grazing lands. At one time large areas of waste land were available for grazing, but cultivation is being extended in every direction, and Mr. Keatinge feels no hesitation in saying that, apart from forest, there is practically no land capable of growing a fair crop of grass or anything else which is not occupied. As regards forest, out of the 6.363 square miles covered by it in the Dekhan, only 1,018 square miles are closed to grazing, and the rest are more or less open. In the opinion of the Director of Agriculture, the closed area can hardly be much further reduced if any reasonable provision is to be made for timber and fuel in a tract where both are already exceedingly dear. The secret of the situation is that man wants more land to cultivate, chiefly to support himself, and partly to increase his wealth by exporting his produce to other countries. To make the land supply food, raw materials for manufactures, timber, fuel, and at the same time ample grazing for cattle, is rather a difficult problem, which the Department of Agriculture has indeed not forgotten, but which it has not yet succeeded in solving to its own satisfaction or to the satisfaction of the people at large. In his last annual report the Director mentions that work cattle in the Dekhan are inadequate for the needs of the peasantry and at the present time they are probably 30 per cent short of the requisite number; and it is acknowledged that the number is strictly limited by the amount of fodder available. It is doubtful whether the demand for grazing land can be adequately met however lenient the Forest Department may be, and it is a growing demand, while the land which the Forest Department can throw open for the benefit of

the cattle in the neighbourhood must be limited. The people must be taught in this country, as they have learnt in England and elsewhere, how to make the best use of the available grazing lands and fodder, and how to grow new kinds of fodder. The Department of Agriculture complains that where considerable areas of good grass land exist, a portion of the grass is cut for sale in towns after it has seeded and lost a great part of its value, but most of it is indiscriminately grazed, and much of it is trampled under foot and wasted. In fact, the scientific feeding of cattle in more ways than one has yet to be learnt by the cultivator. As a first attempt to solve this problem, the department selected last year several hundred acres of waste land growing fair grass in the Dharwar taluka with the object of showing that it is profitable to cut this grass with a mowing machine before it seeds and to store hay and silage for use in the hot weather. Another experiment proposed by the department is to store fodder in good years to provide against bad years. When the chances of famine are remote, part of the reserve would be made available to the cultivator in ordinary years also. It is felt that the Government must lead where the cultivator cannot stand on his own legs. Incendiarism being too common in some parts of the Dekhan, the cultivator is unwilling to run the risk of storing fodder.

Those who try to account for the poverty of the raiyat sometimes allege that the soil is being continually impoverished, and the Government assessment is heavy. What Professor Marshall has called quantitative economics demands an investigation of the precise extent of the impoverishment and the precise incidence of land revenue. No one can deny that what is extracted from the soil must be returned to it, and that it does not contain an inexhaustible quantity of plant food. But it would be a fallacious assumption that every soil is rich to begin with and is impoverished only by cultivation. In the Dekhan, Mr Keatinge says, the land has never had a chance of exhausting itself, because it never was rich. A good farmer who keeps his land clean generally knows the value of manure. The Department of Agriculture finds that the cultivator does not adequately appreciate the value either of clean cultivation or of manure. As Mr. Keatinge writes, "the cultivator of dry crops in the dry tract sets little value on manure. He stores carelessly

what farmyard manure comes readily to hand, but would never buy it." The garden cultivator is a little more careful, as also the grower of wet crops. Yet they have all to learn a great deal about the value of manure. Artificial manures are practically unknown; and it is complained all over India that cattle dung is burnt and thereby "wasted" instead of using it as manure. Green-manuring is used only by the most intelligent cultivators and in the most advanced tracts. Quantitative reasoning is also necessary in judging the extent to which Government assessment adds to the difficulties of the farmer. Land cannot be exempted from taxation, and the only question is whether the assessment is heavy. It is generally admitted by the critics of the land revenue administration that the assessment is light enough in the Dekhan and it is heavy in Gujarat. Much of the dissatisfaction with the land revenue policy has disappeared since the introduction of the reforms initiated in Lord Curzon's time. The necessity for a permanent settlement, or at least for long-term settlements, continues to be discussed. The pitch of the assessment in many parts of the Dekhan works out at about 4 per cent. on the value of the gross out-turn, while the traditional share of the produce taken by the best Hindu rulers was generally one-sixth, or varied from one-tenth to one-sixth. This tradition is recorded only in the books. The rulers of recent times took a great deal more than the ideal proportion, besides putting on various additional taxes on the cultivators. Those who wish to compare the present with the past will find in Mr. Keatinge's book enough of instruction to make them wise, if they are inclined to be fair. However we may repeat that if the present is better than the past, let the future be better still.

CURRENT EVENTS.

If a nation that hath no history be happy and if the absence of news be good news, the month of May was a happy month for the generality of the citizens who take an interest in the public welfare. It often happens, however, that the mind does not like to dwell on news which produce a depressing effect. Appeals for help were constantly emanating from Gujarat and Kathiawar, where cattle were dying for want of fodder, but human beings, fortunately, had not to starve, thanks to the efficient famine relief operations of Government, and to some extent the distribution of private charity. Substantial contributions for the purchase of fodder came from the large fund for charitable relief instituted in Lord Curzon's time by a well-known Feudatory Chief. To him the Bombay Presidency owes this year a deep debt of gratitude, as also to other philanthropists. The idea of a separate famine relief fund for this Presidency has been started. The will to relieve the distressed is not wanting. But the wealthy men of Bombay have of late opened their purses so freely for other purposes that they may need some respite and interval for recuperation before they subscribe largely for a permanent famine fund.



There are reasons to hope that the famine in Gujarat and Kathiawar will shortly come to an end. The monsoon has appeared. The opening scene in the first act is not altogether disappointing, nor is it absolutely gratifying. The Government meteorologist's forecast is not very cheering, but at the same time it is not alarming. India is said to be an isolated country, guarded by mountains and the sea. The heavens recognise no such isolation, nor does commerce. To make a monsoon forecast for India, the weather prophet of the Government of India has to study the meteorological phenomena of Africa, South America, and Australia, and the reports of the ships that experience the weather in the oceans of the Southern Hemisphere. The snowfall in the Himalayas and in Central Asia would also appear to affect the rainfall in India. With all these data before him the Director-General of Observatories does

not feel confident that he can make a reliable, much less an accurate forecast. For whatever his science may at present be worth, he does not expect that there will be any "large defect" in the total rainfall of India. But he fears that the distribution of the rain will be unusually irregular, especially in the early part of the monsoon. That is not good news for the famine-stricken area.



Dissatisfaction in the commercial world of India, outside Calcutta, is due to two principal causes—the inability of the railways to handle the traffic to the satisfaction of merchants, and the inability of the Government to enforce the opium treaty in China. Calcutta has commercial politics of her own. The European merchants of that city have scarcely reconciled themselves to the loss of prestige of the former capital of India, when reports have been started about schemes which are said to be not quite acceptable to them. As a part of the currency and financial reforms which the Government is believed to have under consideration, the establishment of a central Bank for India on the model of the Bank of England, to be located at Delhi, is said to be in contemplation. The report is not confirmed, but it is given out that the Calcutta merchants are not favourably disposed towards the scheme, whereas their brethren elsewhere are of a different state of mind. The block in the railway traffic was due to several causes, some of them temporary in their operation, like the Delhi Durbar transport and the famine in Gujarat and Kathiawar. The Secretary of State, to whom a representation was personally made by a deputation, could not promise any immediate relief, and indeed it is difficult to see how he could have committed himself, without sufficient consideration, to any promise which might have entailed heavy expenditure either on the Government or on the railway companies. The whole of the railway policy of the Government of India has recently been much discussed in view of the growing demand for rapid and easy communications. One opinion is that the Government must care for quantity first and build light and cheap railways wherever they may pay, before caring for quality and building broad gauge lines to run trains at express speeds.



The opium merchants have raised a delicate and difficult question. The new Government of China does not repudiate any treaty obligations, but is unable to enforce obedience to orders which are passed to meet those obligations. It is said that poppy cultivation, which had once been discontinued, has been revived in parts of China, and the Indian drug is, contrary to treaties, shut out by provincial authorities who are interested in the sale of the local drug. There is nothing to show, as Mr. Montagu said in the

House of Commons, that this inability of the new Government to enforce obedience to its orders is not temporary, and no one can advise hostile demonstrations. The advanced Chinese, who have set up the Republic, must at heart desire to rid their country of the opium habit, but they have not as yet the strength to suppress it. Hostilities will not help the trade. The merchants suggest for the present that inasmuch as the Government, as also the Native States, have made huge profits in the past, the sale of opium in India may be stopped until the accumulated stocks in China are disposed of, as otherwise they may so deteriorate in value that the firms may be "crushed." Besides the loss that would fall on Government, it appears that the suggested stoppage of sale requires certain preliminaries, which must take time. The action, if any, which the Government is prepared to take, is not yet announced. The question raised in the House of Commons through an interpellation, as to whether the Government may not rescind the agreement to co-operate in the suppression of the opium habit, appears premature. Moreover, if the old state of things be restored and if the old treaties be revived, how can any one be immediately in a better position ?



Mr. Montagu has conciliated the Mussalmans by expressing his regret that they should have misunderstood him and by recognising the religious bond which holds them all together, whether they be in the Panjab or Eastern Bengal, in Madras or in Burma. Lord Crewe has pacified Lord Curzon by emphatically repudiating the idea that the present Government is engaged in fostering among Indian politicians vague hopes of national self-government such as is allowed to Canada, South Africa, or Australia. The Secretary of State seems to be equally disinclined to make any hasty progress towards setting up a federation of autonomous provinces in India in the place of the present Government of India. For the present the construction of the new Delhi is being steadily pursued, and the revised partition of Bengal is being pushed to its logical conclusions. The site for the new capital is fixed by local and imported experts, and certain particulars have already been announced in Parliament. In the new province of Behar and Orissa the establishment of a High Court is already under contemplation. The Calcutta High Court has promised co-operation in settling the details of the transfer of a portion of its work to the new High Court. The partition will be made more effective and satisfactory than would have been possible under the old scheme.

CORRESPONDENCE.

JUDICIAL TRAINING OF INDIAN CIVILIANS.

To the Editor of EAST & WEST.

SIR,—I have just read Mr. Batty's second article on the Judicial Training of Indian Civilians in the May number of your magazine, and trust that you will grant me space for a few remarks.

Mr. Batty deems it an illogical suspicion that the present want of legal training of the Indian Civilian is used in some quarters as an argument for abolishing the Indian Civil Service. I would reply by pointing to Sir H. Cotton's "New India," and to the frequent allusion to the subject in the weekly paper, *India*, edited by Sir Henry's son.

Mr. Batty is horrified at my suggestion that English law, which is now an optional subject in the open competition, should be made compulsory for those candidates who profess themselves ready to join the Indian Civil Service. But it is not meant that those candidates should spend years in mastering the lawless science of English law. Rather, it is shown by experience that those students, who have paid some attention to the *elements* of English law, and are not unfamiliar with the legal atmosphere and terminology, are well equipped to attend the courts in the year of probation, and to take notes of cases, an important item of training, which, it is hoped, will be restored in the probationer's curriculum. Such phrases as the "legal estate" will not puzzle a student who has pursued Professor Geldart's admirable little volume, "Elements of English law" (Home University Library). I hope Mr. Batty, and others who are interested in my article in the *Law Quarterly Review*, will understand that I did not suggest that English law "in all its ramifications" should be made a subject, optional or compulsory, in the open competition.

As Mr. Batty and I are at one in holding that the District Judges in India should be chosen from the Indian Civil Service, the only question between us is as to how the postulants for the District Bench should obtain legal training. Mr. Batty suggests that there should be a separate open competition in England, the successful candidates being those who show a superiority in general culture, and also in the systems of Western Jurisprudence. On arrival in India they should not, apparently, at once enter the judicial department, for Mr. Batty

has not contemplated or proposed that Civilians, desiring to enter the judicial department, should be deprived of the benefit of such executive experience as a large number of our present judges have enjoyed. And before he is irrevocably chained to the Bench, the Civilian must have such opportunities of getting into contact with the people as are afforded by the duties of an executive officer ; but in Mr. Batty's opinion the result of such experience will differ from the experience gained by work in court as much as the glib and plausible tale of an interested party in his examination-in-chief differs from the variant version as it finally shapes itself under cross-examination. Further, though Mr. Batty admits that the budding Collector must acquire a knowledge of Indian human nature, the environment, social and economical, of the Indian peasant, a knowledge of the country, the peoples, their customs, the land tenures, and the revenue administration, there is, he thinks, a danger that " a judge should have as a basis for his decision a secret storage of preconceived impressions and memories, as to which neither party has a chance of cross-examining, or of tendering explanation or counter-evidence."

* On the other hand, I deprecate a separate competition examination for those Civilians who intend to join the judicial department. The tendency will be to intensify the antagonism between the judicial and executive departments. Besides, it is not till after some years' service that a Civilian may be able to make up his mind to join a special department. I take it that, according to Mr. Batty's scheme, a Civilian, who had not passed the special competitive examination, would be unable to join the judicial department at any period of his service, and *vice versa* a Civilian, who had passed the special, must, though he had shown his superior fitness for the executive, be at some stage thrown howling into the judicial. I maintain that a knowledge of the elements of English law is useful to *every* Civilian. The further study (including " a thoughtful study" of Savigny and Pothier if necessary) required for a District Judge can easily be arranged by Government.

Yours faithfully,

E. T. CANDY.

Cambridge,

June, 1912.

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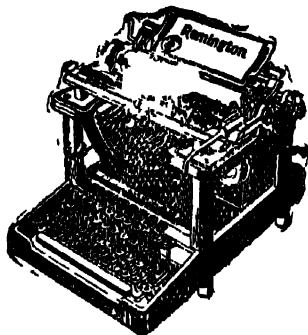
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MOST of our readers must have read elsewhere the mournful news that Mr. B. M. Malabari, founder and editor of this Magazine, died suddenly at Simla through heart-failure on the night of the 11th of last month. When he left Bombay on the previous Sunday, his general health gave no room for suspicion of the impending calamity. He was staying at Simla with his friend the Hon. Nawab Zulfiqar Ali Khan, and till 9. p.m. on the fatal Thursday he appeared to be in his usual health. He was talking on the telephone to Sirdar Jogendra Singh, who is well known to the readers of this Magazine, when he was suddenly taken ill ; he went into his room, called for tea, groaned twice, and was no more. He died almost within hailing distance from the Consumptives' Home at Dharampur and on the fourth anniversary of the Seva Sadan Society—the two institutions into which his latter-day philanthropic work had materialised.

Mr. Malabari endeavoured to the utmost of his power to right the wrongs of the womanhood of India. He felt for them as few have ever felt. The Age of Consent Act was the result of his continuous campaign against the iniquities to which they were subjected. The women of India owe a deep debt of gratitude to him. He cared little for earthly honours, but those who honour his memory will be honouring themselves.

The loss to this Magazine of an able and experienced Editor is irreparable. But every effort will be made to conduct the Magazine on the usual lines, except that the last few pages will be presented in a slightly altered form.

May his soul rest in peace !

EAST & WEST.

VOL. XI.

AUGUST, 1912.

No. 130.

AFTER HOME RULE.

IT is commonly supposed, and the extraordinary care which has been taken in the present Home Rule Bill to provide that the Protestant minority should be adequately represented in the proposed Irish Parliament lends weight to the supposition, that difference in religious beliefs will be the preponderating influence in the formation of parties in the Irish House of Commons. But while the majority of the members must be Roman Catholics, since the great bulk of the people are of that Persuasion, there is hardly a possibility that they will form a single homogeneous party, nor is it at all probable that the present division of parties into Nationalists and Unionists will continue either under these designations or any other. And therefore, to those who know Ireland and can estimate the factors which must determine, or, at least, affect to some purpose the new conditions which will obtain if self-government materialises, all the elaborate precautions which those who framed the present Bill have taken to safeguard the interests of the minority, seem a veritable waste of time and labour.

In politics, as in other things, it is unsafe to prophesy before you know, and it would be difficult to forecast with any pretensions to accuracy the nature and numerical strength of the parties that are likely to come into being under the new régime, but that the formation of parties will proceed on lines different from those which have divided the representatives of Ireland into two camps labelled respectively Nationalist and Unionist, will be evident from an examination of the conditions under which the present system exists.

The present Nationalist party in the House of Commons is the articulate expression of the Irish demand for Home Rule. For this purpose its members are elected ; on this ground it appeals for the support of the people. They represent no particular interests, nor are they chosen by reason of possessing any particular qualifications. If a candidate possesses average ability, if he is able to make an intelligible speech, he answers all requirements, provided that he is guaranteed to be a sound Nationalist. The candidate generally puts himself forward under the aegis of the official organisation of the Parliamentary party, and if the choice of the local branch receives the approval of the party leaders, his election is usually a foregone conclusion. The system does not always bring about the survival of the fittest, nor has the candidate who possesses qualifications especially fitting him for parliament work a better chance than, or even as good a chance as, the eloquent windbag. The ignorant are captivated by the eloquence and the more intelligent are indifferent, knowing that the only duty of a Nationalist member is to vote, and that the vote of the fool is just as effective on a division as that of the ablest, and recognising that for a party such as the Nationalist party, with a single aim and whose only resource lies in the unity and strength with which it enters the division lobby, it is not the ability of the individual that matters as much as whether he will or not fit into the party machine, and act and vote as he is ordered. The Nationalist party is therefore a machine. It is better disciplined than any of the other parties in the House of Commons ; it possesses men of undoubted ability, and taken as a whole it need not dread comparison with others,—but even its warmest admirers would hesitate to say that it is representative of the best in Ireland. The Unionist party is composed of those persons only that have the imprimatur of the Society of Orangemen, and its sole purpose is to oppose Home Rule. Its members are men of independent means and usually come from a higher social stratum than the majority of their Nationalist fellow countrymen, but they are chosen in something the same manner and as a party have shown themselves lacking in the essentials of constructive statesmanship. Of them it can be said with even greater reason that they do not at all represent the intelligence of Ulster Protestants.

Under a Home Rule Government quite a new set of factors will arise and modify previous conditions. It is possible that the recent outbreak of sectarian feeling in Ulster may have the effect of causing the representatives of Protestant constituencies in Ulster to organise themselves on a sectarian basis, and the prestige which the obtaining of Home Rule will bring to John Redmond and the party he leads may be sufficient to secure their predominance in the new Parliament, but neither of these influences will endure. The movement for and against self-government in Ireland has been made possible by the fact that sections of conflicting opinions have been content either to acquiesce in the larger movements or to be satisfied with a passive resistance as long as Home Rule seemed within reach, but the latter once attained, there is nothing to prevent these divergent forces from manifesting themselves, and that they will do so seems pretty certain. In the domain of Nationalist politics, for instance, there are two organisations neither of which subscribes to the policy of the Parliamentary party, except in that they both seek for Home Rule. These are the All for Ireland League founded by William O'Brien, and the Sinn Fein organisation, which represents the ultra-nationalist section. The former rejects the Nationalist-cum-Liberal alliance and would have the Irish question settled by a Conference representative of all parties, a procedure which proved so successful in the case of the Land Purchase Bill. This organisation has succeeded in sending a small number of members to the House of Commons, but there is nothing in its objects or its methods so distinctive as to warrant the formation of a new party, and its origin is due to a revolt against the absolutism of the Directory of the United Irish League, the organisation of the Nationalist party. It did not meet with much success, not through want of sympathy, but because many who agreed with its views felt that with a Government pledged to Home Rule in power, the time was inopportune for starting a movement which, however good in itself, tended to disrupt the forces making for Home Rule, and they therefore refrained from giving it the support which under other circumstances they would have freely afforded. The Sinn Fein movement too has within the last few years been to a great extent arrested by the same causes, but both this and the other will assert themselves in the

future and serve to check the undue predominance of any single party.

Thus far in the sphere of politics. But political considerations cannot hope to maintain in the future the paramountcy which they have in the past successfully asserted, and important economic issues are certain to come to the front. Of these the most imminent, at the present time, are the increasing class consciousness of the agriculturist, and the position of the industrial worker. Within the last few years, the Irish Agricultural Organisation Society, founded by Sir Horace Plunkett to improve agricultural effort in production and distribution by means of co-operation, and which has been attended with great success, has been viewed with ever-increasing disfavour by the official Nationalist organisation, and the subsidy which it formerly received from the Department of Agriculture has been discontinued through the pressure exerted by the Parliamentary party on the Liberal Government and the President of the Department of Agriculture. It is well known that the resignation of Sir Horace Plunkett was brought about by the same agency, and although other reasons were alleged, there is no doubt that his connection with the I.A.O.S. was the principal cause of the opposition to his continuance in office. The chief accusation levelled against the promoters of the I.A.O.S., to justify antagonism to a society which has been such a conspicuous success, is that they have attempted to use the organisation as a means of weakening the Home Rule forces, by trying to induce the farmers to refrain from taking part in political agitation. This charge has been indignantly repelled by the persons concerned, and doubtless in all sincerity, but there is this much ground for the complaint, that the promotion of such an organisation does, without conscious effort on the part of the promoters, weaken the assertion of the demand for Home Rule, although it may not impair its intensity, for it creates a new and absorbing interest. But whether the accusation was justified or not, whether it was made in good faith on the one side, and denied with equal good faith on the other, are immaterial considerations; for the mainspring of the opposition to the I.A.O.S. was economic, not political. Trade jealousy was in the background and the traders used the political machine for their own ends. One of the principal aims of the co-operative movement in agriculture

is to prevent the exploitation of the agriculturist, to make agricultural societies self-sufficient, and as far as possible to eliminate the middleman. They thus threaten the economic interests of the rural towns, and the shop-keepers are naturally desirous to limit their activities as much as possible. They have succeeded with the plea of politics, in hampering the work of the I.A.O.S. temporarily but the question remains to be decided and both sides will undoubtedly see that their interests are duly represented in the new Parliament. In Ireland the industrial workers are numerically insignificant compared with the corresponding class in Great Britain, but they are to-day more powerful than ever before, and will seek and obtain representation. In Belfast they form a large percentage of the population. Hitherto they have allowed themselves to be submerged beneath the flood of party politics, but indications are not wanting that they are preparing to organise themselves on a class basis and are determined to subordinate politics to more immediate interests.

• The evidence might be prolonged, but enough has been afforded to prove that the division of Ireland into two camps is impossible in the future; that aims and objects different from those hitherto obtaining will bring about combinations utterly unlike the present; and that the recognition of separate social and economic interests will tend to submerge both sectarian and political differences. There will also be a change in the personnel of the representatives; the mere orator will be at a discount and the era of the specialist will have arrived. If anybody was considered good enough to be elected a member of Parliament in the past, in future nobody will be too good, and if the Ireland of to-day is as prolific in men of genius as that which produced Burke, Sheridan, Grattan, and Flood, the Irish House of Commons will have no reason to fear comparison with any.

DEVELOPMENT OF UNIVERSITY WORK.

OUR beloved King-Emperor's reply to the deputation of the Calcutta University which waited on His Majesty seems indeed to have been a rousing trumpet-call to the existing universities to turn over a new leaf and take a definite step towards development into something like the teaching universities of Great Britain and the Continent. His Majesty's exhortation to educated Indians to persevere in the path of educational progress, which seemed at one time as though it would receive a set-back, owing to the deplorable fanaticism of the last few years, has been quickly followed by large and generous grants from the Imperial Government towards the development of university work. The two main and universally acknowledged faults of the existing provincial universities are the total absence, first, of university teaching and, secondly, of what might be termed the university atmosphere necessary to foster the proper fervour for original work. In the course of the last few years these defects have been so strikingly felt by educated Indians that the attention of some of the best thinkers, many of whom occupied trusted and responsible positions at these universities, was forcibly drawn to them, and measures for their removal were hotly discussed. The outcome, as the Indian public well know, was the enthusiastic support of the proposed new sectarian universities. It had, indeed, been latterly felt that a spirit of research and an atmosphere of plain living and high thinking, which form so prominent a feature in the older universities of England and Germany, and also, to come nearer home, of the *ashramas* of the Classic Aryans, could not be created otherwise than on a religious basis. Experience had no doubt shown that the importation of even first-rate men of the English universities

with special scales of incremental pay, the chance of securing a well-paid Directorship of Public Instruction towards the end of their service, an ultimate special pension for valuable services rendered, and a title to crown their retirement, could not in any way contribute to the 'creation of the desired atmosphere. Nor could the concentrated enthusiasm and the divine fervour of the serious workers of a quasi-religious institution make much impression on the material supplied. It would be very surprising if it did. So long as practically the whole mass of budding graduates was swayed by the purely mercenary motive of securing comfortable jobs in the public service, the chances of a desire for research work were very remote indeed. Happily the competitionwala's day is ended, and it is to be hoped that earnest students with superior mental powers will now turn their attention to work which may bring them everlasting glory and an honoured place in the aristocracy of intellect instead of a passing notice in an administration report.

. It is apparent, however, that the Government of India had felt the full force of the views of these latter-day Indians, and it was perhaps this feeling that made them condescend to stand sponsor for the new sectarian universities. But there is a general belief that a large majority of the Local Governments consulted were against this new departure from the settled traditions of government, and it had been well if the Government of India had accepted this opinion, or at any rate put off the consideration of the question for some time so as to have an opportunity to observe whether the sectarian movement was a genuine one or merely the backwash of a pseudo-swadeshim, as subsequent events tend to indicate. The Viceregal word has, however, been passed, and it is against British honour to withdraw it ; so the sectarian universities may be settled facts in the course of the next few years. It now only remains to be seen how this new experiment will progress, and all educated Indians will watch it with keen interest. Latterly the Government of India seem to have felt the grave effect of their hasty decision, arrived at without consultation with the existing provincial universities, which were of their own making and which deserved better consideration at their hands. The imperial grants announced

in the Viceregal Council are apparently an amende for past slights, and as they are for the development of university work, the Imperial Government's views have evidently undergone modification and have reverted to the theory that the development of university work is possible without bringing in the element of religion. It rests with the Senates of the provincial universities to take advantage of the existing Viceregal mood by straining every effort to make the experiment a complete success. The first instalment of the grant to the Bombay University has been announced to be Rs. 45,000 recurring and Rs. 3,00,000 non-recurring, and on the proper use of this grant and in the wake of the success arising from its utilisation will no doubt depend the question of further grants for continued experiment. The proposals for utilising this grant seem to be now before the Senate, and it behoves all the members of that body to give full consideration to the various views that may be suggested to them either in the Senate or outside it. As the final goal for us is that of a teaching university with a research atmosphere, any proposal which is not likely to lead definitely towards the attainment of that goal in the course of the next few years stands condemned on that account. It has been suggested that the creation of a full-time Registrarship and a new Inspectorship of Colleges are the first items deserving the consideration of the University. It may, however, be pointed out that the latter item is altogether out of place in the Bombay University system, and that the acceptance of the former will depend upon the new duties that may be assigned to the Registrar. In the Calcutta University there is an inspectorship of colleges, but it should be remembered that the creation of such an appointment there is necessitated by the vast number of second-grade colleges affiliated to the university, which are rather too many for the limited time and energies of the University Inspection Committee and require the full attention of a whole-time officer. The Calcutta University's example may be followed by the Madras University, which is similarly situated in the matter of its second-grade colleges. Further, in both these provinces the new university developments seem to indicate that the second-grade college will in the course of the next generation occupy its proper place as a sort of an entrance school, like the

larger public schools of England, preparing candidates for a *three years' honours course* for the B. A. or B. Sc. degrees, the only difference between the college and the English public school being that the former will be under the immediate control of the university and presumably with attendant advantages. It may also be stated that in Madras the Intermediate Examination, which comes at the end of this second-grade college course, is prescribed as the entrance qualification for the medical and engineering courses, and the tendency in Calcutta is towards a similar rule.

These phases are altogether conspicuous by their absence from the recent developments of the Bombay University. Here the Honours B.A. course of the revised curriculum is still a something tacked on to the pass course and occupying a period of only two years ; the entrance qualification to the professional colleges is the Previous and not the Intermediate ; and the number of arts colleges affiliated to the university is only eleven. Probably in the course of the next generation Bombay will make up her mind to follow Madras in this matter as it has done in the matter of discarding a second language as a compulsory subject for the B.A. degree, and we may see the establishment of a number of second-grade colleges in the different centres of the presidency, and perhaps also the institution of the concomitant Honours B.A. course of three years followed by an M.A. course of two years. Then, indeed, the M.A. of the Bombay University will be worthy of his degree, and with his seven years' university training may stand on fair terms of quality with the Ph.D. of the German universities. But so long as things are what they are, it is premature to consider a full-time inspectorship, and its institution will be a waste of money which could be used more profitably in the development of the teaching side of the university. It may also be added that the scant respect with which some of the Principals of colleges treated the remarks of the last University Inspection Committee does not tend to indicate a better regard for a single inspector, whose attainments must necessarily be limited to a particular branch of science or philosophy and who will be the servant of the Syndicate, among whom are several Principals of colleges. Further, an inspector of a division in the Government Educational Department say, for instance, the Central Division, has to inspect about 190

secondary schools having standards ranging in number from 5 to 7 in each. He has, moreover, a lot of work as the general final authority in all matters connected with the vast system of primary education in his division. Again, secondary schools have Indian headmasters, whose Oriental languor and easy-going methods require greater attention from the inspector than a college with a European principal and staff would. Yet for all this work and a lot of correspondence and report-writing, one man is considered sufficient in our secondary education system, which works very satisfactorily. The proposed inspector of colleges will have only eleven colleges to inspect, his work being confined to a single class. Moreover, I doubt very much whether we can get a professional expert, well versed in English mathematics, science and a host of second languages, which form the curriculum of the Previous course, and the inspector's work will in the circumstances be confined to his special subject only. I need not add that the inspector in the secondary education system is superior in status to the headmaster of the schools he inspects, and that in itself exacts respect for his views from the headmasters. The university inspector's position will necessarily be far below that of the Principal of a college, and it is a question whether the reports that the former may submit will command sufficient respect at the hands of the latter, expert though the inspector may be. For the respect that Bombay pays to expert reports *vide* the treatment that Dr. Bentley's malaria report received at the hands of the members of the Municipal Corporation. Dr. Bentley's report was *strictly technical*, which the inspector's report will not be. At any rate, the discussions in the Senate during the last few years tend only to confirm my belief that the inspection reports will be little more than a waste of paper. In matters of general interest we are all 'experts' here ! The real difficulty regarding the Previous class can be got over by making the Intermediate examination cover the two years' course, as in other Indian universities.

It has, however, to be admitted that the present organisation of the University Inspection Committee is not quite satisfactory. The members of the Committee are not whole-time officers even at intervals, but make their visits of inspection during their spare hours at a time *when they are actually following their usual*

vocations. In the circumstances the visits are of short duration and are confined to what I may call the mere accessories of college tuition, viz., (1) whether attendance is marked for every hour of the day or once only in the course of the day, (2) whether the discipline of the boys in the various classes is good, (3) whether the lecture halls and their equipment are up to the standard required, (4) whether professors have a good delivery, (5) whether they merely dictate notes, reading them out of a note book, or whether they deliver lectures in the true sense of the term, and other miscellaneous things of this kind. These things have, no doubt, their own importance, and the University Inspection Committee has done a lot of good by its visits of inspection, but there are other things equally important which are practically lost sight of in the present form of inspection. For instance, how far a professor is proficient in the subject which he teaches which, by the way, cannot always be gauged by his degree; how far he has the tact and the gift to communicate an enthusiasm in the subject which he teaches; and how far he has kept in touch with the latest discoveries and advances made in his special subject since he left behind the portals of his university—all these require a man of well-trained judgment, who arrives at his decisions only after a thorough and complete series of visits at times when the professor is actually lecturing on his subjects. In these circumstances it is apparent that the University Inspection Committee should confine itself to the general arrangements in colleges as it has hitherto done. It may consist of not more than three members, who should be whole-time officers during the short period of their duty. For the closer inspection in each subject the University may be advised to appoint from time to time a special officer who will work full time for a period of about three months. Such a person can easily be borrowed from one of the affiliated colleges for the short period of deputation which will occur only once in the course of a quinquennium under ordinary circumstances. These slight modifications of the present arrangements for the inspection of affiliated colleges will go a great way towards meeting our requirements for some years to come.

On the other hand, a full-time registrarship seems to be a requirement well worth the consideration of the Senate. The registrar's duties will have, however, to be considerably extended.

in order to give him full occupation as a whole-time officer. The other suggestions made below for utilising the grant will no doubt incidentally provide the registrar with the necessary extra work. They will also require that the registrar should not be merely a sort of a superior and efficient clerk to the Syndicate, but that he should be a first-rate scholar with a turn preferably for English language and literature and a love for original work. He should be pre-eminently a social being, who will not disdain to mix freely with the undergraduates and graduates. If he has a good command of English and is a little bit of an orator, he will be just the man that is wanted. Such a man would presumably be an Indian graduate of an English university or an English graduate who is a member of a Missionary society and has worked for some time in a Missionary college in the Bombay Presidency.

As stated above, the two main desiderata of our university are, first, real university teaching and, secondly, a university atmosphere. Of these the first undoubtedly is the more important, and has latterly, owing perhaps to the large number of candidates of all sorts taking up an arts course, been a crying want with the more intelligent among undergraduates. Anybody with a turn for originality, who has actually undergone the arts course of the Bombay university in any of its affiliated colleges, must have keenly felt the depressing effect of class routine, which has necessarily to be toned down to the level of the least intelligent students. Fortunately the university has after all created an Honours degree (though not an Honours course) for the more intelligent students of the arts course, and the examination for this degree, though not altogether separate from that for the Pass degree, provides scope for the exercise of superior mental powers. As the courses themselves are not distinct, it is doubtful whether individual colleges will have regular extra lectures for the Honours students. In these circumstances it seems to be a worthy object for the university to take up this part of the work of colleges. Having regard to the predilections of the Bombay students towards certain subjects, and the atmosphere already created by such eminent men as Dr. Bhandarkar, the late Mr. A. M. T. Jackson, and scholars like Dr. Peterson and others who have left these shores and are no more amongst us, the university will have at present to confine itself to (1) languages, (2) Indian history

antiquities and archæology, and (3) economics ; and the professors to be appointed will be :

- (1) A professor of English prose literature.
- (2) A professor of English poetry and drama.
- (3) A professor of Sanskrit literature.
- (4) A professor of Indian history, antiquities and archæology.
- (5) A professor of economics with special reference to Indian circumstances.

I need not further expatiate upon the peculiar fitness of the above subjects to the conditions prevailing in Bombay. It will be seen that the physical and natural sciences have been tabooed from the scope of the university's work. Having regard to the opinion held about Bombay graduates by the authorities of the Indian Institute of Science, considerable time will have to elapse before the university can profitably take up work in those subjects which, on account of their appendages of laboratories for practical work, will also be beyond the limited means of the university for years to come. Moreover, there is the Government Royal Institute of Science which will provide the proper facilities for undergraduates, and for post-graduate study there is of course the Indian Institute of Science itself. The second desideratum, namely, the creation of a university atmosphere, will indeed become a more important matter in the days to come, especially in contrast to the sectarian universities with their religious background. There are, however, a number of educated Indians who believe that an atmosphere of the kind, so far as it is conducive to a spirit of research, can be created by other means than that of religion, having regard specially to the great divergence among the dogmas of the various sects of the Hindus and Mahomedans and the vast differences in customs and manners in the different parts of the country over which these sects are spread. It is for the university to take advantage of this current belief before it is too late. The spirit of sectarianism is abroad and the Government of India seem to have accepted the rather doubtful principle of a multiplication of universities as a panacea for the shortcomings of the existing federal bodies.

Regarding the measures to be taken by the university, it may be suggested that the foremost is the extension of the scope and usefulness of the university library. A reference section of the

library will have to be opened, where due provision should be made by way of furniture and electric fans and lights and other requirements, necessary to enable a good number of Honours students to work at the same time without causing inconvenience to one another. Those students may be charged a small term fee for the privilege, and they may also be permitted to take home non-reference books on payment of a deposit if necessary. The library rules should also be relaxed so as to entitle an Honours student to a ticket of admission on the production of a certificate from the Principal of his college. Standing in equal, if not greater, importance with the above measures, is the establishment of a monthly magazine conducted by the university and under the editorship of the registrar. The leading affiliated colleges have now, no doubt, magazines of their own, but they appear perhaps once a term and sometimes they do not appear at all. The editors of these journals have so often to request their outside friends for articles that, weary of these rounds of begging, they allow all sorts of puerile matter to be included in order to make up a decent issue. All this seems to be a waste of labour and funds. The university magazine will have a wider choice of contributors and, on account of its wider circulation, correspondents will submit carefully prepared dissertations worthy of the importance and dignity of the magazine. It will thus stimulate superior powers of expression in the English language, which to us Indians are the first requisite for laying before the public the results of any original studies that may have occupied our attention. The magazine will also tend to keep old boys in touch with the university, at any rate for some time after graduation. Allied to the above is the third measure, which is the establishment of a University Union in which the leading magazines and newspapers of the day will be kept for the use of graduates and undergraduates. The Union, the admission to which may also be regulated by a small term fee, should also encourage the elocutionary and debating powers of its members, like the English university unions, by the institution of weekly lectures and debates during term time. The above three measures seem to me to be essential for laying down the foundations of a university atmosphere which would in time create an enthusiastic fervour among graduates for their *Alma Mater* as distinct from the colleges where they studied.

Under the existing conditions the college is all in all and the university nowhere, and the acquaintance of many a mofussil graduate with the university is limited to a period of two or three hours on the Convocation day. The sooner this anomaly is ended the better. The measures suggested above will go a great way towards forging closer bonds of union without requiring a large amount from the recurring grant, but the buildings for the reference section of the library and the university union may perhaps take up a substantial portion of the non-recurring grant. The sums will, however, be usefully spent and the Bombay University will have the satisfaction of being placed on a par with the University of a sister Presidency in laying down a new model line of departure to the other Indian universities. The improvements will also remove the blemish attached to the body in Mr. Orange's last quinquennial review of education in India, that it had reluctantly made just the minimum of improvement required under the Indian Universities Act. If it be not out of place, it may be suggested as a finishing stroke to these measures that the university should require that all matriculates entering affiliated colleges should at the time register their names on the university books and should be required to pay a small fee of, say, Rs. 5 for the same. This formal affair would serve to draw the attention of the undergraduates to that otherwise invisible vague body.

The above indicated activities are, equally with the residential system, the elementary notions upon which the solid foundations of the English universities are based, and those bodies may indeed be surprised that the Indian universities have all the while been existent without caring to notice these primary requirements. However, it is never too late for us to mend, and mend, I hope, we shall.

In concluding, I crave indulgence for a few further remarks on the subject of university lectures. It seems to me that the whole point of university lectures, as distinct from college lectures, is to bring together those few students who alone can be expected to study any subject for its own sake and devote themselves to a life of research, or at any rate to follow the profession of teaching, which is, under present Indian conditions, the only profession that gives scope for original work in leisure hours; and the object

of the recent institution of Honours courses in the Indian universities appears to be the same, viz., to sift the grain from the chaff or, in other words, to separate those students who have a love of learning for its own sake from those who just want to have the two letters (B. A.) which are the open sesame to the upper subordinate ranks of the public service. The university lectures should therefore be *confined to Honours students* if it is desired that any benefit should issue from them and a real impetus be given to the cause of original work. This necessarily involves the congregation of all such students in one central place. Such a place in our university would be Bombay itself, where the best colleges affiliated to the university are located.

It has, however, been suggested that the university lectures should not be confined to one centre only, but that they should be repeated at all the various centres where affiliated colleges are situated in the presidency. This suggestion altogether loses sight of the main object of these lectures, which is to bring the best intellects together in one place in order to exact by daily competition among them a high standard of excellence in the work turned out, which is the only basis for the creation of the much desired intellectual atmosphere so indispensable for original research work. It has also been suggested that the university lectures should be confined to the M. A. course only. This seems to indicate a deficiency of understanding regarding the relative functions of the B. A. and M. A. courses. In the B. A. courses, one is still an undergraduate, and, so to speak, in leading-strings and requires the help of regular lectures to guide one's studies, which are merely subsidiary to the lectures. In the M. A. course one is expected to stand on one's own legs and accustom oneself to original work by working independently with just as little help from a professor as is absolutely necessary for further progress. These relative functions will make it quite clear that regular daily lectures are out of place in the M. A. course but should properly come in an *Honours B. A. course only*. If then there are to be university lectures for Honours students, they will have to be delivered at Bombay only, as stated above. This necessarily means that the Honours courses should not be permitted in the mofussil colleges, which should confine themselves to the turning out of

graduates in the pass course for the various public services in the presidency as hitherto. If this logical arrangement cannot be accepted by the university and the mofussil colleges, then I think we shall have to give up all talk about teaching universities, university lectures and research work, and continue in our old beaten track of conducting examinations and issuing certificates, leaving all teaching work to the new sectarian universities. In this connection, however, a warning note may be sounded for the rousing of those who are still in a lethargic state in this matter. As I have stated above, the spirit of sectarianism is abroad. In this land of stunning contrasts and diametrical extremes, sectarianism will not be satisfied with mere dogmatic theology or ponderous dialectics. Our past history tells us that we have kept but a thin dividing line between theological disputations and religious fanaticism, and the use to which the Bhagvadgita has been put in the events of the last few years does not tend to show that we have improved much by six decades of higher education. Indeed, if you scratch an educated Indian, beneath the outer rind of Occidental education you will frequently find the religious fanatic. Further, the Government of India have accepted the principle of multiplying universities and also of their establishment on a religious basis. In these circumstances it behoves all those who are interested in the prestige of the existing provincial universities and the furtherance of their immense power for good, to put forth every effort necessary for preventing their being eclipsed by the sectarian universities, and I have every hope that the Bombay University Fellows will have the courage to look facts in the face and accept the inevitable measures which are necessary for the development of university work.

Regarding the time and place for the lectures to be delivered by the proposed university professors, it may be stated that as the Bombay colleges generally close their classes by 3 p.m., the period from 3.30 to 5.30 seems to be the most appropriate for university lectures, and that perhaps the examination halls of the Royal Institute of Science will meet the requirements of the university for some time to come. These halls which will be only a few paces from the present university offices, will provide the necessary and most convenient place for delivering the university lectures during

term time. If the suggestion is agreeable, there is not much time to lose before approaching Government in the matter. His Excellency Sir George Clarke, who has done so much for the development of the Bombay University, will shortly retire from the scene of his Herculean labours amidst the parting regrets of a sorrowful public on whose good his all-pervading activities centred and on whose behalf his whole energy was spent even at a time of domestic bereavement. The University must therefore now be up and doing and hurry up discussion on the pending proposals. To perpetuate the memory of the extraordinary interest shown by His Excellency, the proposed university professor of economics may appropriately be styled the Sir George Clarke Professor of Economics.

"DABBLER."

OUR REACHING OUT FOR PAIN.

IN a recent article the writer referred to the modern moralist's hatred of luxury, and his continual inveighing against the vices of over-ease and over-comfort as threatening decadence to the human race. The writer would now like to go further and show not merely that this over-luxury is not particularly prevalent, but also that it would be better if it were. So far from nations perishing through over-luxury, oftener they die through oversimplicity, over-strenuousness, and one might add over-reliance on physical hygiene. Thus we see in history Sparta, with its splendid system of living, its obedience to the laws of heredity, its rules founded on natural science and hygiene—yet with so little force in itself that after a few centuries it was merged into the ordinary life of Greece, the luxurious unstrenuous life that endured so much later and influenced the world.

This fact, not generally recognised, is noticeable in modern history as in the past. The simple, austere Puritans left nothing of value in American history—only the reaction into the frequent divorces and soulless money-grubbing that characterise their descendants to-day. No more striking instance of the truth just mentioned is shown than in the history of colonial life. It is generally assumed that colonies do or should live longer than the parent land. When colonies are founded, besides the practical, immediate need, there is the vague idea of giving the old stock another lease of life. A false analogy with the family idea is here put forward with the use of the word "parent"-land, the assumption being that the parent land will die and the child-land grow up and survive. The assumption is founded on the idea that the simple, strenuous life of the colonies has preservative forces. So far from this being the case, the history of all ages has shown

that colonies invariably die out before the nation that gave them birth. Such was the case with Rome, and with the nations anterior to Rome. The simple strenuous life of the colonies did not save them from earlier extinction. Signs of the same may be seen in England to-day. The evidences that show decay are stronger in the offshoots than in the parent-stem. Those who know both the colonies and England realise that it is more likely that the former should "peter out" than that the latter should do so.

The truth is that the strenuous, simple life, especially when forced upon every member of the community, is as unnatural and debasing in its effects as luxury and good living. Man was never intended for what may be termed the superior animal existence, and to attempt to thrust or entice him into it is to invite strange reprisals on the part of Nature. It is safer for man to keep the one devil of luxury and pleasure-loving (for this kills itself in time) than to have in its place the seven that result from self-conscious strenuousness and over-simplicity of individual and national existence.

The reason of this lies in the fact that what we may frankly call the love of pain is more innate in us than is usually imagined. Generally speaking, it needs less encouragement than people think. The desire for what materialists call a rough time (what in religious people is felt as the need of penance) is part of human nature. It cannot be eradicated, it is as much part of that Nature as the opposite desire for ease and luxury, and it is more lasting than the opposite desire for ease and luxury. Pleasure has no such faithful disciples as has pain. Monte Carlo gaming tables attract adherents less fervent than Thibetan monasteries. St. Simeon Stylites stayed longer on his pillar than Nero in his palace. When the passion for penance seizes a human soul it holds it in firmer thrall than does any passion for pleasure; for pleasure is not a descent down a hill, as it is so often pictured. Rather is it a sea wherein we plunge only to return to the surface in spite of ourselves. The more we think of it the less seldom can we realise the embodiment of that simple oft-quoted phrase "the pleasure-lover." The man who pursues pleasure from the cradle to the grave is practically non-existent; the man who pursues pain from the cradle to the grave is everywhere.

All this may seem mere rhetoric, perhaps fantasy ; but it is necessary to recognise the truth of this deep-seated instinct if we wish to comprehend the danger of to-day. This instinct is deep-seated and inherent, yet it is admittedly in some danger, and that is, not through over-luxury, as some would make out, but through the unnatural exercise of the penance instinct in the social and industrial world of to-day. Formerly, in a sense, there were few ups and downs in life ; men remained in the same class and enjoyed the same means from the cradle to the grave. In those days men took what penance they needed from religion—they might take too much, but that was their own doing. Now a man finds his penance in the ups and downs of life, over-toil, under-payment, and a whole host of new uncertainties that have come into being in modern times. That this is not exaggerated may be proved when we consider the financial side of life. "Where can we keep our money ?" asks a representative of the large middle classes in a newspaper the other day. He tells of safe companies in which he invested money—and lost. He then tried gilt-edged securities and here again found trouble. Later he put money in the now notorious Birkbeck Bank and was one of those that waited in a queue all night to receive back, humbly and gratefully a moiety of their money. There is absolutely no place where the man who has wrung a little money out of the world can leave it in safety. Some investors are placing it, in "safe" banks and then insuring it ! Even the Post Office Savings Bank is now declared to be not absolutely secure.

The manner in which the poor and the rather-poor are thus penanced would have caused astonishment and revolt in the so-called penance times. Thus the modern soul often receives more punishment than it needs. Everything is without or against his consent. The factory is not primarily a penance room, it is a place wherein a manufacturer wants to make money. A strike-maker, again, is not a priest. He does not arrange starvation and time for meditation according to the psychic needs of the unemployed. The man who needs this will escape ; the man who has had over-much will have over-much again. Any ethical good done here and there will be swamped in the ethical evil.

Yet here is the new strange superstition—the superstition that somehow holds those modern evils to have a good side to them. It is one of the most astonishing facts that this age cannot see how infinitely more superstitious it is than any which preceded it. Superstition has simply taken another form, an even greater form, for we uphold simplicity of life for its own sake and not, as the ancient races, because it was pleasing to God. Thus we would laugh at Carnegie as a religious maniac if he elected to go a pilgrimage on hard peas ; we might possibly clap him into an asylum. We applaud him, however, when we hear of him living simply for the good of his character. The alleged ragged coat of the Duke of Norfolk is quoted with respect as if it were the habit of a Carthusian monk. There is no reason why it should be ragged ; probably if there were a reason there would be no admiration. Similarly, the milk diet of an American millionaire acquires the sanctity formerly yielded to the herbal fare of St. Anthony—only with the difference that it is the cult of simplicity for its own sake apart from any desire of pleasing Heaven. The superstition goes further, however ; these men of wealth choose their penance. Like Hetty Green, the American millionairess, they elect to remain poor in one thing or another. They have retained or gained the mediaeval right to choose. With the rank and file it is not so. They do not choose their own penance ; they do not even have it chosen for them by wise teachers or priests.

A great penance machine has been erected, our modern life system, that includes breaking banks, strikes, unemployment, over-employment, etc., and this has taken the place of the other. This machine is man-created, yet it is held by many to be worked by God. They believe that He uses it for the purpose of purifying and strengthening the soul, even as He formerly used disease. As a consequence, therefore, the kindest and most religious persons, however gentle towards the victims of this car, have a respect for the car itself. They think it is something fashioned by God, and do not realise that to think a system has God in it is just as superstitious as to think that an image has God in it. Being superstitious they will not have this machine removed. Then follows the next moral blunder. Through hearing the fierce outcries of the overburdened and over-penanced, our religious teachers or those who

pose as such, imagine that the desire for ease and luxury is increasing. They hear the cries of those who are crushed and they hear, more important still, the cries of those who expect to be crushed—who are in the ranks next to those who are falling. They see their fevered attempts to lift themselves or those nearest them away from the car in which no one, except those who are far away from it, detects a God. They crush backward to escape, and the moralists, preachers and so forth, point to the new love of ease and good times, and bewail the possible disappearance of the penance instinct—though they may not call it by that name.

The penance instinct is threatened by the car, but it is too deeply rooted in human nature ever to be eradicated. We see it when we consider heredity. It is the son of "good family," of the aristocrat, who plunges most readily into colonial life. The risen man, when he comes into wealth, does not go big game shooting in Africa. He has no desire for the "rough and tumble," the ups and downs on the non-sordid plane—he has had them on the sordid plane. He does not lie for hours in the drizzle of a highland mist, stalking deer—as a boy he had too much of a city drizzle, stalking work. He does not wish to incur peril hunting over hedges and ditches; he had enough risk dodging perilous machinery in a factory. Work was not sport to him then, and sport would mean only work. It is the son of the aristocrat who wants to do these things; it is he and he only that has the spirit and desire for them. In the man who has toiled or the son of the man who has toiled such spirit is entirely wanting. If we want to breed "the arm-chair man," the real fine gentleman, if we want a race from which hardihood and the love-of-hardship instinct is almost entirely absent—obliterated as far as it can be obliterated, we have only to increase our self-made men, our bootblacks that become merchant princes and so forth. These, far more than our "effete aristocracy," are likely to become the parents of our "true degenerates," for their simple, strenuous lives have been far more truly against Nature than those of the more easy-going classes.

It follows that much of our admiration is given wrongly and that our ideas need re-casting. To me there has always been something cowardly, that only seems courageous, in the mental

attitude of a successful man who condones the sufferings that he has undergone in his youth, for in condoning the hardships of his past he is condoning the present ones of other people. These are to be deplored also because they have not the psychic benefit which they are supposed to possess and because, as coming from a great man or devil-created machine, they do not suit themselves to the individual needs of the people. Time was when the people of India crushed themselves beneath the wheels of a car in which sat a god. This was superstition, but what of the superstition of English clergymen who preach the duty of the poor to let themselves be crushed beneath the wheels of English commercialism and industrialism? They too have put a god where no god should be.

The desire for penance is strong in human nature. It is owing to the social reformer's ignorance of this fact that he fails to bring the more tender and delicate souls into line with his reform. He tells the people that socialism will mean peace, rest, happiness, freedom from trouble. Then they wonder that more converts are not made—moral converts at least, for of course the intellectual convert is made on a different basis. The truth is that mankind does not desire a state wherein there will be perfect peace. Tell possible converts that the new state will have its pains as well as its pleasures and they will come at once, realising possibly that they will then feel at home. Tell them that the pains will merely be those of a higher kind and they will rejoice. Often it is contended in favour of our bitter and wasting poverty that the prosperous, in consequence of their freedom from Adam's curse, feel more the emotional and psychic griefs, are more liable to troubles of the higher plane. But that is just what humanity craves—suffering on the higher plane. It has endured as a brute beast long enough. Now it claims to suffer as a God.

CONSTANCE CLYDE.

New Zealand.

STRAY THOUGHTS.

OH, my mind, do not be "a toad in the puddle of this world," but the dust of the feet of the Holy. "Make God the well, string His Name for the necklace of waterpots, yoke yourself as an ox thereto—irrigate with nectar and fill the parterres therewith," in order to belong to the Gardener. "Beat both lust and anger into a spade with which to dig up the earth," Thou art a crane now—become a swan.

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"The body is the furnace, the mind the iron therein, and five fires are ever applied to it.

"Sin is the charcoal added thereto, by which the mind is heated ; anxiety is the pincers.

"The mind hath turned into dross, but it shall again become gold when it meeteth such a Guide as will bestow the ambrosial name of the one God." May the burning fears and the hissing tears make me pure, and may I "abide pure amid the impurities of the world," and "in the midst of life be in death."

29/6/06. Said Guru Nanak to Chaturdas at Benares :

"The city (of the body) is weak, the king (the heart) is a boy, and loveth the wicked.

"He is said to have two mothers (Hope and Desire), and two fathers (Attraction and Repulsion).

"Within me is the fire (of evil passions), the garden (of my youth) is in bloom, and I have an ocean (of desires) within my body.

"The moon and the sun (meditation and divine knowledge) are both in my heart."

He has also said : "the heart is the paper and conduct the ink," and as I sow so I shall reap.

The Beloved dwells even in darkness. What says St. John of the Cross :

“Oh Night, that led me, guiding Night,
Oh Night, far sweeter than the dawn,
Oh Night, that did so then unite
The Lover with his Beloved
Transfiguring Lover in Beloved.”

Verily “Night is father of the Light,” and verily

“The best is yet to be,
The last of life for which the first was made.”

The same Saint also says that “where there is nothing there is God,” and we must, therefore, “destroy everything that has Law and Number”—everything of Mâyá to reach the Sat. How beautiful must He be whose even outer garb is embroidered with Law and Number.

“The desire and pursuit of the whole is called Love,” and Love implies

“One life, one death,
One heaven, one hell, one immortality
And one annihilation.”

30/6/06. I long for her so much. Her father loved me dearly, and his love shone with redoubled purity and intensity in his favourite child—who was also the child of my soul. She wrote once: “Had I wings I would fly to thee, dear uncle.” You have now more than wings—sweet spirit. So come to me: be a finer light in the light of my soul. If longings can bring her, she ought to be here, she must be here.

I used to think she would be by my death-bed when I came to die. I used to think how lovingly she would nurse me. And now she is gone ahead and I lag behind. But my affection for her is wrought into my life and He who does not doom even a particle of dust to death, will not have the heart to kill such a precious thing.

7/7/06. Forgive me—for I have called a servant sinful, and said I would not like to see his face. He did things which interrupted my communion: and my Tamas and Rajas, I find, are not yet conquered.

"Our national life is ended as soon as it has lost the power of noble Anger. When it paints over and apologises for its pitiful criminalities ; and endures its false weights, and its adulterated food ; dares not decide practically between good and evil, and can neither honour the one nor smite the other, but sneers at the good, as if it were hidden evil, and consoles the evil with pious sympathy, and conserves it in the sugar of its leaden heart,—the end is come." So wrote Ruskin in "The Queen of the Air"—and he is right from his point of view.

A serpent—so runs a fable—met once a holy man, and the holy man took a promise from him never to sting. One day when it was dark, a villager, mistaking him for a rope, twisted him round a bundle of faggots, and fastening him round it, wounded him in many places. The serpent then met the holy man and complained that his vow had brought him misery. But the holy man said to him : " I made you promise merely not to sting. I took no vow from you not to hiss. Had you come out with your hiss, the villager would not have touched you."

My apology, however, is futile. I could have spoken gently and reasoned with the man. I should not have let my tongue run away with me even for a moment.

8/7/06. She seems to join me in my thoughts heavenward, and when they are not so turned I feel as if I am starving her.

When those I have employed to look after my affairs do not do their duty, I have troublesome letters to answer. But without troubles I cannot advance. The Unmanifest—the "all-consciousness"—became so many "each-consciousnesses" in order that they might not only know bliss, but feel its full value after experiencing evil. I have to drive this truth home to myself, that absolute bliss outside Him is nowhere, while with Him it is everywhere. I can see him "sleeping in the stone dreaming in the plant and waking in the animal." I see Him in the mating of birds near my window, in the beautiful river running past my house and in the emerald green spread out before me. I begin to learn to think of him, when I drink my cup of milk and when I eat my bread. The milk and the bread are his, and I am learning to say to Him : "Be Amrit to my higher self." I feel, Him within me, and I and she bow

down to Him and say to Him : "Show us how to serve Thee." Her pure affection has taught me how delightful it must be to Him to be loved. He *shall* have that delight.

There was a time when I could not restrain my *rajas* and *tamas* as much as I can now. I remember how years ago, I laid hands on a man who deserved a beating—but I was unhappy, and now, thank God, I can at least restrain myself from beating an idle servant even when there is great provocation. So the kindly Light has been leading me on.

Then there was a time when worldly troubles sat heavily on me. Now they do not. I understand why they come, and they do not interrupt my morning or night meditations so much as before. Why, I can crucify desire—indeed, have hardly any desire beyond that of strength to love Him—to feel Him in every breath—and to be one with Him. Yes, I long for her, but as a soul for a twin-soul, which is to unite in loving Him; and her being is working in mine. She teaches me how to be a child in my attitude towards Him. Hers is a pure virgin soul—mine a tarnished one becoming purer and purer through her purity and love. The link of love is sweet. It makes paradise. Its absence makes hell.

Yes, Power is God, and Bliss is God, and Love is God. The more I have of God, the more I shall have of these. I do not want power for the sake of power, but I should like to have it for His sake. I should like, for example, to heal the sick, but to heal them in all humility, without any parade and without becoming known. But my thoughts do not turn ordinarily to power so much as to love. I should like to make all people love Him and I should like to win His love. Other desires, I can safely say, are gone. I should like to make myself a sacrifice unto Him.

9/7/06. The Chhandogya truly says, the Sat can never come from Asat. Out of nothing comes nothing. Our consciousness of the universe and of its order does not come from nothing. Our idea of objects does not come from nothing. What is outside ourselves is *relatively* real.

Some old Christian mystics call matter—Prakriti—"the one pure element." "They speak of it as something like our most precious stones; brilliant and adamant; but at the same time so manipulable

as to be responsive to thought. No decay, no wearing away in the course of even countless ages, threatens its eternal permanence. Nothing corrodes it, nothing destroys it. By thought it can be modified in form ; and of it is composed the food on which celestial spirits live, in which there is nothing that needs to be cast out, for corruption cannot inherit incorruption." This description reminds us of what is said in our books of *Sattva*. Increase the Sattva and you increase your divine potentialities. The Relative is a step to the Absolute.

"Of our present earth-consciousness and of the objects by which we deem ourselves here to be surrounded, the Christian philosopher would say—in terms that come very near to those used by the Eastern adept—it is 'such stuff as dreams are made of.' 'Things are not what they seem.' We see them as in a mirror, darkly, which does not reflect anything like all that is there. Yet in the reflexion there is no suggestion that it is defective ; and thus it comes natural to us to judge after the sight of our eye, until we attain to that spiritual perception which sees 'face to face.' Then we at once and spontaneously esteem all that here seems as of value, as nothing, 'lighter than vanity itself.' We set our affections on things above, not on things on the earth ; and even ourselves, and our life here, we esteem as dead, and find our true life which has all this while been hid with Christ in God." . . . Only by having nothing that is illusory can we eventually come to possess all things that are real. . . . "The Christian wisdom affirms that there is a true objectivity ; only it is, for the present, and until we reconquer the nature lost at the fall, hidden and veiled from our eyes, which are but as tiny windows of semi-opaque glass, so that what we see through them is not what is there, but a distorted and imperfect image of it. Yet distortion is none the less a relation, and if there is any relation then it follows that we can learn something of the real from the discerning study of the distorted . . . Any one who will study the relation, of a shadow to the object casting it, and meditate upon the change which takes place in the projection in two dimensions of an object that is in three, will find the study most helpful in mastering this aspect of the subject."

So writes a Christian mystic, the Rev. G. W. Allen, in the *Seeker*—who apparently does not know that Shankaracharya never denied the relative reality of the world. How closely Christian mysticism approaches ours is clear from this thinker's admission that "matter cannot exist independently of spirit, as a separate existence, having

no relation whatever to spirit," that "it arises from and out of spirit" and that "the one and only value of matter is to be the vehicle of spirit ; that through and by which spirit manifests itself to all faculty less than the absolutely perfect."

The following passage is also almost Vedantic : " We fall into the . . . error of making everything too exclusively objective We know Christ after the flesh, objectively. We forget that He claims to become one with us, and that only when we are absolutely united with Him, does he fill His right place. Then He is I ; then when we cry, ' Lord,' what wouldst thou have me to do ? ' we listen for no outside objective voice to reply. In ourselves, in our own deepest mind and feeling, comes the reply, as if we had answered ourselves : " Love ; for Love is of God, and we are of God ' . . . It is because here I do not profess *my full and infinite 'self'* that I seek to fill the gap (of which I am conscious without understanding what really causes it) with all sorts of objective desires and joys. *These, while they remain objective, cannot satisfy me.* Not what my hand professes, but what my heart is, what I am, is truly mine, because it is truly ' I. ' "

The words I have emphasised show that practically there is no difference. The "straight staff bent in a pool"—the distortions—and even the reversals—are not here ignored : only the world, though an illusion, is not *pure illusion*, and Shankara says the same thing.

This particular Christian writer, however, does not believe apparently in what we call *Nirvikalpa* Samadhi. He says : " Just as matter cannot be apart from spirit, so *spirit cannot be imagined apart from matter*. Pure unmanifested spirit, the absolutely abstract idea, unembodied, exists, *if it exists at all*, only in and for itself. It might be conscious of *itself*, but could be conscious of no 'other' or 'others.' I think that the whole Christian philosophy of 'Origin' must be based on the concept that this One Supreme Spirit, who has no form, no material expression, and whom a great Christian mystic called 'the Unmanifest God of the Still Rest,' willed to put himself forth into countless manifestations that the all consciousness might become the each-consciousness, and that His own joy in Himself might widen into the joy of the countless manifestations as each evolves to the point at which they become capable of realising the intense delight of their Being in Him There are two requirements for joy :

to be in a blessed state and to feel and appreciate the blessedness of the state. It is possible to have the former without the latter. For however blessed a state is, if we always have been in it, and have no consciousness of any other, then it is the ordinary and wonted thing to us, and we feel no extraordinary joy in it. Now to be in a spiritual state where there was no 'object' but all was subjective only, would be to be without the possibility of knowing any contrary, or even of knowing anything. It would be to be without being conscious of being." But "the ordinary and wonted thing to us" is not necessarily the ordinary and wonted thing to God. It does not follow that because we cannot conceive a thing therefore it cannot be. Some of us cannot conceive that Spirit can be cognised apart from matter : Ergo the pure unmanifested Spirit cannot be cognised and the path of meditation on the Nirguna is an impossible one. The Gita, however, calls it a difficult path—not an impossible one; and the Yoga Sutras show the heights of Being which can be reached. It is their *method* which is our stronghold. The faculty capable of *discerning study*, capable of finding out what are shadows and what the real, can be developed into the faculty, seeing "face to face" and realising even the Unmanifested God of the Still Rest. Just as in God's antechamber—"the arras-folds that variegate the earth can be moved by

" Those intuitions, grasps of guess,

That pull the more into the less,

• Making the finite comprehend Infinity."

So in His own Holy of Holies, higher intuitions can see His Beauty bare and view in Him all we loved.

10/7/06. Yesterday I spoke more in sorrow than in anger when my temper was tried. To-day I could not restrain my indignation when I heard a bold lie uttered by one who had misbehaved. Tell me now, my guardian angel—whether I have done right or have departed from my vow. She is unused to such outbursts. Am I not frightening her? Unless there is a clear call of duty—and I think there was in this case—I must repress them.

12/7/06. At about 3 or 4 a.m., my sleep was disturbed, and, using the fan she gave me, I thought of her and fell into a doze. Then comes a dream : We are out in the air. She is walking ahead of me and I see two other girls whom I do not know. I try to overtake her and mistake one of the girls for her from behind, until I notice her.

I show her various places here as if they were places known to her in her native city! What curious distortions occur in early morning dreams!

13/7/06. A schoolmaster had sent me a letter yesterday in which he spoke of his devotion to his work. I had also sent letters to some gentlemen to form a union for helping prisoners, widows and orphans. Not a word in either about what I saw in a dream last night—a long list of young men who took a pledge to observe the vow of silence for twelve years! What a transformation!

Dreams have their mintage—and their matches. But the poets are the best mint-masters, the best match-makers. What a match was made by Longfellow between heaven and earth when he spoke of the stars as the “forget-me-nots of heaven.” What beautiful mintage Tennyson resorted to when he wrote,

“My rose of love for ever gone
My lily of truth and trust,
They made her rose and lily into one,
And changed her into dust.”

14/7/06. During my meditation at dawn—a face like that of a goddess with morning stars shooting their light from her crown—rose to my view. Was it an illusion—a mental will o’ the wisp?

15/7/06. To-day the vision was of a face with something like a globe of light crowning the head.

16-18/7/06. Dreams at night—mostly jumbles—medleys—anachronisms. The sub-consciousness is bringing out things new and old, and making a curious hotchpotch.

19/7/06. The sense of her presence is still with me specially during prayer-time.

20/7/06. She keeps house for me—so to say—in my spiritual body. I invite the Yogis—the Gnanis—the Bhakts—the Devas and the Devis. She bathes their feet—she waits on them—she serves them—my beloved daughter!

The dream self has often discussed the work done by me during the day, and pointed out its defects and made luminous suggestions. What leads it to make a mess sometimes in other matters? What a creative faculty it has! During the last few days alone how many figures has it not brought before me—from the past—from distant places, from the world of the living and from the world of the dead. If it can do such creative work—why may not the self of sleep do even higher work?

Deussen says the Upanishadic teaching may be summed up in the equation: "Brahman = Atman"; and I think he should have added that the whole *modus operandi* of realising Atma as Brahma may be summed up in

"Yathá Sanwít tathá chittam, yathá chittam, tathé hitam,
Balam prat api samsiddham etat ko name bhutawan."

21/7/06. Found myself last night at a place where I have been before. I had a talk with an officer there in my dream though he is no longer there. He told me he had written a poem, "Leicester in Paris." He had never told me about any such thing. He also told me of the facilities he provided for visitors. No dog was let loose on them. In waking life he had never any such talk with me. Nor did any one else have any such talk. What is the foundation for the dream? The officer had a manuscript book containing extracts from the poets in a female hand, apparently a school-girl's. I had seen that book. He was also very sympathetic. I can think of no other basis for the dream?

22/7/06. (Sunday). Is this world a dream of Brahmá? Why is Prakriti neither Sat nor Asat? I take a rope to be a serpent when it is dark. The rope is not *sat* as a serpent, it is not *asat* as a rope. As soon as I know what it is I cease to fear it. But why this Bhránti at all—why this *viparyaya*? It is raining outside and the brimming river is rushing to the sea. It is not I alone who can see the clouds and the river: all the people of this city can see them. All of them are as one—all the people of India are as one—all the people of the earth are as one, all the *praja* of the particular *Prajapati* to whom this world belong are as one. Bound by Time and Space, it is said, they have their illusions, and they share in his illusions. But there is one also who can explain the *Indrajála*, and He is not different from the

Enchanter Himself. The Enchanter alone can explain his enchantment—Does He explain it to Himself?

What then is the best *Sanvit*? Vasishtha would say: "this, that there is only One, that Atma=Brahma, that I have no enemies—that I am the Purush in the Sun (as the Ishopanishad says), that I am the Earth—I am the Ocean—I am Lightning—I am Parjanya—I am the Maruts—I am Indra—I am all-pervading—I am man—I am woman and I am child. I am masquerading as a servant—as a father—as a husband—as an uncle—as a master of servants—as owner of houses—as a seer of raining clouds and the brimming river—as a seer of stars and flowers. As a matter of fact, these are all signs and symbols of my apparent division from myself. But I am *avibhakt* (indivisible) in what appears *vibhakt* (divisible). I have no *shok* (grief)—no *moh* (delusion). For I am Atma and I am Brahma."

Is it really blasphemy to say that I am not an absolutely independent, separate entity, that there is only One without a Second whether He be called my Atma or Yours—whether He be called the Lord of the Universe or Christ or Vishnu or Buddha or Muhammad? I should say, as is the *Sanvit* so is the *Chitt*. Those who know themselves to be such independent entities do not attain to identity.

A Bishop has been saying recently that God is a "disappointed God." Pervading all—playing so many parts—and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred thoroughly believing himself to be the character He is personating is His lot really so happy that I should fill myself with the *Sanvit* "my Atma=Brahma"? Is it not happier far to be not all-pervading—to have our human loves with even our human sorrows? The joy of a hero who sacrifices himself for the good of others—the joy of a lover whose love is reciprocated—are they not worth the lack of this particular *Sanvit*? But can't I have these Joys also if I have this *Sanvit*? Is there any repugnance between the two on the highest plane of all? Is there anything which is irreconcilable there?

Again, what a love of love and hate of hate this *Sanvit* may give? How peaceful may be the soul of the man who has it? Can sorrow touch the core of him? He may have all the blessedness of sorrow—without feeling its sting. He may be able to do his duty—to lead a useful life, to

do good to humanity—without being touched by any stain of desire—without having a desire for desire.

Doesn't the doctrine lead to absurdities? Is there God in the pigs that are so cruelly slaughtered in the Chicago shambles? Sixty thousand animals killed daily and in all of them God! What a thought! Why should He personate pigs or the pig-killers? From the paramarthic point of view, however, it is said there is no killer and no killed. From the relative point of view we have truly both. But he who understands the paramarth will not, on that account, be slow in paving the way for others also understanding it by waging war against all sin. To make paramarth intelligible, he must do his best to make the world better than it is.

If my Atma = Brahma, to whom am I to pray? The weak self can pray to the strong self. Do I not tell my sub-consciousness: "Awaken me at 6 a.m., and does it not respond? So the relative self may say to the absolute self: "Give me light." So it can say: "O thou Infinite Amen."

Is not "Atma=Brahma" like saying that a billow is equal to the ocean? Yes, from one point of view. But the billow can melt into the ocean and be one with it and then have all that the ocean has. How to melt into the ocean is the very problem my little billow has to solve. Merely knowing that I am of the Ocean and that I *can* melt into it is not enough. Yoga is absolutely necessary for Vedanta.

What would I like to know? All His Laws—all that the best mathematicians know—all that the sciences can teach—all that the prophets, the poets, and the learned of all the ages can *teach*—nay, more—all that God Himself knows!

What would I like to do? Remove the darkness of ignorance. Remove the poison of hatred. Do away with disobedience to God's laws. Spread the knowledge of His laws, and spread His love—make every one love Him and become His beloved.

What would I like to have? His love.

What would I like to be? Love personified, Wisdom personified, Humility personified, Service personified.

On the top of all those desires, I would like to have no desire for desire! How many Irish bulls we indulge in when we try to shadow the Unshadowable.

23/7/06. A funny dream! What have I to do with the Sháh o Persia or his Queen. But in a dream I found myself reading an advertisement: "Whereas for the Princess Janá certain rooms were reserved," and the Princess Janá was somehow the Queen of Persia, and a landlady advertised something which I now forget as the Queen had not been able to come with the Shah. Now I never heard of any Princess Jana! And what on earth have I to do with Persia?

24/7/06. This morning as also on some other mornings—when meditating—she appeared to me as she was when a little child, and my spirit dandled and fondled her in its arms.

26/7/06. A morning dream in bed—of a child with its arms round my neck. Last evening, I had seen a lovely child and during the day had seen a fine picture. The dream created a curious combination—prompted perhaps by a reminiscence of what I had written on the 24th—and by another reminiscence stored up by the subconscious self.

(To be continued.)

THE AGRARIAN PROBLEM IN BOMBAY.

(Continued from our last number.)

V—THE FUTURE :—NON-TRANSFERABLE TENURES ; THE DECCAN AGRICULTURISTS' RELIEF ACT ; AGRICULTURAL BANKS AND TAKAVI.

THERE is no royal road to the regeneration of the Bombay rayat : that is the moral of our preceding articles. Or, if there once was such a road, our Government refused to take it while it was still open ; and who shall blame them for that ? For, regarding them as identical in interest with the cultivating rather than any other one class of their subjects, they had placed themselves in the position of "him that sweareth to his own hurt." Conscience forbade them to change—to revoke the transferability of the occupancy-right, while as yet but few occupancies had been transferred. Conscience still forbids, and the road is now more than half closed.

It is not yet generally known how much—or how little—use has actually been made of the opportunity created by the famine of substituting the Restricted for the Transferable Tenure : what amount of land was dealt with in the manner contemplated in 1900, and what proportion that amount bears to the total of land then forfeitable, and also to the total of culturable land in the Presidency as a whole. But whether much or little use was made of the opportunity, the opportunity itself is past now, and is never likely to recur—unless perhaps in the event of another famine of like severity, which God forbid ! There remains only the fluctuating residuum of unoccupied land. This presumably is usually given out, as demand for it arises, on the Restricted rather than the

Transferable tenure ; but at best its extent and importance are slight. So that method of attacking the problem is practically closed.

Another method, which is not closed, and never need be, is that of the Deccan Agriculturists' Relief Act. Our second article has anticipated the query,—why is not a more extended application made of this ? One can do little more than repeat that query here ; for to an outsider the hesitation of Government in this respect is inexplicable. Grant that Conciliators are useless ; grant, if you will (as some affirm), that they even do more harm than good, by bringing needless cases into Court instead of settling them outside. Throw Conciliators overboard altogether, and proceed to complain that the Courts likewise have not done half as much good as was expected of them. Very likely that is true ; but if it is not entirely the fault of the Act—which, by the way, has been tinkered up several times—and of the inherent difficulties of the situation, then it must be partly the fault of the Courts themselves.

Supposing it to be true, however—and even inevitably true—that these Courts have done far less good than their sanguine founders hoped, it yet seems incredible that they can have done no good at all. For almost any Courts one could imagine—still more no Courts at all—would be better for the purpose than our ordinary Civil Courts with their European law and procedure, based as those are upon the twin fictions of freedom of contract and equality of parties. Village munsifs may be apathetic, they may be born and inveterate sympathisers with the sahuکار, they may have been crammed at college with Western doctrines of non-interference and the survival of the fittest ; yet the Act itself obliges them—or so at least it reads—to put more true justice and equity into their decisions than the ordinary Sub-Judge could if he would. The procedure is simpler and cheaper ; the Court is empowered and expected—and ought to be compelled by the superior Courts which supervise it—to go behind the bond, and to award, instead of the full pound of flesh, only so much as is reasonable, and in any case not more than twice the principal sum. If all this is of no avail, surely something must be wrong somewhere.

Again, if the Act is of no use at all, one would think that Government, after giving it a fair trial in the original four Districts,

would have abandoned it altogether, and left the ordinary law and procedure to take their course. But so far from doing that, they have extended it—albeit hesitatingly, it would seem—to Khandesh and to Sind. Why then should it not be extended* to the Presidency at large? If that were done, agrarian disputes and cultivators' debts would be removed from the ordinary courts' jurisdiction everywhere, and Europe-made law reserved for those to whom it is more suitable. The present position of the cultivator, be he occupant or tenant, is almost everywhere so precarious that if the Deccan Agriculturists' Relief Act is likely to be of any use to him at all, it is worth any probable trouble, expense and disturbance of established arrangements, to give him the benefit of it.

But undoubtedly the most hopeful line of action is in the direction of providing competing substitutes for the present form of agricultural trade. The ideal for the future is to restrict the cultivator's dealings with the ordinary sahuکار to those of seller and buyer of produce; to which, however, must be added, where he has lost his occupancy, those of payer and receiver of rent. But from both relations seek by every possible means to eliminate usury, with which hitherto they are inextricably mingled in the mind and practice alike of sahuکار and cultivator. Let every man of any influence for good try to separate them, both in the mind of the rayat and in actual practice. To separate them in actual practice, the usurious side of the sahuکار's business must simply be taken away from them by promoting clean agencies, entirely unconnected with them, and yet commanding the confidence of the rayats, for advancing and recovering loans on wholesome terms.

What source such agencies are to spring from, other than Government itself, it is certainly difficult to see. One can conceive of them best in the sort of neighbourhoods where they are least needed: fertile tracts inhabited by a literate and well-to-do peasantry, who consequently for the most part retain effective possession of their holdings, need none of those ruinous little advances for seed and subsistence, already obtain larger loans when necessary from existing sahuکار at 2 annas on the rupee, and understand how to repay them. Here one may picture a co-operative society being started successfully, lending money to its

* This has now been done.

members at one anna on the rupee, and boycotting all professional *sahukars*—for a time at least. But even in such a comparatively encouraging environment, the jealousy and the favouritism, the lack of *esprit de corps* and business capacity will soon threaten to break up the society from within; while from the very outset one or two of the most influential villagers are sure to hold aloof from it altogether, and to set to work, in alliance with the boycotted *sahukars*, to wreck it from without. How much more are disintegrating influences to be feared where the society's members themselves are of an inferior type, with the shackles of usury more firmly riveted upon them!

It is only by a vast deal of tactful guidance in their earlier stages that co-operative agricultural banks can be nursed into going concerns. Moreover, such guidance can only be withdrawn, not when the bank has merely begun to pay, nor even when some of its members have been trained to manage it for themselves, but only when among the bulk of them has been created a real business-spirit, and something also akin to a political spirit, of co-operation and *esprit de corps*. That guidance ought to be furnished by non-official agency if—and so far as—that is forthcoming in a strictly disinterested and yet cordial and painstaking form. The discrimination whether to admit non-official offers of guidance, and the rest of the guidance itself where those are not sufficient, must—as must also most of the initiative—come from the usual source, the District Administration.

It is in no spirit of pessimism that the difficulties confronting co-operative credit societies have thus been touched upon. They have been mentioned partly to shew what a splendid field is here thrown open for the Indian patriot to prove that he is made of the right stuff. But their mention may also prevent the misconception, otherwise probable, that agricultural banks will represent a saving of thought and work to Government and its officers. For a long time at least the effect will be decidedly the reverse. For not only will the infant societies themselves demand a great deal of tactful official attention, but until they can hold the field, the existing *takavisystem* must be worked with no less energy than in the past. *Takavi* requires indeed to be popularised and developed more than ever, both in order to supply existing demands for reasonable loans

until societies have grown up to meet them, to create demands for societies to meet in the future, and to form a reserve to fall back upon in places where societies may prove abortive.

But although it would thus be a great mistake to drop takavi now, as if it were already a thing of the past, it will nevertheless be a great temptation. And to the natural eagerness to bid good-bye to a distasteful branch of work will be added a specious argument. Takavi, it will be said, will compete against the new societies, which will thus have to contend against Government and the sahukar both. There would be some force in this objection if takavi covered the whole of the ground which the societies will. But it rigorously excludes loans for unproductive purposes—and indeed for all purposes not strictly agricultural—and it largely fails to cater for tenants. These are the main reasons why takavi cannot compete successfully with the private sahukar, and they ought equally to draw clients of all types to the credit society, both for their non-agricultural and also for their agricultural needs. As long as a society cannot beat takavi out of the field it has not begun to compete with the sahukar.

Since the takavi system, then, must be kept going for some time to come, let us consider briefly how it may be improved. Famine has set the lesson, but has it been learnt? What is needed is, in a few words, to extend to normal times most of those simplifications which the exigencies of famine-relief imposed of necessity. First, devolve responsibility. Give one or more of the Mamlatdars' Karkuns power to grant takavi in their own names up to the same amount to which the Mamlatdar himself is now empowered; give the Mamlatdar the same power as the Assistant or Deputy Collector, and so on.

Next, make these Native Officers do most of their takavi work as it has to be done in time of famine—out in the villages where the loans are wanted. None of that ordering of the applicant into the taluka headquarters to present a long written petition, which is then given to a subordinate to report upon. The subordinate takes weeks to submit his report, and after it has been returned two or three times for further explanation, the Officer has to go out himself to verify it in the end. Meanwhile, perhaps, the applicant has resorted to the Bania in disgust, and says he doesn't want the

Government loan any more ! If he does, he is ordered in again to sign his bond, and sometimes yet a third time to receive his money. Perhaps it would not do ordinarily to go the lengths that were gone in the last famine, when takavi officers travelled with a sheaf of bonds, a simple register, and a bag of rupees, and dealt out advances with both hands wherever they went. But at least, in the great majority of instances, a single visit by one officer to the village, and a single visit by the applicant to the taluka treasury, ought to be made to suffice. The accounts and returns also are capable of much simplification on the lines adopted in time of emergency, though that is too technical a subject to dwell upon here.

Another famine expedient has been adopted in one District in normal times, and is being so developed as to form a stepping-stone to the principle of agricultural banks. This is the practice of making advances for seed in kind. That was done largely in the last famine, but then of course the seed had to be bought from Banias at famine-prices, and the subsequent recoveries were in cash. When it is sought to establish takavi-in-kind as a permanency, the seed is bought up cheap at harvest-time from the cultivators themselves. In the hot weather it is loaned out, sometimes to some of the same cultivators, and then recovered with reasonable interest—all still in kind—at the next harvest. These recoveries are then used for fresh advances in the following hot weather ; and so on.

Other improvements might be suggested, but the principle which covers them all is to foster a new spirit. Cease to hold the balance with such impossible nicety between popularity and safety. Make it frankly understood that popularity is the more important of the two. Assure the takavi officer, especially the Native Officer—and make the assurance good in practice—that official approbation will be more cordial and valuable to him who has advanced 10,000 and recovered 9,500, than to him who has advanced 5,000 and recovered it all. For official agency, after all, with its irresistible machinery for compulsory recovery, can afford to risk more than the private moneylender ; instead of which it persists in risking less. And what does it really matter if a few paltry sums are lost, a few more wasted, and a few misapplied to

unproductive purposes, or even to the repayment of a private *sahukar*, if only the rural public can be taught the difference between usury and business? Remember the parable of the stewards and the talents : *takavi* is not meant to be buried, but to be used—and to be used instructively as well as productively.

(*To be Concluded.*)

A. L. M. WOOD.

A REQUEST TO TIME.

The ridge is well-nigh reached—the purple crest
That all men have to climb looms out to view.
Oh, give me peace again, and love, and rest !
My heart is young, e'en if my days be few.

Upon the canvas of my life's last stand
Paint out its darkest hours, leave but its joy.
Diffuse the sunshine with a master hand,
• Reject all colours that the brush would cloy.

I ask so little from the Treasure Store—
Not luxuries that gold and power can buy :
Truce from the strain and rush—one heart, no more,
One tender kiss of sympathy, one sigh.

One hand to press, not dead, but more than dead,
To raise the truth to eyes whose potent spell
Could just *for once* revive my peace long fled,
Then gladly would I wave all else farewell !

The hunger for that lost touch unfulfilled
Has mingled with all else. Its madd'ning pain,
With this desire once granted,—ever stilled
Would be regret—and I might live again.

C. M. SALWEY.

THE PROBLEM OF FREEDOM.

(Concluded from last Month.)

KANT says that we reach the idea of freedom through our eager curiosity to unify knowledge. Our idea of the relation of cause and effect is traced to a similar relation that existed previously ; this again to a further previous relation, and so on. Link by link we trace the whole chain, and for an adequate satisfaction we are to consider that the chain is hung on a peg, which peg exists not in our world of sense. It is through necessity that we are forced to postulate "a timeless origination of effects in time." This origination is from reason, self-active. It does not recur in the world of sense ; it is, in short, noumenal. This origination of effects in time is a function of the noumenal self. Does such a self exist ? Does such a freedom, which Kant calls the origination in a noumenal world, exist ? No ! We are to assume that it exists for certain purposes. This postulate of a self-active reason, whose function is freedom, has no reality ; it is only an *inferent*, so that it dwindles into an empty freedom, having no reality about it.

Is it consistent with causality as we have it in our world of science ? In Kant's philosophy there are two worlds, the world of things *per se*, and the world of appearances. This duality justifies a double law, the law of causality (scientific) applying to appearances, and the law of causality through freedom applying to things-in-themselves to which these appearances correspond. Freedom being the "timeless originator of effects in time," the cause is noumenal, the effect phenomenal. But, says Kant, causal relation is a dynamic relation, and hence cause may differ in kind from its phenomenal effects. But, goes the Prolegomena :

The law of nature remains, whether the rational being is the cause of the effects in the sensuous world from reason, that is, through freedom, or whether it does not determine them on grounds of reason. For, if

the former is the case, the action is performed according to maxims; the effect of which as appearance is always conformable to constant laws; if the latter is the case, and the action not performed on principles of reason, it is subjected to the empirical laws of sensibility, and in both cases the effects are connected according to constant laws; more than this we do not require or know concerning natural necessity. But in the former case reason is the cause of these laws of nature, and therefore free; in the latter the effects follow according to mere natural laws of sensibility, because reason does not influence it; but reason itself is not determined on that account by the sensibility, and is therefore free in this case too. Freedom is therefore no hindrance to natural law in appearance, neither does this law abrogate the freedom of the practical use of reason, which is connected with things-in-themselves as determining grounds.

What are we to say to this? The cause is noumenal, the effect is phenomenal, and freedom, Kant says, supplies the link. How? We are told that all our actions in this world of sense can be traced by various logical links to the character of the agent—the empirical character. Empirically speaking, the forces that have moulded our character extend to ages past. What is meant, then, by our empirical character? It is nothing but “the degree of intensity with which the reason in me resists all those influences upon me that are ungenial with itself, the degree of effort which the reason puts forth in affirming itself.” Since this “set of our will” is included in character, our empirical character cannot be explained, through the medium of freedom, freedom being involved in this. So we cannot understand how the effects in time are caused by a timeless originator. The world of cause is so disparate from the world of effects.

We shall sum up our criticism in the words of Felix Adler, of the Columbia University. It is two-fold, practical and metaphysical. The relation of the supersensible world to the world of sense, is un-understandable. “Either the phenomenal is noumenalised, or the noumenal phenomenalised; either the relative human is invested with an absolute character, and this acquires a degree of rigidity which deprives it of life, or the absolute is degraded to the level of the relative, and thus loses its absolute character.” Kant says that our empirical character is only the unfolding of a noumenal choice.

To say (Mr. Adler goes on), that the empirical character is merely the apparition of the noumenal, is tantamount to saying that we cannot really become other than what we have been, that we can only, as circumstances favour or inhibit, bring to light that moral self in us which has been and is and will ever be the same. But this is to deny our dearest moral hope.

One metaphysical objection is Kant's separating reason from experience outside the world of our sense. By the very constitution of the human mind, it commits itself to the combination of a manifold as given and to the process of unifying this manifold. Kant admits that in the world of sense these two are inseparable, that each is meaningless without the other. But he separates them outside the world of sense, and this is "the capital metaphysical error." The second metaphysical error is in his speaking of the cause as different in kind from the effect. The relation of cause to effect involves two conditions; there must be an identity which subsists throughout the operation of causal connection, *i.e.*, the nature of the cause must be carried into the effect, despite of difference between the two; and there must also be a common process of which both are modifications. Kant satisfies the former condition, but he has not explained the common process of which the noumenal choice and the phenomenal effects are two modes. Moreover, mere dependence without intrinsic connection of nature may satisfy us in our conception of phenomenal causal relation, as we must be content here with mere extrinsic connection; but the rationale of a noumenal cause lies in its satisfying our logical demand for a perfect understanding of the connection between cause and effect, and this connection is completely shown us only when the intrinsic relation between cause and effect is explained.

V. Every religion tells us that there is Divinity immanent in man. Christianity teaches us that Adam was pure and free at first, that he fell and brought on evil, and that the way to attain the original position of Adam is shown us by Jesus Christ. Mahomadanism says the same thing, but in place of Christ it has Mahomet. Buddhism too believes in a previous state of Nirvana, and it teaches us to attain that state again through utter renunciation. Vedanta has given out this truth centuries before the advent of these religions.

According to Vedanta man is divine. He is the absolute, the

absolute is not contained in him, with him as the receptacle, but he is the absolute. This presents a difficulty. It may be said that, since he is the absolute, since man changes, the absolute too changes ; and a changing absolute is a contradiction. To this Vedanta has the bold answer that this change is only a delusion. Man does not change, the change is only phenomenal, it is only an apparent change, but not a real change. The real man is unchanging and unchangeable. The change is only with the relative man. He has fallen, it is true, from his empire of freedom, still he is supreme, he is absolute. But, it is again said, if he is unchanging, free, absolute; why so much of struggle ? Vedanta answers, the struggle is the necessary consequence of his position. He has fallen in a place where space, time, and causation hold sway. These constitute a block in his way of attaining his original freedom. To take an illustration given by Vivekananda,

There is a screen here, and some beautiful scenery outside. There is a small hole in the screen, through which we can only catch a glimpse of it. Suppose this hole begins to increase ; as it grows larger and larger, more and more of the scenery comes into view, and when the screen has vanished we come face to face with the whole of the scenery. This scenery outside is the soul, and the screen between us and the scenery is Maya—time, space and causation. There is a little hole somewhere, through which I can catch only a glimpse of the soul. When the hole is bigger, I see more and more, and when the screen has vanished, I know that I am the soul. So changes in the universe are not in the absolute. They are in nature.

The old Sanskrit psychologists define the law of causation as a Vyapti, as the tendency of a series to repeat itself. Certain events are associated in my mind with certain others, and when either of these are repeated, the others too are revived in my mind. The two go together, as far I am concerned. Causation is only an aspect of this grand principle of association in my mind (chitta). This is a pure product of mind. Cause exists in us, and it becomes manifest when mind comes in contact with a repetition of a series of phenomena. Everything in this universe is bound by this law. So long as we are in this universe of space, time and causation, we are bound, so long we are not free: We said that space, time and causation, constitute Maya. So long as man lives in Maya, he is not free. To

talk of the freedom of man in this world of Maya, which is rigorously bound by space, time and causation, is a contradiction in terms.

But we said that man is free. How are we to reconcile the two statements, man is free, and he is in bondage? We may answer that this world is only relative. Not that it is unreal. It is real since it exists, but it is not what we take it to be. From the point of view of this relative world, man is bound. Still he is free, from a higher standpoint. This so-called world of space, time and causation, which seems to have a mighty hold on him, is not different from himself. It is only another aspect of his soul. He is the world, he is everything. From the point of view of his higher self he is free. The fetters forged by this world of space, time and causation, is only an imaginary bondage, they cannot have any hold on his real self, when once it begins to manifest itself. Somehow or other he has fallen amidst these Lillitputians of space, time and causation. He has only to assert himself and the yoke is broken. His aspiration should be to break this yoke, to rend the veil of Maya asunder, to assert his real freedom, and to regain his lost empire.

The above statements, it may be said, involve a dualism. They seem to imply two selves, the higher and the lower, and two corresponding worlds, the absolute and the relative. Apparently it is true that there is a higher self, relating to the absolute world, and a lower self, relating to the relative world. But we should bear in mind that the higher self does not exist apart from the lower. The higher world also, likewise, is not different from the lower. The higher self is the real self, the lower self is the real self enveloped by space, time and causation. The higher self is the absolute, and it is only the lower minus space, time, and causation. The higher is in the lower, and it is the lower that manifests itself as the higher after throwing aside the veil of Maya. So also with the two worlds. The lower world is nothing but the absolute minus Maya. It is the absolute world to the real self, it is itself the relative world to the lower self. How to remove this Maya and to manifest the real self, is the question. Or in other words, wherein consists the manifestation of man's Freedom?

Freedom, says Vedanta, consists in nullifying the effect of this Maya on us, in transcending the bounds of space, time and causation. This is done in two ways, the positive and the negative. The

negative method consists in relinquishing all work. "Not this, not this," (*neti, neti*). This is renunciation (*vairagya*). The other consists in saying, "this, this" (*iti, iti*) and in fulfilling all kinds of duty (*karma*). The former, negative, is more difficult than the positive. Moreover, since we are concerned with the ethical question, we shall take up the positive method. This consists, as we said, in fulfilling all kinds of duties, and through duty, attaining the real freedom which we seem to have lost.

Let us briefly recapitulate the steps we have taken. Vedanta says, man is free, he was free, is free and will be free. He is the absolute, but he has fallen from the empire of freedom, fallen into a world where space, time and causation hold sway. We said that this relative world is not exactly what we understand it to be. It is the aspiration and struggle of man to attain his lost position, to regain his throne of freedom. This is done by seeing through the veil of *Maya* and nullifying its importance. How it is nullified is proved by fulfilling all our duties. Duty is the stepping-stone to freedom. We shall see what it is.

Duty presupposes two factors, the agent and an objective content. The agent is the man, and the objective content is furnished by man's relation to the world. We are placed in a region where there is a constant call on our attention. The *Sanryasi* renounces all duties. He says that all relation between himself and the world is an illusion. "Parents are nought, relatives and brothers are nought, wealth is nought, home is nought, the world is bound by the meshes of desire, duty and anxiety, none knows the rapid decay of the world's life." But there is another class of people who will fulfill everything that is required of them by virtue of their position. The duty of a son, the duty of a husband, the duty of a father, the duty of a citizen, all these must be fulfilled. As long as we are living in this world, so long we must perform duty. The moment we transcend this world, duty vanishes, there is no call on our attention ; whether we are willing or unwilling, we must perform our duty.

So duty is a disease of the will. It is a disease born of this world. Wherever we go, there duty confronts us. There is no remedy but to suffer. The man gets up in the morning and his friend pays him a visit. It is a duty to hear him. After breakfast he

goes out on his profession. He meets with duty everywhere. He comes home, there are his wife and children. Duty, duty, duty ! He has no escape from duty. Duty is everywhere prevalent. There seems to be no non-infected area. In daylight as well as at night, at all times, duty confronts him. He has to meet it in some way or other. It would not leave him unless he answered it. This disease will for ever attack him as long as he is in this relative world. This duty is only a function of the lower self. There is no duty beyond this relative world, *i.e.* the higher self has no duty. It has no call on its energies, it is supreme. As a schoolboy is allowed to go home only after he has finished his exercise in the class, so man can attain freedom only after performing all his duties. There is no shirking duty. It is through it alone that he goes beyond it. Duty is therefore the only weapon to cut off the bond of duty.

The Gita says (Chapter III., Slok 27) that "all actions are wrought by the qualities of nature only. The self, deluded by egoism, thinketh, 'I am the doer.'" We are bound to do certain actions, but these actions flow from the nature of the things. Nature is the cause of the actions, and nature receives the effect produced by our actions. "Even the man of knowledge behaves in conformity with his own nature ; beings follow nature, what shall restraint avail ?" Things will have their own way. They will fulfil their laws. This seems to be a doctrine of necessity. It is so. But we should note that duty itself is perceived as such by the reason. Reason picks up what our duty is from the various tangle of relations, and we are to do it.

We are born, we do actions. These actions, or their effects accumulate together and remain in us as congenital tendencies. This is called Karma in Vedanta. We come again to the world with this Karma. This our character in its rude form, this original set of tendencies issues again in action. Man is reason and sensibility. Sensibilities try to bind us again, for our tendencies flow through them. Our duty is to perceive by means of reason the nature of tendencies, and then to direct these tendencies in a reasonable channel. Surely, the senses are the channels again. But tendencies have been rationalised. It is in our power, in the powers of reason, to divert the natural tendencies from their natural course. Herein consists our empirical freedom, the freedom which manifests itself in its struggle with the relative world.

How do we escape duty by doing it? The escape is effected only when we renounce the fruits of our actions. Knowing well that actions issue from the qualities of nature, we have no share in the fruits of actions. It is an ignorant man that lays claim to effects produced not by his goal, but by the qualities of nature. The senses attach themselves to the fruits. The true ethical man is non-attached. "Thy concern is with action only, and by no means with the fruits thereof." It is not our business to concern ourselves with the effects of actions. "Affections and aversions for the objects of sense abide in the senses; let none come under the dominion of these two; they are obstructors of the path;" so says the Gita. We are only to act, and the rest does not concern us. Since senses have a tendency to attach themselves to the effects, we are to curb them. Reason in us should gain the mastery over the senses. This is the secret of Karma Yoga. If we attach ourselves to the fruits of our actions, we only forge one more link to the already binding chain; on the other hand, if we relinquish the fruit of each action, we break a link in the chain. Renunciation of the fruits of our duties is a breaking of the chain that binds us. By such renunciation we hold ourselves away from this relative world. Nothing is attached to us, we are attached to nothing. Then, what can time, space and causation avail? They cease to bind us, for we are away from the world. By constantly doing actions, by constantly renouncing the fruits of actions, we constantly escape all bonds of attachment to the world. It is only in our relation to the world that time, space and causation affect us. The moment we detach ourselves from all the effects produced by our actions, the same moment we transcend the bounds of time, space, and causation. A thorn was run into our body. This thorn was the bond of duty. We use a right fulfilment of all duties, *i.e.*, we use a golden thorn, to remove the one already pricking us. This golden thorn removes the previous one, and when it has done that, that too is thrown away. Thus duty nullifies duty. Duty vanishing, Maya is removed. We come face to face with the ideal before us, the freedom we were longing after. Here is peace, sweet peace, "peace that passeth all understanding."

To sum up, Vedanta holds out the view that man is really free, unchanging and absolute. Somehow or other he has fallen in this

world of Maya. This Maya is an obstruction in his way of attaining his original freedom. To remove this veil of Maya, he ought to assert his independence. This independence is manifested in his discrimination of duty, in checking the flow of natural tendencies, in over-ruling the attachment-functions of senses, and in abandoning all the fruits of his actions. Thus all relations in the world, all functions of matter cease to bind him. Thus it is that he nullifies the laws of space, time and causation, that hold sway in our relative world. Having used his freedom to rend the bond, he comes to Freedom again.

A. K. SARMA,

THE CITY OF THE MOGHUL.

(Continued from our last number.)

CHAPTER VI.

The Builder of New Delhi.

TO the "Bádshánámas" of Kazwini and Lahori, as to the "Sháhjahánáma" of Ináyut Khán, all must turn who would hope for a clear knowledge of those days. Of Kháfi Khán, too, it would be difficult to speak too highly. All these authorities are highly valued by those best competent to form an opinion. Of Ináyut Khán, Mr. Morley records that he had talents and good qualities inherited from his father, the governor of Cashmere—was witty, and of agreeable manners. Of Kháfi Khán, Professor Dowson speaks as of a historian "of high and well deserved repute." Elphinstone and Grant Duff used his work. Sir H. Elliot called his book "one of the best and most impartial histories of modern India."

By referring to these authorities, the notion of Sháhjahán being an indolent Hindu, absorbed in pleasure and incapable of reigning, is soon dispelled. So much has to be said here, though the present chapter is by no means intended to give a complete view of his conduct as a public character. But the result of the narratives above mentioned is undoubtedly to confirm the view of Mr. Elphinstone, that the period of Sháhjahán's active manhood is the zenith of the Mussalman empire of India.

The best account, however, of the court life of Sháhjahán that has been preserved is to be found in the "Itinerary" of Manrique, an Augustinian friar, who visited India in the reign of that Emperor.

Manrique went to Agra, 24th December, 1640, and proceeded to Lahore (where the court then was), in the fourteenth year of the reign, when Sháhjahán was at the height of his prosperity, having just taken Candahar from the Persians, and attached to himself the celebrated commander and engineer, Ali Mardan Khán. Sháhjahán was at Lahore, engaged in the superintendence of the Ravi Canal, for the benefit (as the "*Bádshánáma*" says), of "the cultivation of the country through which it should pass." Asaf Khán—the brother of the late Emperor's widow, Nurjahán, and father of the empress, to whose memory the *Táj* was raised—was Prime Minister, though near his end, which happened 11th November, 1641; his net salary was equal to five hundred thousand pounds a year of modern sterling; he had just finished building a house at Lahore, at a cost of nearly half that sum.

It was to confer with this minister that the friar came to Lahore, and he records with gratitude the gracious treatment that he received. During his stay he was present at the celebration of the Emperor's birthday, which he has amusingly described.

The day began with salvoes of great guns from the fort. Then came dances, and other spectacles, which occupied a great part of the short day. In the afternoon the Emperor visited his mother, with a great train of lords and princes. Then, returning to the palace, he gave a splendid collation to all the court. At the end of which he repaired to a special and richly furnished chamber, in the midst of which was a pair of scales hanging from chains of gold, the scales themselves being also of gold, encrusted with precious stones of various colours. He himself was so laden with jewels as to make Manrique think "more of the troublesome load than of the brave adornment."

Seated in one of these scales, the monarch was weighed four times, once against bags of rupees, once against bags of gold and gems, once against cloth of gold and silver, with precious drugs and spices; a fourth and last time, against dainty dishes and confections. All was then devoted to the use of the deserving poor, with a delicacy which made the friar think of Matthew VI. 1-4, and wish it were equally observed by Christians.

Yet so great withal was the Emperor's parsimony, that while spending all this money he gave nothing to his courtiers, in exchange

for the splendid gifts they brought him, excepting fruits, imitated in metal, of which one thousand were scarcely worth fifty rupees. This, however, was part of Sháhjahàn's revenue system.

Still more curious is the following relation of a banquet given by Asaf Khán to the Emperor :—

The banquet was given in the principal hall of the bath, * in which, besides the fixtures, there were added on this occasion rich carpets of silk, silver, and gold, which covered the floor, serving as ground-tables, according to the native custom, as also for seats for the guests ; and these coverings were useful, because in the four corners of the hall were other similar tables, each of five steps, and all enriched with Persian coverings of gold and silver, serving for stands and dressers ; all covered with different vessels of gold in which the sight had full occupation, distinguishing in some the variety of jewellery used, and in others, instead of it, the very fine and brilliant enamelling varying the material, and assimilating the colouring. This superb display was accompanied by various and large perfume-vessels, and silver braziers of extraordinary forms, placed in order all round the hall, in which burnt very sweet perfumes composed of amber, civet, and other blended pastilles, which in their union delighted the sense of smell. At the entrance of this beautiful hall, the water-works on one side delivered seven streams, whose silver pipes of admirable make and considerable size were adorned with thin plates of enamel, which through their elevated heads discharged fine threads of scented waters, and they, falling in a large basin of the same material, kept it always half full. Then, discharging by another part, what was received was thus able to be always used for those washings of the feet which in Mughal manners form one of the most essential parts of ceremonial courtesy. In the middle of this was placed for the occasion a *dester chana*,† or “table-cloth” as we should say, of very fine white tissue, and in this were woven artificial flowers of gold and satin, on which were others, smaller, of cloth of silver, also satin. This was all the display of the imperial table, but there was a want of napkins, which they do not use.

At this, when the time came, arrived the Emperor, accompanied by a great train of beautiful and gallant ladies, who came in front, very richly dressed, in cloth of gold, blending with the rich and various work of coloured silk ; wearing on their necks collars of gold, with ropes of

* The *ghusal khana*, or bath-hall was the private apartment of a great Indian Turk.

† Properly *dastar khwan*.

pearls, and their heads dressed with silver garlands. Behind this slightly feminine society, came the Emperor, between his mother-in-law and his daughter, having the one on his right hand and the other on his left. Behind followed, presently, the Crown Prince Sultan Dara Sheko, having on his right hand his grandfather Asaf Khan.

Whilst this company was arriving, they presently began to play in the neighbouring rooms, many and various instruments until the Emperor was seated in the middle of the cushions that I have mentioned, having at his shoulders, two venerable matrons, who stood with splendid fans to drive off the troublesome flies—when suddenly the hosts and their children fell on their knees before his Majesty, who, laying his hand upon his mother-in-law, bidding her rise, and calling her mother, seated her on his right hand—a favour which both her husband and her sons so highly appreciated, that they presently showed their estimation of the gracious act by the most profound reverences to the Emperor—who, to enhance it the more, made them also sit at the table, which they did not do till the third command, when they took their seats at its extremity ; the grandsire placing the princess between. When all these ceremonies were accomplished, and every one was seated in the above order, there were presently heard most sweet voices, singing of the victories which his Majesty had gained over his enemies. While this concert, which was accompanied by instrumental music, was proceeding, the arrangements for hand-washing made their appearance in the following order:—First, entered four lovely girls related to Asaf Khan, and daughters of great lords, who in complexion and brilliancy of hair might compare with the fairest daughters of the frigid north, and not inferior in grace, elegance and beauty. These four beauties bore the instruments pertaining to his Majesty's hand-washing; to whom approaching, after the royal ceremonies, one held before her a cloth of white satin, which he took up in his hands; and another held up a rich vessel of gold, in which were inlaid valuable jewels. These vessels are of quite superior invention to ours; moreover, their being deep in the middle and being covered with a grating allows the dirty water to disappear. This basin being placed before him, another comes with an ewer of the same material and value, containing water with which he washed his hands, receiving from the last of these ladies, the towel on which to wipe them. When this was finished, appeared twelve others, who, although of lower rank than the former, might appear with confidence in any presence. These having presented to the princes, though with less ceremony, the lavatory for their hands, took their

departure, on which, by another door, the dinner was brought in, with a loud sound of wind instruments, more confused and harsh than our own brass bands. This banquet was served in rich dishes of gold, borne by eunuchs gallantly attired in the Hindustani style, with trousers of variegated silks, and snow-white cloaks, at the same time displaying the precious unguents with which they were perfumed, and also concealing their abject and darksome skins. Of these the four chief ones placed themselves near his Majesty, doing nothing but handing up the courses which the other eunuchs brought to two beautiful girls who were on their knees at the Emperor's side. These bring forward the food alternately, and in similar order serve the drink and take away the dishes which are not used there. . . . At the end of the conversation, the banquet having lasted four hours . . . entered twelve dancing women, who performed in a manner unsuited to Christian society; after which appeared in the midst three beautiful young ladies, in gay and costly garments, bearing in their hands three large and splendid dishes of gold, filled with precious diamonds, pearls, rubies, and other valuable gems."

The narrative concludes with reflections on Sháhjahán's passion for riches and jewellery, and an expression of the author's satisfaction at seeing such splendid and unusual things.

Leaving history to the historians, let us now take a short view of the artistic doings of the time. In the eighth year the celebrated peacock throne was constructed at a cost (it is said) of one hundred *lakhs* of rupees, and set up in the palace of Agra.* In the thirteenth, the Ravi was made into a canal to irrigate the culturable land from the foot of the hills as far as Lahore, under the direction of a Persian refugee, the celebrated Ali Mardán Khan. About the same time were begun the works at New Delhi—still known to the people by the name of Sháhjahánábád. After nearly ten years of work, the fort and palace there were completed, in A.D. 1658. About the same time, another canal was opened, from Khinyrábád to Delhi, answering very nearly to the modern Western Jumna Canal, and still, under that name, a work of signal usefulness. In the thirty-first year of the reign, died Ali Mardán Khán, the Amir-ul-Amra and architect, to whose skill the Emperor had been so much indebted. His grief is recorded by a contemporary writer.

* *Vide* Note at the end of Chapter.

Shortly after, his own health became seriously affected, and the conspiracy that had been long prepared by Aurangzeb and his sister, the Princess Roshanará Begam, broke out, ending, as we all know, in the success of the conspirators, and the death of all who opposed them openly. Manucci's description of the fall of Sháhjahán is very graphic, and has all the air of being done from direct observation.

Sháhjahán, he says, after the defeat of Samoghar † had opened the way to the capital, perceived from the loftiest tower of his palace, that his citadel was invested. Dára had fled northwards, but the sight of immediate danger awoke in the old warrior a feeling of indignation, and of the military energy that he had displayed in earlier days. He opened fire upon his rebellious sons, but eventually admitted a deputation from them, on finding that their artillery was hopelessly stronger than his own. The palace was accordingly entered by Sultan Mohamad, the eldest son of Aurangzeb, at the head of a considerable troop, and a scene of dreadful confusion and bloodshed followed—soldiers, women, slaves, eunuchs, all that surrounded the person of the sovereign, were overpowered and put to the sword. After a hypocritical address from his grandson, the Emperor was déposé, and made a close prisoner. He lived in captivity for seven years more, tended by Jahánará, and then expired peacefully in the beautiful palace that he had built, on the 22nd, June, 1666, in the seventy-fifth (solar) year of his age.

The dying eyes of the dethroned monarch may have dwelt on the lovely monument, that he had erected to the wife of his youth, and the completion of which is recorded on the gateways to have taken place in 1648. This, which is (as we shall presently see), but one out of numerous monuments of the taste and sumptuousness of this Emperor, does not satisfy some modern tastes. They find something meretricious in the towers and domes and glacier-gleaming sides of a building where so many pilgrims have been wont to bow. It is, according to such critics, the appropriate monument of a mistress rather than the tomb of a wife. Of such matters, each of us must form his own judgment. Such as the *Taj* must be, we have only here to note that the cold-blooded son thought it a fit resting-

† Excellently described by Mr. S. Lane-Poole in his "*Mediæval India*," 1903.

place for his discrowned father, whom he laid by the side of his other parent, placing over the grave a cenotaph upon the upper story, in which the last effort of Moghul art is displayed in *pietra dura*.

The Princess Jahánará, or *Begam Sahiba*, as she was commonly called, shared, as we have seen, the captivity of the father who, in his prosperity, had shewn her such complete indulgence. Manucci has fallen into a most curious mistake, as to the meaning of this word *Begam*, which he declares to mean "void of care." It is in reality no more than a Persian feminine from *Beg*, the well-known Turkish word for "chief" or "lord," by which Moghuls are still known in India. In the same way, from the title *Khan*, appropriate to Pathans in India, has been formed the feminine *Khánam*.

Of the space and population of the Agra palace, so far as the ladies' apartments are concerned, Catrou gives an exaggerated account, partly derived from de Laet who, as already observed, had never been in India. The vast courts, containing two thousand ladies (which Father Catrou has adopted from Manucci), consist in fact of one* quadrangle 170 feet by 235 feet (Fergusson), of which only three sides could have been occupied by the ladies, and which contain besides several halls and baths. It is true that there are two storeys; but even so, it is plain that such a space could not possibly have held 2,000 pampered women. Unfortunately, Catrou has for once indicated the portions of his description for which Manucci is answerable, and there is no doubt that the Venetian traveller really did give this extravagant number as that of the fair occupants of the *Zanána*. But as his account of this part of the palace is prefaced by the statement that it relates to a mystery only known to eunuchs, and as, moreover, it teems with other exaggerations, we may be permitted to follow the evidence of our own senses, which shows us that the 2,000 ladies could have had no more real existence than the running streams, shadowy groves, and other romantic wonders which the Venetian gunner believed this part of the palace to contain. These apartments are still extant, in as good preservation, substantially, as when the Emperor died there; and we

* This is the Anguri Bagh or Grape-gardens, now visible to the traveller.

are thus in a position to see what truth there is under the gorgeous fables of Catrou.

When the Emperor was dead, Jahánára was easily persuaded to leave the Agra palace. Tavernier describes having seen her departure.* She went to Delhi, and there passed sixteen years in the company of her more politic sister, Roshanára, the worshipper of the rising sun. In about A. D. 1682 she died, probably in her sixty-sixth year, and was buried in the tomb, already mentioned, under the touching epitaph that has appealed to so many hearts since then.

Of her loved brother, the fate was both swifter and more strikingly tragical. Some writers of the period have said that when his father's illness took place, Dára caused him to be arrested and assumed the sovereign power; Manucci denies this, and states on the authority of his own observation that Dara always behaved to Sháhjáhán with the respect to which he was entitled, during the dark days preceding the revolt of Aurangzeb. When his brothers approached Agra, Dára marched out of the gates for the last time; at the head of 100,000 men (?) with a superb artillery manned by Europeans. But his fortune—probably his faults, and consequent unpopularity—overweighed his advantages; he was routed, and fled. After a number of distressing wanderings, he was at length delivered over to his implacable brother. Khafi Khan, though writing when Aurangzeb was absolute lord of the empire, does not scruple to record the attack made by the citizens of Delhi on Jiwan Khan, the betrayer of the gallant victim—a disturbance which, says the historian, bordered on rebellion. In September 1659, a *fatwa* was pronounced, finding Dára guilty of heresy, and he was soon after put to death in prison. He had previously begged for an interview with Father Buzé, the Flemish priest mentioned before; and his last words were “Mahommad causes my death, but the son of Mary is my salvation.” Catrou gives this speech in Persian, and may possibly have had it from Buzé, as there is no reason for supposing that he himself understood that language; nor are the words correctly given.

It is plain that Sháhjáhán's fall was the consequence of his

peculiarities of character, as indeed usually happens in human affairs. There is no reason to doubt that in his youth he had been an able and warlike administrator, as was but natural in a prince brought up in the school of Akbar, and of the stout Pathan Mahabát Khán, whom Colonel Tod, for no imaginable reason, represents to have been a Rajput.* As years advanced, age and a long tenure of power developed, first, a love of splendour, pleasure, and art; and, ultimately, an indolence, which led him to leave all the duties of empire in the hands of Dára. But the whole of the European authorities of the day support the view of Catrou that the Emperor never neglected the duties of justice, as understood by Oriental despots, nor the claims of clemency which usually prevailed with the princes of his house. Even in our own days, and in a part of the East so much exposed to European influence as the Ottoman Empire, we see how different are the ideas of government amongst Orientals from those entertained in Christian countries; and it would be absurd to look for modern European ideas in a Turkish ruler of India in the seventeenth century. But it was the opinion of Mr. Elphinstone—surely no inexperienced observer or incompetent judge—that India under Sháhjáhán enjoyed as good government, and as much prosperity, as did the Roman Empire in the time of the Emperor Severus.

NOTE.—Milton writing about 1671 speaks of Lahore as the second city of the Moghul Empire: but Lahore had long ceased to occupy this position, its place having been taken by New Delhi; and all the grandeur and beauty which had made the city famous was hastening to decay. The explanation is to be found in geographical conditions; Lahore being situated on the western watershed of the Punjab, while New Delhi commanded the navigation of the Jumna, the main waterway of Hindustan. For nearly 800 miles this river pursues its course through the richest region of the country, receiving in its course many great affluents: and in the time of the empire supported a royal flotilla and many commercial crafts. It was therefore natural that when the Emperor Sháhjáhán desired a second capital he should prefer a situation which commanded such an important artery, by which he

* He was a native of Cábul, originally named Zamánat Khán.—*Vide* "Tuzak-i-Jahángerí," p. 10.

could communicate readily with Agra and even with Allahabad. In the reign of his son and successor the importance of Lahore still further dwindled : once a royal residence, much frequented when the court was in progress either to Cashmere or Cabul, Lahore was likely to be neglected by a monarch usually encamped in the Deccan. Then came the successes of the Sikhs ; and such were their devastations that in the beginning of the last century travellers found the city almost a desert.

H. G. KEENE.

England

RASILI : THE STORY OF A VILLAGE GIRL.

(Continued from page 710.)

CHAPTER XIII.

MISS GREENWOOD took Rasili to her own house and gave her a room to herself and provisions to cook her own food. For the first few days Rasili wanted to go back to her father and never left her room ; she was none the less grateful. Miss Greenwood made inquiries about her father but failed to trace him. Rasili cried for days and days, but at last was reconciled to her fate and began to take an interest in her surroundings. To a poor village girl who knew nothing of the world, the Mission House seemed to be a paradise of comfort. Everything about it was arranged with great care and taste, and was silently yet efficiently attended to. The Mission ladies appeared to her veritable ministering angels, carrying peace and comfort wherever they went.

Slowly Miss Greenwood induced her to change her own dress and put on the semi-English costume which has come to be the fashion for Indian Christians. At first she protested and would not change her dress, as she was afraid of losing her religion. But it was impossible to refuse Miss Greenwood; she had saved her life, and how could she displease her ? At last she consented, and Miss Greenwood herself dressed her in the new costume which she procured for her.

No one could have recognised Rasili in her white muslin blouse, a striped drill skirt, and a flowing malmal sari. She was herself surprised when for the first time she saw herself reflected in a looking glass. It seemed as if she were transformed by magic into a different person. Her new dress suited her, but she felt very shy. Miss Greenwood, much pleased, impulsively kissed the young girl, who recoiled in great alarm. She still considered it a pollution to be kissed by a Memsahib.

"My daughter," said Miss Greenwood, "I am sorry, I quite forgot that you had just come and were not one of us."

"You have given me life. You have saved me from worse than death, but Dharma is more to me than life. Pray don't take it away from me," pleaded Rasili.

"We shall not interfere with your Dharma," Miss Greenwood promised. "We shall only place the truth before you. You can make your choice. What do you know of Dharma?"

"I don't know much," said Rasili, holding her head down. "I only know there are Gods above, who have laid down certain rules which we cannot overstep. We must perform the necessary ceremonials and propitiate the Gods."

"My child! I will speak to you some day of another law, the law of love, the law which makes no differences between man and man, and gives hope to every living being."

"Every one of us has to perform thier own Dharma," persisted Rasili, "we ours. and you yours."

Miss Greenwood was not a fanatic. She had left her home because she felt a call for her work. The teachings of Christ gave her such peace and happiness that she wished to share her bliss with the whole world. She wanted her life to become the interpreter of her Master's teachings. She observed all the forms of her faith with great devotion and sincerity, and endeavoured to live in such a way that her heart might become a shrine of Christ. She was only a new arrival and spoke the language with some difficulty, and yet there was something about her which attracted people. Poor suffering women from the hospital came and squatted near her chair and told her of their troubles. Her kindly manner, ready sympathy, winning smile, all combined to make her a centre of beneficence. Wherever she went she carried an atmosphere of love. It was more than mere words from the Bible, its action was more subtle and more lasting. In fact, she never opened her lips till she was asked. She was always being asked why she "turned away her eyes" from the world and devoted herself to a life of poverty and service.

They asked her how she could be so happy and joyful in a life of self-renunciation. Then she would speak of the sweetness of selfless service and devotion to God with such earnestness that it would set her listeners thinking; her simple words would echo and re-echo in their hearts when in trouble or pain and bring comfort to them. As she did not insist on formal conversions they listened to her words with eagerness

and came to her as children come to their mother, sure of her unflinching love.

To the ordinary Missionary her ways seemed unsatisfactory. They spoke to her often on the need of conversions. She always answered : "What did externals matter, when the heart was won to Christ? What mattered, if a person did not call himself a Christian so long as he followed Christ's law of love?"

The Mission people could not understand her. There were some who did not like her mixing freely with the people. They were afraid of her compromising the dignity of the white race. They often spoke to her of the prestige of the Ruling Race, but she laughed at them and said that Christ did not recognise the colour line; and she found in India's children brothers and sisters. She was rich and they could not afford to displease her.

She was not surprised at the failure of Christian Missions in India. Empty words rarely convert hearts. It is love alone which can conquer, but where was it? Apparently the Brahmins of Angrez Bahadur belonged to the same species as the Brahmins of India, who live well and preach renunciation to others.

Miss Greenwood was quite an exception; she was abnormal, as the Missionaries privately called her. Poor blind hearts, they forgot that to be normal is to take part in all the lies, the frauds, and activities of a selfish existence. Miss Greenwood did not sit down and preach to Rasili of things which she could not understand. She began her education from the very beginning. She found in her an apt pupil. In six months Rasili was able to express herself in English and could read an easy book. By-and-by, Miss Greenwood introduced her to the fairy tales which she read with great zest, and slowly she began to read easy works of standard authors. In a year and a half she was quite a changed person. It seemed as if she has been suddenly flooded by electric flame. The desire for knowledge grew apace. She would sit reading for hours together. It gave her a joy which permeated her whole being. What words can make real the feelings of a soul which, all of a sudden, is touched by the emotions of the world's finest spirits? It seemed to her as if the doors of paradise were flung open, and all the great souls came down to her to talk of all that they felt, thought and aspired to.

"When I came to you what queer notions I had about things!" said Rasili one day to Miss Greenwood.

"Queer ideas? About what?"

"For instance, as to your people being a low-class people, whose

very touch was pollution. I have been reading a book to-day which proves beyond all doubt that Indian and English people belong to a common Aryan stock."

"The blindness is not on your side alone," said Miss Greenwood, "you have some excuse and can plead ignorance ; but my people too are very reluctant to admit that you belong to the same race as they. A native is a native and that is all."

"We in the villages know very little about your people. If they are like you we ought to go down on our knees to worship them."

"What do you think of the Dharma now?" enquired Miss Greenwood with a smile.

"I have often and often thought about it," said Rasili. "One thing is clear to my mind, that your God and our God are one. Names make no difference. He is, and that is enough. The thoughts of every human being turn to Him. He is the source of all life. Take a village girl like me; when I offered a flower to a stone idol, it was not the stone that I worshipped but the *Idea* which it represented, though I knew it not."

"He is the Father of the whole universe," assented Miss Greenwood, "but it helps one to know Him and worship Him as such. The flower offered with true devotion to a stone idol may perhaps be accepted by Him; but how many a time things are done automatically, with no pure emotion or feelings of devotion! I am sure you will agree that it is wrong to keep up forms which prevent the soul from rising to Him. Don't you think that your emotions have gained in strength, your feelings in intensity, now that you stand face to face with the Eternal Truth? Idols and manifold forms often prevent the growth of the soul in its search after God by giving it a false satisfaction."

"Take me for instance," said Rasili thoughtfully, "my heart and soul yearned to worship God and yet I was helpless. The darkness was thick all round. I could neither know nor understand anything."

Miss Greenwood heaved a deep sigh. "You are one of millions who grope in darkness. Your men make long speeches and talk of their religious and philosophical systems. They take pride in a past which cradled their inglorious present. How can India rise as long as the motherhood of India remains in darkness? The women of India pass from youth to old age in ignorance. People talk of the ideal of Indian womanhood. I must say the 'web of Indian life' is a veritable web; the women are born in its meshes and breathe their last in its meshes. The sacrifice of Indian women, voluntary or involuntary, is beyond all

praise. It is simply astounding to a foreigner ; but what of the manhood of the nation ? How can your men sit like little gods and receive this sacrifice as if it was their due?"

"Our men know nothing. They are just as ignorant as we are."

"But they knew better once. If history is to be believed, your women had all the freedom and your men their manhood. They acted like heroes in those days ; afterwards they selfishly took away the freedom of women and lost their own. Now of course they are just as ignorant as the women. You could not expect anything else ; when mothers are ignorant, their sons cannot be enlightened. If your people want to raise themselves, they must study their past in the light of modern history. Your marriage system appears to me most cruel. What right have the parents to marry a young girl to an old man or a grown-up girl to a child or to a man who has had many wives before ? Thousands of human hearts are crushed to death and your people say nothing. They think it the height of wisdom and the best guarantee of virtue to keep women under restraint."

"If I were put under restraint now," said Rasili, "I should go mad. You do not know what goes on behind the eastern veil. Poor young wives, neglected by their husbands, relegated to the prison walls of the zanana, with no work, no occupation, no religion, no life, but a perpetual companionship of old women and servant-maids, burn with desire for life and consume themselves."

"Is it not cruel ?" asked Miss Greenwood. "You will admit there is a certain manliness in our way of life. Yours is all a mystery and darkness."

"That is what is destroying the splendid power of our country," said Rasili, who had now become a regular reader of the newspapers. "I am sure God has brought East and West together for some great purpose. The light of Western knowledge, Western science, is sure to chase away superstition and darkness from this land."

"There is, no doubt, some kind of unrest amongst the educated classes, but it has no inwardness, there is no united consciousness of the whole people to give reality and strength to what is called. 'The National Movement.' There in the villages people are just as ignorant as before, yonder in the cities the social life of the people remains as unchanged as ever. It is useless to aspire for Western institutions which are suited to the needs of a sentient nation. Politics are the final resultants of all the factors of national life and all attempts are vain which ignore the unfailing action of life and customs of the country.

I cannot understand the selfishness of your educated men. They discuss the highest problems of the universe and yet leave their women, and the classes whom they have reduced to serfdom, unhelped. No other system in the world is so cunningly devised as the Brahmanical to enslave a whole people. The Brahmans, however, reckoned without God, and they now find that in their attempt to enslave others they have also been enslaved. They have to pay for the destruction of the immense human power of the Indian nation. A nation cannot have a healthy corporate existence, when it is ruled by the dead hand."

"I never thought of these things before," said Rasili, "till you opened my eyes and removed the veil of darkness which enveloped me. Even now I am like a person brought suddenly from a dark room to the blazing light of day. I can hardly bear to open my eyes and believe in what appears to me to be the right and the real thing. Hitherto my interests never went beyond the village; we talked of ourselves and we talked of our neighbours, with an occasional glimpse of the landlord, which provided a topic of conversation for months. A marriage in the village was a thing to which we used to look forward with eagerness. You have no idea what happiness it gave us to beat the drum and sing all night, without a wink of sleep. What concerned us most was the landlord, his agent, and the rain. Many of us had never enough to eat. But now my mind recognises the whole world as its kin. I am interested in all that goes on in the world; but I often feel as if it were all a dream; I cannot realise the change in me which you have silently worked."

"It has been such an interesting study for me to watch the opening of your mind, slowly unfolding itself to light."

"There is one thing that I should like to ask you," said Rasili, "I cannot understand one thing about your people. I have read the Bible. Your Master preached poverty, yet your people seem to give their very souls to the acquisition of wealth. They are never satisfied with it. Gold seems to be their God and desire for it their religion."

"My people are still in their youth" replied Miss Greenwood. "They don't want to wait and work for the Kingdom of Heaven but want to have it here and immediately," she said with a laugh.

"They have created a wonderful world of their own. What I read in the stories has been realised by them, water and fire have been brought under subjection, electricity comes from the skies to obey their will. This is more than even Ravan accomplished. What seemed a myth before is now a fact of every day experience. If the

sun cooked his food and the breeze swept his house, there is nothing marvellous in that, these things are so common now."

"It is all due to that discontent and desire for comfort which you don't like. And yet beneath it all Christianity has done wonders and the ideas of equality, freedom, and unity are gaining ground and finding expression in hundreds of ways."

"There is another religion which seemed sweet to me," said Rasili. "A good-hearted shopkeeper spoke to me of it. I was in distress and it gave me great hope. It seemed full of such promise and sweetness. I have told you of the poor shopkeeper who gave me food and talked to me of Guru Nanak. His teachings touched my heart and I have never forgotten them."

"I should like very much to see the old shopkeeper," said Miss Greenwood. "He must be a good and interesting man."

"Why not come to him one day with me?"

"You don't think he will be any way put out by my visit."

"No, on the other hand he will be glad to meet you."

"You must be my interpreter. I am not much good at discussing religion in Hindustani."

"You can talk very well. You are wonderful. You have taught me English and yet you never translated a single word. You managed to communicate your meaning somehow to my mind."

• "That accounts for your rapid progress. The best way to learn a language is to learn it directly. The little vernacular that I know I have acquired independently of any help from books. Shall we go this evening?"

"Need you ask me? I shall be only too glad to see the old man again."

In the evening Miss Greenwood ordered her tonga and drove with Rasili to the shop. The old Sikh was sitting on a little mat reading a book with rapt attention. Miss Greenwood and Rasili got down from the tonga, the shopkeeper saluted them respectfully, and waited for orders. Rasili went up to him and said, "We want to talk to you, let us go to the courtyard."

He left his shop open and led them to the courtyard, in the centre of which he placed a small bedstead, covered it with a white cloth, and invited them to sit, while he himself took his seat on the ground.

"What are your commands?" he asked.

"Don't you recognise me?" asked Rasili.

* "No. I do not remember to have seen you before," said the shopkeeper.

"I am the same poor girl," said Rasili, "to whom you gave food and spoke so kindly."

"Are you, indeed?" said the shopkeeper, his face beaming with delight. "How glad I am to see you! Do not forget Him now that you are so well off, who is the dispenser of bounties. Tell me all about yourself."

"She is my saviour," said Rasili, looking towards Miss Greenwood. "When I had no friend she gave me a home. I was ignorant and she has given me light; I owe everything to her."

"How good! How kind of you! good lady," said the poor man. "This is what my Guru called a good and real bargain in life."

"Will you explain your meaning?" asked Miss Greenwood greatly interested.

"When Guru Nanak was a mere boy, his father gave him some money and sent him to a neighbouring city to do some business and make some profit," began the shopkeeper. "The Guru went with the money but in the city found a party of devotees who had gone without food for two days. He thought over what his father had told him and then spent all his money in feeding them. When he returned home he told his father that he had made a good investment of the money by feeding the poor Sadhus. Of course the transaction did not please his father."

"Christ says: Be good bankers—he that hath pity upon the poor, lendeth unto the Lord," said Miss Greenwood.

"All teachers are sent by Him, my lady," said the shopkeeper. "They point out the path, they teach the only religion, which is and shall for ever be. Differences arise because the followers are not able to rise to the high level of the divine teachings and dwarf them to their own low standard. Once they asked Guru Nanak if he was a Hindu or a Mohammedan and the reply he made was clear as daylight. Yet people fail to see what he meant."

"What did he say?" eagerly enquired Miss Greenwood, who was more and more interested.

"If I say I am a Hindu I shall not be right, but neither am I a Mohammedan. The body is composed of elements and is played upon by the invisible.' Our Guru taught Hindus and Mohammedans alike. If he met a Hindu, he exposed the superstitions of the Hindu system and preached the beauty of a true and righteous life. He said, 'Don't be proud of your purity; don't be vain of your knowledge; you talk about

many things, only one thing is needful ; you are very careful about outer things and yet you have crowned as your Devas greed and sin, and consider wrangling over words the highest good. Unless you are pure within, talk about purity will not avail.' If he met a Mohammedan he told him to follow in spirit the teachings of Mohammed. Paradise is not attained by idle talk but by right living ; bowing physically was of little account, if the spirit wandered when the prayers were offered he said."

"What did he say about caste ?" enquired Miss Greenwood.

" 'There is no caste,' says Guru Nanak, 'those who are good are honoured, those who live in truth and love are saved by the grace of the Guru. Humility is more acceptable to God than pride. If you put the proud and the humble man in the scales, the one who is humble turns them.' "

"You have no sacred thread," asked Miss Greenwood. "Are you not a high caste Hindu ? Pray excuse my questioning you."

"I am a Sikh," said the man with a smile. "We are all equals, the Guru has invested us with a different thread which cannot be broken. He told his Sikhs to make mercy their cotton, contentment the thread, continence its knot, and truth its twist, and put it on the mind, a thread which cannot be broken, or soiled burnt. Blessed are they who wear it."

"I thought Sikhism was more political than ethical," said Miss Greenwood, very much surprised.

"I will tell you what a Sikh ought to be and that will answer your question. He is of the Khalsa who speaks evil of none, who fights in the van, subdues his passions and yields not to superstition, considering all as created by God, giving offence to none that he may not offend the Lord. He is of the Khalsa who protects the poor, who combats evil, who remembers God."

"It is a noble religion," said Miss Greenwood. "I am so glad know all this from you. Can you tell me if the tenth Guru was against the Mohammedans ?"

"Against the Mohammedans ? No," said the shopkeeper. "Against the tyrants, Yes ! In Ikal-ustat he says : 'Allah is the same formless one ; there is no duality. Do not be misled by forms ; mosque and temple are one, Puja and Nimaz are one. Do not be misguided.' "

"Indeed," said Miss Greenwood. "We always thought he preached perpetual war against the Mohammedans."

"He fought for the poor and the down-trodden, but he was not the enemy of any caste or creed. He enjoyed the friendship of many Mohammedan devotees. It was he who united all castes into one people and formed a real living nation, united by spiritual brotherhood, having no possessions and working for the common good."

"It sounds very socialistic," said Miss Greenwood with a smile.

"We failed because we did not obey the Guru," continued the shopkeeper with a sigh. "People established kingdoms and principalities and neglected their poor brethren. The result is what you see,—the Khalsa has fallen."

"Have you any restrictions as to eating and drinking with other castes?" enquired Miss Greenwood. "That seems to form the chief part of religion in India."

"Ours is not a kitchen religion," answered the shopkeeper. "We don't believe in such things. Our Guru has said that food which has been purified by the name of God is pure. Blessed are they who breathe His name over the food they eat. Our Guru says caste marks cannot make a man pure when the mind is soiled by greed, the tongue by false utterances and the eye by the flame of passion. Of course the social influence of Hinduism has been very strong and we too have been keeping aloof and observing many unnecessary customs. But, thank God, Sikhism is now casting off external influences and returning to the solid rock of its own pure faith and divine teachings."

"The Hindus claim Guru Nanak as a devotee of their creed. Is this true?"

"What do you think?" asked the shopkeeper. "I have told you what he taught."

"To me Guru Nanak appears to be the only religious teacher in India," said Miss Greenwood. "He gave you a simple faith and preached pure devotion and love of God."

"I am glad you have said this," replied the shopkeeper with a smile. "The Hindus say that he did not know Sanskrit, otherwise he would not have preached his new creed, but what need had he of books, when God spoke to him directly? What need had he of the Vedas, the dim reflections of other minds? He said 'I speak as the word of the Lord comes to me.'"

"Thanks, thanks," said Miss Greenwood rising. "I find in you a true Christian."

"I find in you a true Sikh," said the shopkeeper with a smile. "All

those who work in righteousness and fight against falsehood and lies are Sikhs."

Miss Greenwood smiled, but did not reply and drove home full of many thoughts. She was surprised to find a shopkeeper express her own faith. It gave her a new insight into the religions of India. She felt more than ever that the truest religious mission in life was to awaken and sustain religious life and to effect a real conversion of spirit. What mattered if a man called himself a Sikh, Christian or a Sufi? Why dress up people in symbols, which belonged to other climes, when the spirit had received its baptism of love? Alas! the world is too narrow for such things, and Miss Greenwood could only dream her dream of pure devotion to the one God which knows not caste and creed.

(To be continued.)

JOGENDRA SINGH.

Kheri District, Oudh.

BRITISH POWER AND WORLD CIVILISATION.

MOST of the attention hitherto bestowed on Britain's imperial position and responsibilities is confined to matters of material interest and defensive security. On these matters opinion ranges between proposals for linking together more closely the various territories of the Empire by a form of politico-fiscal union, and other views of a quite opposite kind, which look with mistrust on the extension of our rule over alien peoples and would leave the separate provinces to develop independently in whatever direction they found most advantageous. But as regards the bearing of such developments on world civilisation, the nature of British dominion in itself and of the influence that may be exerted consciously through the possession of this power, within and beyond the confines of the Empire—all this receives as yet little consideration. An apposite illustration is afforded by an address delivered before the Birmingham and Midland Institute by Lord Curzon on "The True Imperialism," and published in the *Nineteenth Century* for January, 1908. Here, in the course of an argument mainly concerned with the importance of Empire to the greatness and glory of England, and the questions connected with its maintenance, he declares:—

Imperialism, however, must give us more than a conviction. In the case of the British Empire, at any rate, it would ill justify itself unless it were to furnish us with a policy. What that policy must be is clear. The Empire is still only in a fluid and transitional formation ; it has yet to be welded into a great world-state. The constituents are there ; the spirit is there ; but the problems are still unsolved and the plan has yet to be produced. We have so to work that the concentric rings shall continue to revolve round the central star, not merely because it has hitherto been the law of their being, but because it is their interest and their voluntary choice The racial problem must

always remain an anxious one, since when excited it is capable of transcending all others in explosive energy and importance. America can cope with the negroes because they are a relatively small community. But where the numbers are vast and overwhelming, as with the population of India, or the black races of Africa, the difficulties may become acute.

He then goes on to speak of the various separate problems involved in the creation of this solid world-state, as the political or administrative problem, the question of mutual provision for defence, and the best means of utilising the material resources of the Empire in a self-sufficing direction : and urges that all this can only be fitly accomplished through an appeal to a supreme idea to which it is subordinate.

To the people of the mother-state it must be a discipline, an inspiration, and a faith. To the people of the circumference it must be more than a flag or a name, it must give them what they cannot otherwise or elsewhere enjoy; not merely justice or order, or material prosperity, but the sense of partnership in a great idea, the consecrating influence of a lofty purpose.

Now these passages, with their context, express clearly enough the nature of the internal problem of the Empire, to which Lord Curzon's address is limited. And to those who (like the present writer) are desirous, without attaching any special term to their attitude, that the British Dominion shall proceed surely along the lines of consolidation, they indicate matters of supreme interest in this respect, whatever is found to be the best method of their practical treatment. But assuming this process to be in a fair way of fruition, there yet remains a wider question for attention which involves a still loftier purpose, and that is, what is to be the distinguishing, conscious spirit of this dominion in relation to the movement of civilisation in the world at large, to that embodied in other phases of national expansion, to the life of Humanity in general—the vivifying principle that makes of this Empire a worthy object of sacrifice and support beyond and above a maintenance of material interests, such as really underlies Lord Curzon's high phrases ?

To answer this question adequately involves considerations of a somewhat philosophic import. Those inquiries opened up during the past century by scientific discovery, and critical examination of

traditional beliefs, have bequeathed to our own era concerns alike insistent in their nature and elusive in their essence regarding the problem of human destiny and the future of civilisation in their universal aspects ; the more so on account of negations which they have set up on earlier views of destiny, here and hereafter, of a traditional order. Such concerns are, again, closely linked with ultimate metaphysical conceptions—of a Divine Purpose working through all things, or of an inscrutable Immanent Will whose aim we cannot fathom—whose implications must here be passed over. But assuming, what is usually taken for granted in all ordinary combinations of statesmanship—that the plastic circumstances of human existence are deliberately modifiable by the direction of the human will itself, then recent developments in the international position give to the movement of modern civilisation in general, and the relation of the British Power thereto in particular, a new and peculiar character extremely suggestive as to the future trend of things in their universal upshot. Prominent among these are the triumphs of applied science in bringing the world at large into a closer intercommunication than was previously possible. Through the steamship, railway, ship-canal and telegraph, separate continents have been provided with easy means of intercourse. Aided by these modes of transit, a world-wide commerce has been created, further stimulated by the demands of industry under modern methods of production which requires a universal market for its supplies of raw material and absorption of its vast output. Then the feeling for racial unity, which is so strong a feature of political aspiration during the past century, has led to the welding of different states of kindred peoples into organic nations with distinct ethnical boundaries and wide resources, as with the union of Italy and the creation of the German Empire. And following in the wake of England, in order to enhance their material power, these nations have been incited to a rivalry of colonial expansion and conquest of markets, so that within recent years the whole of the globe not controlled by organised countries has been mapped out into Protectorates and “Spheres of Influence” under the imperial authority of the industrial Powers. Indeed, the nation, as such, is ceasing to be a self-sufficient economic unit under modern economic conditions.

All the tendencies above outlined have, consequently, a uni-

fying social character in certain directions. Yet they are accompanied by powerful rivalries, leading to a formation of alliances and *ententes* to sustain a balance of material interest and minimise the temptation to armed conflict in its pursuit. Then this rapid territorial expansion has brought into enforced contact widely removed types of society and systems of life and thought, like those of Western Europe and Eastern Asia, hitherto existing in isolation from each other, and in a way that emphasises at first experience their native divergencies and oppositions. Now, through that movement of expansion and its agencies, England meets the territorial frontiers or active life of every important country or community. Her chain of colonial possessions stretches athwart the two worlds of West and East and forms a political link between the civilisations of the Orient and the Occident. She meets in Asia, besides its native nations, Russia, France, Holland and Germany. In Africa she again neighbours France and Germany, together with Italy, Portugal, Belgium, Spain, and Turkey. Across the Atlantic her territory involves the two Americas. Hence that attitude of isolation towards Europe's internal affairs, adopted for a certain period of last century, is no longer feasible when her interests touch those of European countries in all parts of the globe, where previous to these developments her possessions and colonies for the most part lay remote from their sphere of action. Then from her own participation in recent territorial extensions, particularly in the tropics, her authority embraces countries in both hemispheres and all latitudes. It follows, therefore, that within the borders of this empire are established every leading ethnical type of the human family; while all phases of belief or dominating superstition are similarly represented, from fetichism to the great world-faiths, and all social polities—primitive, theocratic, democratic.

It is obvious in the light of all these facts and associations how far-reaching is the influence which lies in the way of Britain to exercise on human affairs at large, especially in all that affects the world's intellectual and cultural forces. This power has gradually arisen in the pursuit of trade and industrial expansion, and colonising enterprise in regions sparsely peopled by native races—suitable to white settlement. Apart from those who benefit by the posts and emoluments attaching to the exercise of imperial rule over alien

races, it is doubtful whether the glorification of such rule appeals strongly to the best instincts of the English people beyond the utilitarian advantages to commerce and free access to markets that may follow. The last has been the chief motive to expansion in tropical Africa, together with certain political considerations affecting the control of the Nile Valley and the approaches to the East. And this diffidence towards the kind of thing which some people are fond of extolling will grow rather than diminish as a genuine democratic development goes forward in the home-land. Such a feeling, in view of our present imperial responsibilities, may be regarded as a source of strength or of weakness according to the point of view from which the whole question of the nature of imperial power is approached. There is a demand on the part of modern industrial nations—mainly composed of white peoples—that the resources of the entire globe shall be fully exploited; and that where rich lands are now held by primitive races, and little developed, they may rightly pass under the control of more capable peoples. There is a legitimate ground for this claim at the present day, according to the temper and methods governing its enforcement. We have seen it discharged in one sinister instance—the Congo—in a way which has stirred the indignation of the civilised community not yet completely obsessed by that rapacious greed which tends to accompany this form of exploitation unchecked by any nobler directive principle. And so far as dependent peoples are concerned, the future strength of England, it may be broadly laid down, will greatly depend upon the way in which an educative and protective mission towards these races secures their goodwill in the exercise of her authority, and proceeds *pari passu* with the pursuit of material aims. Such a mission, however, must be “according to knowledge,” and may thus well command the support of those at home who are opposed to mere imperial aggrandisement, yet are anxious for the removal of barbarism.

So, beyond considerations of material power, there are others of a subtler nature entering into England's relations with the more advanced communities—in the connection we have in view. These are presented under two leading aspects pertaining respectively to the West and the East.

To take, then, the first of these aspects. The forces moulding human society may be divided for clearness of exposition into material

and spiritual, though they react on each other ; the first connected with the physical sustentation and protection of the community, the second with the general ideals animating its life, thought, and polity. A prevailing honour paid to the possession of *money*, for instance, pertains to the spiritual side of a nation's life as well as to the material, and this is a characteristic which is strongly marked, it is true, in our own country. Yet there are other factors of a cultural order at work, the significance of which is only now emerging into light. That period of great expansion abroad during last century is co-extensive with wide changes and innovations in our home polity. It has witnessed the removal of most civil and religious disabilities surviving from a theocratic régime rooted in mediævalism; an extension of popular education and the recognition, after considerable struggle, of complete freedom of thought and expression—the question of the Dramatic Censorship being one of its latest phases. It has seen the incorporation of a democratic element into a free, aristocratic constitution, and a direct representation in Parliament of “Labour,” where previously its membership was monopolised chiefly by the wealthy classes. Indeed the advent of these democratic factors and the social desires they embody have brought to a final issue that adjustment of the relation of the popular to the aristocratic principle in the constitution which we are now engaged in working out. These changes, again, have been fostered in part through a splendid flowering of poetic, philosophic, social and scientific literature—a literature inspired by a spirit of liberty and independent inquiry into the foundations of traditional beliefs and the criteria of truth therein, a search for the roots of economic well-being and sound social ethics, and, on its imaginative side, the conditions of full expansion of life and all its best opportunities of healthy satisfaction. In the last respect Meredith may perhaps be taken to typify alike in his fiction and poetry this Humanist element in the modern English spirit.

And while we are only at the beginnings of the conscious incorporation of these finer phases of culture into our common life—with the struggle now going forward under various forms between mediæval survivals and modern aspirations in social and intellectual ideals—in so far as we succeed therein will the moral influence of England be similarly effective in a corresponding direction in the outside

world. Hence the importance that attaches to all sound efforts after social improvement in the body politic, in the qualitative nature of our pursuits and satisfactions, and to the general character presented to the world of national force and nobility. If the spread of popular instruction in this connection has not produced all the fruit one could desire—as for instance its exploitation by a new commercial and sensational journalism, usually found, too, on the side of reactionary interests—this is in part attributable to its still imperfect development. It has, however, also helped to find an audience for worthier public enterprises which have sought to place within the reach of every one the finest universal thought in literature, philosophy, and science.

(To be concluded.)

H. CROSSFIELD.

England.

A CITY OF ROMANCE.

NO one, who, finding himself in Great Britain, wishes to recapture something of the atmosphere in which lived the statesmen, rulers and warriors who have influenced its long history, can afford to neglect Edinburgh. In one sense, the town repays a visit better than London; it has a more recently moving history, for the reason, one may suppose, that London long ago became civilised and uninteresting, its men and women early lost the keener of their primitive passions, and became more or less courtly, insincere, and unpicturesque. In the later centuries, indeed, London is of interest only as the arena of great political events, which determined the fate of Great Britain and its expanding empire, as a whole. Its activities and interests were not so personal, its political feelings were less intense, and the hands of its inhabitants did not fall so quickly to their sword or dagger hilts. The southern city dweller was generally too regardful of law and order, while the passions of the Edinburgher were quicker to take fire, and had little regard for any check imposed by authority.

For the traveller desirous of gaining an insight into the very human history of Edinburgh and its vicinity, a volume recently published by Messrs. Methuen can be highly recommended. Readers of *East & West* are familiar with the writings, shrewd and genial as they are, of Mr. Francis Watt, and *Edinburgh and the Lothians* is written with the charm of intimacy of an old indweller, to whom every stone of her streets and walls is endeared, not only by personal associations, but by the atmosphere with which history has endued it.

In the early days, before ever Celt or Saxon had seen its shaggy hills, Edinburgh, under some name which time will never now divulge to us, was the home of those little, slight, dark Picts, whose blood, science tells us, still runs to the extent of 30 per cent., in the veins of the modern people of Scotland. That this part of the Lowlands was a stronghold of these aboriginals is shown by the name which later Anglian invaders gave to the Pentland hills. This name is a corruption of 'Pictland,' showing that the small dark people long held their own upon the windy and desolate hills that rose out of the fertile valleys whence they had been ousted by their conquerors. The Castle Hill was probably the centre of the life of this primitive community. Standing upon the summit of that hill, we should have

seen below us a ridge running east from the foot of the hills until it sloped down towards two other hills which blocked the view to the east and north-east--Arthur's Seat and Calton Hill. For the most part shaggy woods covered the land all about us. Here and there, however, from among the dense forests on all sides of the hills, would rise thin lines of smoke where, in the midst of narrow glades where grew small-eared wheat, the tiny villages of the kinsfolk would be found. Behind us we should have seen that the top of the hill was thrown into high banks of earth, surmounted by stout palisading, its entrance defended perhaps by a triple line of earthworks. This formed the camp of refuge for the villages lying in the immediate neighbourhood, and to this, when feud or foray raged, the women and children and cattle would stream upwards, to take refuge until the warriors of the tribe had beaten back the enemy.

Through all its varying history for many centuries the extent of Edinburgh departed little from the limits thus given to it by its primitive indwellers, and for good reason. It was by nature a place admirably fitted for defence. Its houses stood upon a ridge, from which the land sloped steeply away to north and south, and thus attack was rendered difficult and hazardous. If and when the ridge was taken by a stubborn or overwhelming foe, there was still the camp on the hill to fly to, access could only be gained to it by a narrow ledge, and once within the timbered stockade you were safe from anything but trick or famine. But by one or other of these means the place must have fallen many times, for between Picts, Gaels and Brythons, and then between Brythons and Angles, war must have burned almost constantly for the possession of so desirable a stronghold for perhaps ten dim centuries ere we reach firm ground with the Northumbrian King Edwin, who about the year 60, seized the whole country of the Lothians, and changed for ever the name of the fallen fortress by stamping it with his conquering name.

It was not, however, as Mr. Watt points out, until the foundation by David the First of the Abbey of Holyrood about 1100, and a century later, the endowment of the growing town with the Blackfriars monastery, that the town began to assume the character of a capital city. In 1291 Edward I. took it after a siege of fifteen days, but in 1312 it was repossessed by the Scots. By the beginning of the fifteenth century it was fairly acknowledged as the Scottish capital, though the English affected to despise it as but a mean village. Froissart records that it had but four hundred houses at this time.

Though the town has grown far beyond the primitive area in more recent times, nevertheless the Edinburgh which really matters is contained in that small area which now lies, a little sordid and mean in appearance, beside the Castle Hill. In the valley to the north, where once was a lake, now stand rows upon rows of fine shops, and further still are miles of suburbs with well-appointed and desirable residences; the streets roar with trams, the shops glitter, and well-dressed people walk the pavements. But when one thinks of Edinburgh, one thinks of the Castle Hill, of the Canongate, the

Grass Market, Tolbooth, and Holyrood. On the old ridge was "the narrow theatre on which, so many great and memorable tragedies were played," says Mr. Watt. "Everything happened in the Castle or Holyrood, or in the short historic mile between the two: faithful friend and devoted foe jostled each other daily in that crowded street. From near the very confines they could have shouted to one another loud enough to be heard in a pause of that restless wind, that o' winter nights wails and moans and sobs round the tall 'lands' of old Edinburgh as if it tried to utter the secrets of past years. Spite of its grime and squalor, you accept the old town as the finest bit of Edinburgh. It is not now quite so squalid as it was some thirty years ago; changes in the manners of its people, stricter sanitary laws, a return of better class business to it, have all worked in this direction."

While the mind which is of a modern cast will seek new Edinburgh, that which is penetrated with a sense of the tragic debt which the present owes to the past will always turn to the two main points of interest in Edinburgh: the Castle and Holyrood. This sense of reverent receptivity to the voices of the past is one which Mr. Watt possesses in a high degree: it has its vices, of course; it does not see the obvious and often withholds information one would willingly obtain. But its insistence on the "things that matter" in an age which seems to believe that "the world" can never be "too much with it," is something for which we must be grateful. "The Edinburgh of history and romance," says the author, "is a mean degraded street between a moderate-sized fortress at one end, and a moderate-sized shabby-genteel mansion at the other; but then that fortress is the Castle and that mansion is Holyrood House, and the street between them is the High Street and the Canongate, and there is not a step but recalls some heroic or pathetic memory, not a stone but was drenched again and again with blood and tears. It is a street, indeed, where the past is more than the present, and the ghosts push the living from their places."

In the succeeding chapter of his book Mr. Watt makes the ghosts live again and act their tragic lives. He writes vividly, with an equal eye for tragedy and for the touches of humour or of character which make the past almost actual.

Early in the fifteenth century James the Second, then but a lad, sits at a table in the Castle dining. With him at the board are two other youths. One is William, Earl of Douglas, a lad of sixteen, richly dressed. Though young, his look is imperious, his speech has a haughty ring even as they speak together, now jesting, now half-serious, in gossip. One can see that in his heart, he considers that he is the equal of the boy-king beside him. In the great chamber waiting upon them are servitors; the flaring oil lamps throw up the face of one or two in rich attire who enter the room now and then, look and listen for a moment and then go out. Presently, the arras at the door is held apart and into the chamber comes a man bearing a huge covered charger. Behind him walks a man of rich attire, who enters the room with him. At the same time six men in armour come to the arras and listen. The man with the charger places it upon the table

before the young Earl Douglas, and with a swift hand lifts the cover and stands back quickly. A sharp cry comes from the young King's lips. On the charger is a black bull's head, the symbol of death to him whom it was placed before. The young Earl rises with a fierce word. The king turns to the richly dressed man, calls him Crichton, and begs him the meaning of this. Hardly does Crichton the Chancellor answer him : his eyes are on the two Douglasses, who now face him, bold of look, with hands on daggers. A word, and the six armed men run in and seize the two youths. The young King in a frenzy of weeping and protestation flings himself at the feet of his Chancellor, begging mercy for his boy friends. "They deserve death," is all the Chancellor says ; "they think they are thy equals and if they live they will not stop at thinking." "The lads, struggling vainly, are dragged forth into the castle yard, and there are done to death by the swords of the assassins. The men of even that iron age shuddered at the cruel deed, and the rude rhyme which expressed their detestation still lives :

"Edinburgh Castle, tower and town,
God grant ye sink for sin ;
And that even for the black dinner
Earl Douglas got therein."

Another tragedy was enacted outside the walls of the Castle on a day in July, 1537. The poison of the Reformation had penetrated the minds of the Scottish people, much to the detestation of James V. and his Popish ministers and counsellors. These same wicked servants were ever ready to pull down those who embraced the new religion, and among those whose death they brought about was Jane Douglas, widow of John Lyons, Lord of Glamis, and wife of Archibald Campbell of Kepneith. She was a young woman of beauty, courage and piety, much esteemed by all who knew her. By the vile intrigues of her enemies she was charged with having practised against the life of James by means of witchcraft and poison, for the purpose, it was alleged, of restoring her banished kinsmen, the Douglasses, to Scotland. She was convicted and led out to burn at the stake upon the Castle Hill. Her husband, likewise a prisoner, was permitted or forced to watch her destruction from an adjacent cell. Next day, half mad, he made a frantic attempt to escape, and was dashed to pieces on the rocks below the castle.

Then that figure of tragic charm walks upon the stage—Mary Stuart. Her life is most connected with Holyrood at the other end of "the historic mile" of old Edinburgh ; but in the Castle, three months after the murder of Rizzio, she gave birth to her son James, the British Solomon, on the 19th June 1566, and heard the cannon thunder and the cheering huzzas of the populace, frantic with joy, as she lay in bed with the tiny prince beside her. Then she passes from the Castle, but it is on her account that, seven years later, the brave Kirkaldy of Grange withstands the forces of the Regent Morton and of Elizabeth's General Sir William Drury. For three years he had held the castle for Queen Mary, but now he had to yield to the close siege which the English set about him. For thirty-three days the cannon roared against the loyal walls,

"three thousand cannon shot poured into the devoted fortress ; it was torn to pieces bit by bit . . . There was no food to eat and no water to drink, for one of the springs was dried up and the other became choked with ruins." At length the gallant Kirkaldy unfurls the white flag from the walls : the cannons cease their roar, the half ruined gate opens, and a little party issues forth beneath a rag, to be met by officers from Drury's side. Terms of capitulation are arranged. "One curious touch," writes Mr. Watt, "marked the end . . . The Governor (Kirkaldy) arranged with his deadly Scots enemies that they and not the English should enter first. This was to save the honour of the Scot's name, well-nigh the only thing those mortal foes had in common . . . It was not the time, nor was Scotland the place, where prisoners or their captors thought of mercy. On the 3rd August, 1573, Kirkaldy was hanged 'in the face of the sun,' as Knox had foretold on his deathbed, and under the shadow of those walls he had so stoutly defended. Knox had mysteriously hinted at some sign of grace at the last. As Kirkaldy swung from his gibbet the sun came forth from a cloud and flashed on his face ; he slowly lifted his bound hands and let them fall again. It was believed he had sought and found mercy at this supreme moment. His head and the heads of his companions were stuck high on the ruins."

There is nothing magnificent in Holyrood, but, approached as it should be by way of the Canongate, you reach it through a street which takes you back to the atmosphere of old Edinburgh and gives you the colour of mind necessary to appreciate the tragic charm of this royal palace. In the rooms open to the public was unfolded "the most romantic story the world has ever heard." You may see the rooms dwelt in by Lord Darnley, the man who, handsome and showy, was yet without courage or character, whom an unhappy fate condemned to fill a position for which he was entirely unfitted. This is the audience chamber, the bedroom which opens from it and the little turret in the corner of the last, called the dressing closet. Above these are the rooms which Mary used, reached by a broad staircase leading from the entrance to the palace. But as you pass up those stairs there are at your side, hidden in the thickness of the wall, other steps up which tragedy crept, one night in March 1566. These privy stairs communicate from the basement to the first and second floors. The private audience chamber is the largest of the Queen's rooms and is now filled with furniture used there by Charles I. In the bedroom beyond is a canopied bed, hung in crimson and green, and the walls of the room are covered with tapestry. This apartment opens into a dressing room, and beyond to the right is the supper room, from which access is obtained to the secret stair. The supper room is the tiniest of places, yet it is the most charged with a tragic interest of all the rooms in the palace. It was here that Rizzio, with five other of the Queen's favourite servants, was seated at supper with their mistress, when Darnley entered by the secret stairway, at the head of some ten or more conspirators. A few minutes later and Rizzio was behind his mistress, clutching her gown as if her queenly person would shield him from his assassins. But Darnley wrenched

the Queen away, the murderers threw the table over in their fierce lust to sink their weapons in the body of the Italian secretary. Had not the Countess of Argyle seized the candle as it fell, the room would have been in darkness. They stabbed him even as the Queen appealed for his life and then, dragging him through the bedroom and audience chamber, they dashed him down in the south-east corner thereof and in their madness they cut one another as they drove their swords into his body. Fifty-six was the number of his wounds. When all was over, Ruthven, who was in complete armour and had come from a bed of sickness, went back to the Queen's room and sat down blown and spent. Then, begging her pardon for the liberty, he asked for a drink to refresh him. Meanwhile, the Queen, not believing that Rizzio was slain, continued with tears and prayer, to beg for his life. "Rizzio is dead!" said one of the ladies, bursting into the room, "I have seen his body." The Queen checked her tears suddenly and with a terrible look in her eyes said, "I will now study revenge!"

Can there be any other room in Great Britain whose four walls contain a more tragic memory than this small chamber?

The scene of the murder of Darnley, which was one result of this tragic supper, was Kirk o' Field, of which now no trace remains. The buildings of the University now cover the ground which rocked that night in February 1567, when the house in which Darnley lay was blown from the ground by means of gunpowder which had been laid in the cellars. The noise awoke every dweller in Edinburgh. One can almost hear the dogs barking and the hens crying as the terrible roar pierced the vast hollow and middle of the night. But no citizen stirred out to enquire into the cause. "No rash interference in the quarrels of great folk" was, says Mr. Watt, a maxim impressed on the minds of those honest burghers. As to whether Mary herself was privy to the death of her brutal husband, opinion is divided. Historical critics seem lately to weigh up the evidence against her, but "they find so much to say in palliation that her sin might seem almost venial." If she were guilty, she paid for it. She bound herself to the ruffian Bothwell, and suffered insults and brutalities such as Darnley had never inflicted upon her; strong and bitter words were flung up to her ears as she sat in Holyrood—words which left no doubt as to what view her people took of her share in the murder.

Before Flodden, a wall defended old Edinburgh on the south and east, the north being left open, since the deep ravine where now the New Town lies, was sufficient defence. After the terrible disaster of Flodden another wall was built, for men feared that the victorious English would advance and assault the very heart of Scotland. "The rulers rose to the occasion, vain lamentation was sternly put down, the women went to quiet prayers and the men to the sword and the trowel, and in desperate haste—a haste of which it is said you can still see traces in the wall itself—a huge buttress, so to speak, was run round the city." The west wall of the Heriot hospital grounds contains the chief existing part of that great wall. This wall determined the conditions of life in Edinburgh for centuries. As time went on the town had necessarily

to grow in wealth and folk, and as it could not widen it lengthened, and its houses rose ever higher and higher, its wynds and closes became, if anything, narrower, such was the necessity to economise space so long as Edinburgh felt that safety depended upon her wall. Thus, in its strait and malodorous conditions of life and house-room, Edinburgh persisted and to all intents and purposes remained a hill-fortress until after 1745, when at length the heavy hand of the Hanoverian was laid once for all upon the country.

No better description of old Edinburgh as it looked in 1760 has been written than that which Robert Chambers, that great lover of his town, wrote in his *Traditions of Edinburgh*. It is written in the sense of one who regrets the changes, and who vividly remembers, with the partiality of a lover, the vanished features of a mistress. "A stranger approaching the city" he says, "seeing it piled 'close and massy,' deep and high"—a series of towers, rising from a palace on the plain [Holyrood, to wit] to a castle in the air—would have thought it a truly romantic place; and the impression would not have subsided much on a nearer inspection, when he would have found himself admitted by a fortified gate through an ancient wall, still kept in repair. . . . Everywhere he would have seen symptoms of denseness of population; the open street a universal market, a pell-mell of people everywhere. The eye would have been, upon the whole, gratified, whatever might have been the effect of the *clangor strepitusque* upon the ear, or whatever might have been the private meditations of the nose." It was when the stranger got into intimate touch with the inhabitants that he would have found "how poorly off were the first people with respect to domestic accommodations. I can imagine him," the gossipy old writer goes on. "going to tea at Mr. Bruce of Kennet's, in Forrester's Wynd—a country gentleman and a lawyer (not long after raised to the bench), yet happy to live with his wife and children in a house of fifteen pounds of rent, in a region of profound darkness and mystery, now no more. Had he got into familiar terms with the worthy lady of the mansion, he might have ascertained that they had just three rooms and a kitchen; one room,"—my lady's—"that is, the kind of parlour he was sitting in; another, a consulting room for the gentleman; the third, a bedroom. The children, with their maid, had beds laid down for them at night in their father's room; the housemaid slept under the kitchen dresser; and the one man-servant was turned at night out of the house. Had our friend chanced to get amongst tradespeople, he might have found Mr. Kerr, the eminent goldsmith in the Parliament Square, stowing his ménage into a couple of small rooms above his booth-like shop, plastered against the wall of St. Giles's Church; the nursery and kitchen, however, being placed in a cellar under the level of the street, where the children are said to have rotted off like sheep."

Under such circumstances, indeed, "gentle and simple, living within the compass of a single close or even a single stair, knew and took an interest in each other. Acquaintances might not only be formed, Pyramus-and-Thisbe-fashion, through party walls, but from window to window across alleys, narrow enough in many cases to allow of hand

coming to hand, and even lip to lip." What congenial conditions for romance, for comedy and tragedy, indeed!

It was not, however, until about 1760 that Edinburgh leaped beyond its walls, and then the direction it took was towards the south. A sagacious builder, James Brown by name, took advantage of the growing popular inclination for greater space [and air, and having purchased a field near the town for £1,200, he feued it out for a square. "The speculation," says Chambers, "is said to have ended in something like giving him his own money as an annual return." The site of this golden speculation was George Square, which was reckoned for some years to be the most select and aristocratic quarter of Edinburgh, sheltering as it did "several of the judges and gentry."

For a long time, schemes had been mooted for extending the town to the north. "The ground in that direction lay most invitingly open for a suite of new streets and squares; but, unluckily, a deep hollow, filled with an artificial lake (the Nor' Loch) lay between, a gulf difficult to be built over. The bulk of the ground was a farm, usually called Wood's Farm, from its tenant. Sportsmen went shooting snipes, hares and partridges over the district, through which ran a rough enclosed road called the Lang Gait or Lang Dykes, which, to the east, where now the Register House stands, passed a hamlet called Mutrie's Hill. A public-spirited provost, George Drummond, at length procured in 1767 an Act for extending the authority of the town over the northern waste, but Edinburghers still felt timid of venturing from their cosy, if malodorous, hill fortress. It was felt that the exposure to the north and east winds was a grievous disadvantage. However, a bridge was thrown across the ravine of the Nor' Loch, and building of a Georgian classic style was half-heartedly commenced. So difficult was it at the very first to induce men to build that a premium of twenty pounds was offered by the magistrates to him who should raise the first house. An exemption from burghal taxes was also granted to the daring person who built the first house in the line of Princes Street. The original New Town was finished about 1800, since when the northern extension has advanced by leaps and bounds. There was a dream that the Nor' Loch was to be transmogrified into a great canal connecting with the Firth, thus depriving Leith for ever of its importance as a trade centre. But when the trains came the Loch was doomed. It was drained and deepened, and now the trains roar through the hollow where once was to be the waterway that should make Edinburgh a port.

Having dwelled upon the chief spots of interest in Edinburgh itself, Mr. Watt takes us to various places of historical note or picturesqueness in the Lothians. A very vivid chapter is that wherein he tells again the fascinating history of Charles Edward Stuart and the time when, for one hectic moment, it looked as if Scotland was again to have one of her old line of kings to try to rule her. Cope's solid wits were scattered with his army near Prestonpans, and for six weeks Charles reigned in Edinburgh, most hearts his—"all the women had gone mad"—except those of the Hanoverians in the grim Castle, the garrison of which, by an informal truce, ceased to fire on the town for a time.

The chapters on Hawthornden, Linlithgow, Haddington, Lammer Law, Hailes and Traprain are delightfully written, and each is graced by beautiful coloured illustrations which bring the lovely spots vividly before the eye. Of all these chapters on the Lothians we think that those on Haddington, Hailes and Traprain have most of the charm of intimacy and romance. Mauled about as Haddington has been in later prosperous years, so that most of its quaintest and more picturesque parts are for ever destroyed, there is still much that recalls Haddington of old time. Then there are the literary associations of the place. John Knox and Jane Welsh Carlyle are the great names which rise to the mind, and Samuel Smiles, the apostle of "the successful," is a pale ghost beside them.

When the author, one autumn morning, trudged out of Haddington on that excursion to Hailes and Traprain of which he writes, we are sure that the spirit of romance was with him every step of the way. Better still, he has captured that same spirit and fixed it in his pages. He passes "Bothwell Castle," which he can recall as a fair dwelling, but which is now a hopeless ruin. Here was Mary Stuart on the eve of the fatal events at Carberry Hill. Then by the spot where the Abbey stood in which, in 1548, the Scots Parliament met and agreed to the marriage of Mary Stuart with the Dauphin of France. Of this place there are now but a few very old tombstones lying prone in a field where the remorseless plough has cut clear to their edges. Thereafter, trespassing across some fields, the author pursued his way, and his short journey reads like an adventure into almost fairy realms. Finally, after scrambling across unbridged burns and ploughed fields, he reaches the object of his excursion—the ruined castle of the ruffianly Bothwell, to which he took his Queen in April 1567, after he had carried her off, no unwilling captive. And she was there again in May, the month of her fatal marriage. Here Bothwell was in the midst of his own lands and vassals. To-day the house is "but a mass of masonry; one or two rooms, hall or dungeon or cellar, have their roofs, most have not, and the wind stirs the grass and nettles that grow long and rank in hall and courtyard." Thus, in meditation sweet and sad, an hour or two are spent amid the memories of tragic happenings and mixed splendours. Of what did Mary and Bothwell speak as they paced that green lawn looking over the murmuring river and the wide quiet fields—she with the sweet yet spirited eyes, he with his truculent look, a glorious rascal whose recklessness had captivated her?

Mr. Watt's work is one which can be conscientiously commended, for it is evidently the work of a man who is thoroughly conversant with every aspect of his subject. This, however, is after all but to credit him with journeymen virtues; what is greater, he brings to his labour of love scholarship, sympathy and a sense of romance, so that with this work in his hand, the visitor to Walter Scott's "own romantic town" and the surrounding district will gain the fullest enjoyment of places every inch of which is filled with historic interest.

HENRY GILBERT.

London.

CURRENT EVENTS.

Several schemes have in recent years been proposed to foster a sense of unity and of common interest among the various nations that constitute the world-wide British Empire. In the human body the various functions and activities are co-ordinated by the brain and the rest of the nervous system. The fighting forces of the Empire may claim to represent the bone and muscle of the imperial organism ; industry and trade may claim the importance of the digestive and circulatory system ; the Parliaments and the executive Governments established in different parts of the Empire have perhaps been habitually looked upon as constituting the nervous system. But who trains men for the Parliaments, the municipalities, and other more or less self-governing local bodies, with which the Empire is dotted ? The answer was given by Lord Rosebery in opening the Conference of the Universities of the Empire in London. As H. R. H. Prince Arthur of Connaught happily remarked at the Government luncheon to the delegates, that conference represented not merely " a sort of quintessence of the wisdom of the ages," but also " the brain-power of to-day." It would have been strange if the impulse which had vibrated through other important members of the organism and had produced schemes of imperial defence, of tariff reforms, and of a central Parliament for the Empire different from the Parliament of the United Kingdom, had not penetrated the seats of the mind of the Empire. The universities at one time represented too exclusively the wisdom of the ages, rather than of the age ; and free intercourse with the world was considered to be dangerous to the youths under academic training. That ideal of a university has gradually changed, and some of the modern universities have been established under

the very smoke of factories. Oxford has been unable to resist the invasion of the modern spirit, and Lord Curzon announced at the conference that that ancient and orthodox university had decided to train young men for mercantile careers. On what other platform can the universities of the Empire meet but that supplied by the requirements of modern life? Homer is not for India, nor is Kalidasa for England. Science and the English language are the main and the two indispensable planks in the common platform on which the universities can meet.

Lord Rosebery was struck with the diversity of the conditions under which the fifty-three universities represented at the conference were working, and he thought that the fifty-three universities must have as many different problems to solve. Mr. Balfour invited the delegates to speak on the great problem which the universities in Asia had to face, namely, how to minimise the destructive and deleterious effects of Western education on Eastern society. It has recently been stated that higher education has produced a crop of "unrest" in India, and it has even been asserted that the State colleges, which have necessarily to exclude religious instruction from the common curriculum of all students, are so many nurseries of sedition. But, as Lord Rosebery said in his inaugural address, a great movement of unrest is passing over the whole of the civilised world, and he expected that the universities would prove useful in guiding the movement and letting it proceed on safe lines that will not lead to shipwreck. In India we have two schools of thinkers; one concentrates attention on the improvement which Western education has already effected in Indian society and in the moral standards of the people—the greater purity of the public service, the revolt against unjust and injurious customs, and the higher ideals of public life; the other fixes attention on the unrest, the disappearance of the elements of stability and devotion in character, the passing away of a trustful contentment which makes for happiness, and the birth of aspirations which cannot be easily realised. The discussion at the conference does not seem to have ended in any practical result. The fact is that the universities conducted by the State cannot solve the religious difficulty without the co-operation of the people, nor can the State allow society to be rent by fanaticism into which

ill-directed religious zeal may degenerate. The Government's present plans are, first, to make instruction more efficient and discipline more constant, and secondly, to allow the people to found their own universities, not of the examining but the teaching type, where provision would be made for religious instruction. Without the co-operation of the people, no further progress in the direction probably desired by Mr. Balfour is possible.

Both Muhammadans and Hindus have collected large sums of money for the establishment of universities where their respective religions might be inculcated. The Government has no intention of perpetuating and multiplying mere examining bodies, and the universities at Benares and Aligarh, as also the proposed State university at Dacca, will be modelled on the new plan, and will not therefore be allowed to set their hall-mark on students trained by colleges at a distance outside the range of effective supervision by the universities. For some years past the Indian universities have been engaged in recasting their curricula and raising the standard of instruction as well as equipment in the affiliated colleges. Lord Rosebery divided the work of a university into three parts—research or the acquisition of new knowledge, training the higher intelligence of the land, and putting a stamp of education on those who want a degree or to earn their bread. Quantitatively this last is the most important work which the universities here as well as elsewhere have been performing. The Indian universities are now opening their eyes to the other two functions. The Government of India has placed large sums of money at their disposal, and steady progress may be expected in the direction of discharging the higher duties which up till this time have generally remained neglected. At an imperial conference the mutual relations between the universities could be discussed with more advantage and success than the peculiar difficulties or aspirations of individual universities. Thus whether the matriculation examination of each university may not be recognised as an entrance test by all other universities of the Empire is a question on which the conference could make definite recommendations. Then again, whether the British and the overseas universities may not interchange their professors for stated periods is another question which the conference could discuss to a definite issue. In view of the large demands which specialisation

and research make upon the resources of the universities, the opinion has latterly been growing in every country that every university must specially equip itself for research and instruction in a few branches of knowledge instead of placing too many irons in the fire. When the proceedings of the conference are published in full, the discussion of all such questions by distinguished savants will undoubtedly be read with interest and profit all over the Empire.



In the reign of Akbar two Hindu children fell in love with each other. The Persian poet who has recorded the story, in the language affected by oriental writers, states that the children were of angelic nature, but from childhood "sucked the milk of love-longing, and were fed and reared in the cradle of love." The pair grew up, and when the proper time arrived, wished to marry. The boy's father was probably reluctant to sanction the alliance, but the resolute young man overcame his scruples by threatening to become a convert to Islam if his father stood in his way in his Hindu home. Probably this kind of threat was not uncommon in those days and was not ineffective either. To the horror of the old man, the young lover threatened to tie the old gong of the temple to the legs of a camel, to burn every sacred thread with the temple lamps, to wash away the sandal-paste from the cheeks of the idols, to cast off the faith of Brahmans and seek his desire from the Kaba of Islam. The father gave his consent and preparations for the marriage were made on a grand scale. Unfortunately a fatal accident occurred as the marriage procession was passing through a narrow passage. On each side of it, we are told, towered a high palace, but "so many rivers of years had sprinkled their dews upon it that there remained no soundness in its clay and bricks; its roof and walls had so many cracks upon cracks that it seemed as though their builder had bound them together with a spider's web." The result was that when trumpets were blown and drums were beaten, and the huge procession trod the ground beneath—there might have been elephants in the procession—the building came down like a house of cards, and among the victims was the ill-starred bridegroom. The grief that this awful tragedy caused to the maiden may well be imagined, and she resolved to immolate herself on the funeral

pyre of her intended husband. Friends and relatives, doctors and philosophers, tried to dissuade her, but without avail. "No one has any right of over the life of another," she replied: "Is not that my own affair? Why should I not be ashamed of such a life, that my beloved should be burnt and I still living? If for me, who am weary of life, there be no fire, there shall yet be poison or sword." The impending event reached the ears of the Padshah, who sent for the maiden and tried to dissuade her from her resolve by every possible inducement he could offer. As the poet says, "he granted her power to reign in each province; he gave her a thousand Arab horse, and an hundred elephants, and goods, as of money and miles upon miles of gold brocade. Of every good thing from the moon to the fish, save only the kingship, he made her a gift." But the maiden would not change her mind. She begged not to be annoyed and left the presence of the Emperor. Akbar asked Prince Daniyal to follow her to the crematorium in the hope that she might change her mind at the last moment when fire was set to the funeral pile and the smoke rose around her. A large concourse of people had gathered on the cremation ground. The maiden took leave of all who were known to her and ascended the pile. She sat by the side of the lord of her heart, "cast away her veil to kiss him; with her lashes she swept the flames from his hair, and with her blood she washed the smoke of the fire from his face." To Prince Daniyal's earnest entreaties to her to come out of the fire she only replied that she did not want to be annoyed by strangers, that she had found the peace for which she had longed in the company in which she was sitting, and her heart was of adamant firmness, though she was herself weak. The scene made a lasting impression on the Prince, and he commanded the poet Muhammad Riza Naui to celebrate the love and heroism of the Sati in a poem. That poem has recently been translated and published by Dr. A. K. Coomaraswamy with the help of a Persian scholar, Mirza Y. Dawud. Stories have been recorded of Muhammadans rescuing Satis from the funeral procession or the pile. Akbar tried persuasion, which must often have had the effect of compulsion, but he does not seem to have enforced a general edict for the suppression of the cruel custom.

The poet and the Prince were so overcome by admiration for

the attachment and firmness of the maiden that they did not condemn the custom in general. "Ah! let those whose hearts are ablaze with the fire of love learn manliness from this pure may!" exclaims Navi: "The deliberate judgment of heroes is this, that a perfect woman is better far than half a man. O God, teach me the way of Love, and enflame my heart with this maiden's fire. Grant to my love the goal of fire-fighting, that haply I may be relieved of the shame of being a man." The translator does not yield to the poet in his admiration of the heroine: only he brings his admiration up to date. He calls attention to the Satis of the West whose praises have been sung by the early poets, and says that amongst the Vikings many hundred such cases of self-immolation by bereaved women are known to have occurred. If the Hindu Sati is charged with folly, she may no doubt point to her Western sister, who replied to those who remonstrated with her:

"How then when the flames flare upward may I be left behind?
 How then may the road he wendeth be hard for my feet to find?
 How then in the gates of Valhall may the door of the gleaming ring
 Clash to on the heel of Sigurd, as I follow on my King?"

It is altogether a sad chapter in the social history of mankind—the chapter which records the belief that those whom death would separate on this side of the grave might unite on the other side by multiplying deaths. Psychologically, the thought of surviving the object of one's attachment was more painful than a realisation of the physical suffering. To reduce all defiance of pain to a preference between one kind of pain and another will look too cold-blooded and cynical. It must at least be admitted that those who prefer the physical pain to the mental suffering are differently constituted from the majority of men and women. With Dr. Coomaraswamy we may say that here "we are in the presence of great forces that sweep like ocean currents around and through our being. It is the same desire of union, the same impatience of separation, that leads the Sannyasi to the forest and the Sati to the flames. We cannot talk of right or wrong, because this call, when it comes, is irresistible. To quarrel or misunderstand is to rate material life above the freedom of the spirit." The question yet remains why the spirit should prefer sentiment to material life. If the call is "irresistible," how can we

in the same breath talk of the "freedom" of the spirit? Freedom and irresistibility are mutually incompatible. Naui frankly and consistently admits that man should feel ashamed to reflect how woman is ready to sacrifice her life for his sake, while he does not as frequently sacrifice his life for her sake. Why does not the call come to man, or is he to be commended for resisting it, and woman to be commended for succumbing to it? Let us by all means accord our admiration to the Satis of the past, of the West as well as the East, but at the same time let us be thankful that we live in other days.



When at the time of the Coronation last year General Smuts announced that an Asiatic Immigration Bill, on lines satisfactory to Indians, would be introduced into the Union Parliament of South Africa, and when the Indians in the Transvaal abandoned their passive resistance movement on that understanding, it was hoped that the struggle of the Indians for better treatment would soon be at an end. But in consequence of the opposition of some of the colonies, the Bill has not been passed. His Majesty's ministers state that it will be taken up again early in the next session, but General Smuts has transferred the portfolio to Mr. Fischer, who is credited with different views on the question of Asiatic immigration. Though he is not likely to repudiate the promises made by his predecessor, yet consistently with those promises, literally understood, he may manage to introduce other provisions in the Bill which may be more acceptable to the anti-Asiatic members than to Indians. Thus suspicion has once more been aroused. Meanwhile Indian opinion is gathering strength against not only the disabilities of Indians in South Africa, but against the system of indentured labour generally. When Lord Crewe visited India, he could not receive any public addresses or representations, for he was only a Secretary, and His Majesty was personally present in India. When Mr. Montagu visits India, will it be said that he is only an Under Secretary and is not competent to receive deputations and addresses? By private conversations at least he will be able to ascertain Indian sentiments on various questions.

The reversal of a decision of an Indian High Court by the Privy Council is not an unusual occurrence, but the decision of that great imperial tribunal in what is known as the Mymensingh case has given rise to an unusual amount of agitation and discussion. In

**The Right of
Search.**

that case the Hindu tenants of a Hindu zamindar endeavoured to enforce Swadeshi principles on their Muhammadan brethren. This attempt was resisted and a breach of the peace occurred. The district magistrate and the police thought that a search of the zamindar's kutchery might disclose incriminating evidence, and the magistrate ordered a search to be made in his presence. The zamindar sued for damages, and the question was whether the magistrate exceeded the powers given to him by the law or he acted quite within his powers. Two barrister judges of the Calcutta High Court held that he exceeded his powers, while one civilian judge was of the contrary opinion, and the Privy Council has upheld the view of the civilian and exonerated the magistrate. This circumstance has in the first place revived the old controversy as to the relative merits of barrister and civilian judges, and secondly, given a handle to the critics of the Calcutta High Court who have not been satisfied with the manner in which that Court has recently dealt with certain sensational cases in which the interests of the public peace and the powers of the executive were concerned. The agitation against the High Court cannot lead to any result that can be of advantage to the public, for assuming that the status of the Court is changed, and it is in some measure subordinated to the Local Government and not to the Government of India, it is difficult to see how the judges can thereby be persuaded to interpret the statutes or administer the law differently. The lawyers of Bengal have rallied round their High Court, but from the standpoint of the public at large it seems immaterial whether that Court is placed in the same position as the Courts of other provinces where the people live as happily as the Bengalis, or it is accorded a special prominence. More important is the question raised by a public meeting in Calcutta whether a magistrate should continue to enjoy powers which the Privy Council has decided that he possesses under the existing law. The lawyers ask a distinction to be drawn between the powers of a magistrate acting in a judicial capacity and

his powers as an executive officer. Unless two different persons exercise the two different kinds of powers, it is scarcely probable that a change will be introduced so as to curtail the powers of a magistrate.



An agitation not confined to Bengal is likely to centre round Lord Crewe's emphatic declaration that his party has no intention of working towards the goal of Home Rule for India, and that no radical changes are contemplated for the present in the relations between the Government of India and the Local Governments, notwithstanding an argument used by Lord Hardinge's Government that the removal of the capital from Calcutta to Delhi would facilitate a readjustment of those relations, so that the Central Government might interfere with the discretion of the provincial Governments only in the case of misrule, as if their position was something like that of the Native States. It appears that Lord Crewe has no intention of launching on a larger measure of decentralisation than that recommended by the Decentralisation Commission, and making the Government of India's despatch the starting point of a new policy. Financial and other decentralisation has recently been carried some steps further than had been attempted before the appointment of the Commission, but the changes are the outcome of discussions prior to the time when Lord Hardinge proposed the transfer of the capital to Delhi. Lord Crewe does not interpret the Government of India's despatch as laying down a policy, but only as describing a tendency. That autonomy granted to the provinces would eventually culminate in the concession of Home Rule to India is only an anticipation, and not a hope expressed by the Government of India. Lord Morley had expressed the same opinion as Lord Crewe when he had to refer to the goal towards which he was working when he sanctioned the recent constitutional reforms. It must be remembered that the National Congress has adopted as one of the articles of its creed that the political activity in this country should aim at the acquisition of a status for India similar to that of the self-governing colonies. Lord Crewe repudiates any intention of countenancing such an aspiration, and hence the agitation.

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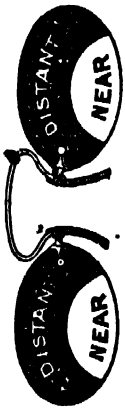
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